This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

600039983

BROUGHAM CASTLE.

A NOVEL.

Printed by J. Darling, 31, Leadenhall-street, London.

BROUGHAM CASTLE.

A Novel.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

By JANE HARVEY,

AUTHOR OF AUBERRY STANHOPE, ETHELIA, CASTLE OF TYNEMOUTH, WAKEFIELD CASTLE, &c. &c.

I confess it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuse; and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not. SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. I.

London:

Printed at the Minerva Press for

A. K. NEWMAN AND CO. LEADENHALL-STREET.

1816.

249. S. 246.

BROUGHAM CASTLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE traveller who, in making the tour of the celebrated lakes in Cumberland and Westmoreland, carried with him a taste for the beauties of nature, and a veneration for the monuments of antiquity, would view with considerable interest, and will remember with correspondent associations of pleasure, the extensive ruins of Brougham Castle, situated near the borders of the last-named county, on the banks of the river Eamont, and not far from its confluence with the Lowther. Perhaps no part of

the island of Great Britain affords a more sublime and beautiful prospect than that which the heights of this once-lofty edifice have commanded. The rich and highly-cultivated vale of Eden opens to the east, terminated, at the utmost verge of the extensive landscape, by the high hills of Yorkshire; and to the north-east closed more nearly by the towering heights of Crossfell; to the north, beyond the sweetly-winding Eamont, rises the neat town of Penrith, with its ruined castle and lofty beacon; to the north-west, the bridge of Eamont, with the little hamlet to which it gives name. Nor do the venerable remains of Mayburgh, the sacred temple of the Druids, form the least interesting feature in this lovely scene. To the west are the verdant groves of Brougham Hall, which, from its elevated situation and enchanting prospect, has been emphatically styled "*the Windsor of the North*;" but it is more frequently called in the neighbourhood

hood "*Bird's Nest*," from Mr. Bird, who was once its owner. In these points of view the long vista is closed by the Alps of this country—lofty Skiddaw, huge Helvellyn, and mighty Saddleback, contending for pre-eminence, like the three rival goddesses on Ida's top. To the south, the ancient woods of Lowther spread their extensive shade. Nor has the eye which contemplates the beauties of the varied and elegant map, thus spread before it, to wander over an uninteresting or unpleasing foreground. The rocky and abrupt steeps of Whinfield Park hang over the winding Eden and rushing Eamont, crowned with stately groves, where oak*, fir, beech, and ash, intermingle the varied verdure

* In this park are oak trees of a very large size: three in particular were called the Three Brothers, the smallest of which is still standing, or at least was so a few years since; it measured forty feet and a half in circumference, and was esteemed one of the greatest curiosities in England.

of their foliage. The red stony soil of which these broken banks are formed, contrasts finely with the lovely green which clothes them, and with the clear streams which flow at their feet, where the trout and the silver eel find a pleasant home, and by whose margin the wild ducks weave their lonely nest; the fallow-deer, with their sleek coats and branching horns, bounding through the glades, give animation to the picture. Amid the grassy knolls which pasture them, the mingled blossoms of the hawthorn and the whin shed their fragrance, and give shelter to the woodland songsters; while the solemn-voiced rooks find a habitation in the loftier branches above, and even the royal eagle has been known to build his aerie in Whinfield Park.

Mrs. Radcliffe, in her "Observations during a Tour to the Lakes, &c." says that Brougham Castle "is rendered more interesting by having been occasionally the

the residence of the humane and generous sir Philip Sydney, who had only to look from the windows of this once-noble edifice to see his own Arcadia spreading on every side. The landscape probably awakened his imagination, for it was during a visit here that the greatest part of that work was written."

Such a circumstance is indeed calculated to throw a spell of fascination over any scene; for the eye of taste and refinement delights to wander among places which have been the resort of persons distinguished for genius and virtue.

The lady Mary Sydney, sister to sir Philip, was the mother of Philip earl of Pembroke, who became possessed of Brougham Castle in right of his wife, the celebrated lady Anne Clifford*, daughter of George earl of Cumberland.

* The names of those celebrated ladies are dear to every reader of taste. Who but recollects the subject of that charming epitaph — "Sydney's sister — Pembroke's

To describe the shattered remains of Brougham Castle, as they now stand, would convey little pleasure to the reader; neither would the description remain accurate for any length of time, as the ruins are diminishing almost daily, by the removal of the stones for the purpose * of erecting or repairing buildings

broke's mother!" whilst few females of the seventeenth century appear with brighter lustre on the records of biography than Anne countess of Pembroke. That fine memorial of duty, reverence, and affection, which she displayed in erecting a pillar on the spot of her last parting with her mother, is noticed by Mr. Rogers in his beautiful poem of the "Pleasures of Memory;" nor was there ever a more striking instance of tender affection which had survived the circumstance forty years.

* A considerable portion of Whinfield Park is now in tillage. In the year 1778, a person following the plough there found a fibula, or clasp ring of pure gold. It is of curious workmanship, weighs nineteen pennyweights, and is encircled with the following motto:—

To ye then my trought I plight,
And to ye Mary, his moder bright."

Mr.

ings belonging to the adjacent farms. More pleasing will be the task of tracing

 the

Mr. Hutchinson, in his "History of Cumberland," has given an engraving of this antique, and, concerning the motto, observes—"This comprehends a vow of troth and marriage, of which the ring has been the pledge. The words, *his moder bright*, want some elucidation, to show they correspond critically with the vow, and prove the gift was for female use; but what part of a woman's garment was clasped by a fibula is difficult to determine. The words, *his moder bright*, mean *his excellent maiden or virgin*. Bright is an old English word of common acceptation. Moder is a corruption of the Danish word moer, signifying a virgin or maiden; the people of Norfolk in some measure retain the word to this day. Norfolk was given to the Danes by king Alfred, 876; it was totally inhabited by them, and their customs, laws, and speech, were there used. They call virgins and young maids *moer*, as Olaus Wormius testifies. Fas. Dan. lib. 1. c. 6. This, by the ignorant rustic, is corrupted, they pronouncing, instead of *moer*, *moder*. Dr. Cowel's Glossary."

This elucidation is by no means satisfactory. If we

are

the history of a being who once inhabited those now-desolated walls, whose joys

are to understand the second line as addressed to Mary, an excellent maiden or virgin, to whom are we to apply the pronoun his? If to the father of the young lady, the ring must have been presented to *him*, consequently was not intended for female use; and of course there does not need any conjectures as to what part of a woman's dress was fastened by such an ornament, though it may be observed that one seldom sees a representation of an ancient Grecian, Roman, or British female, whose drapery is not clasped on the bosom, shoulder, or sleeve, by somewhat of a similar form to that now under consideration.

That *moer*, corruptly pronounced *moder*, is a term by which the ignorant people in Norfolk call young girls, may be very true (though such corruptions are usually made by *contracting* words, not *enlarging* them); but unless it could be proved that the motto of the ring found in Whinfield Park was the production of an ignorant Norfolk rustic, what light does such a definition of the word *moer* throw on the subject?

A more probable solution appears to be, that the *first* line only is addressed to the lady, and that in it the lover plights his faith to her, while the *second* contains a solemn

joys and whose sorrows are recorded in the following pages.

In the spring of the year 1636, a married couple of the name of Crosthwaite obtained permission to take up their abode in some of the deserted apartments of Brougham Castle—a favour which, it is probable, was granted them at the solicitation of the steward, or some other chief domestic, of the nobleman to whom the edifice then belonged.

Crosthwaite was the son of a schoolmaster at Aldston, in Cumberland, whose veneration for Grecian literature was so

 great,

femn vow to the Virgin Mary that he will keep that faith sacred. His mother, or the mother of God, are appellations frequently given to the Virgin by Roman Catholics. *Moder* is the old English way of spelling *mother;* and as there is full as much probability that the motto was the composition of a native of Westmoreland as of Norfolk, a very cogent argument may be drawn from the vulgar pronunciation of Westmoreland and Cumberland; for, by the lower classes in those two counties, the word *mother* is invariably pronounced *mudder.*

great, that in selecting a name for his heir, he chose that of the reputed founder of the Greek alphabet.

Cadmus did not disgrace his illustrious appellation; his passion for letters was at least equal to that of his father. Nature had not endowed him with a very extensive capacity, but his habits of unremitting industry and application—habits which are frequently a much better substitute for genius than genius for them—amply atoned for this deficiency; and at twenty his acquirements, such as they were, recommended him to the notice of Mr. Ponsonby, a gentleman in the vicinity of Carlisle, who took him under his protection as an assistant to his steward.

In this family Cadmus continued seven years; at the conclusion of that period sir Thomas Dacre, a young baronet, who had been the pupil of his father, and the associate of himself in the studies and amusements of early youth, made him

an

an offer of accompanying him in a tour on the Continent. This proposal was accepted with gratitude and pleasure. The parents of Crosthwaite were now dead, and he had no earthly attachment greater than that he felt for the Dacre family.

They resided in Germany and Italy about three years, and were preparing to return home, when they were prevented by the illness of sir Thomas. His disorder originated in a cold, and terminated in a consumption, of which he died at Naples, after lingering nearly twelve months.

Cadmus truly mourned his loss, for he had been to him a sincere and valuable friend. His brother and successor, sir Robert, was a man of a very different character; and though Crosthwaite respected him because he was a Dacre, little intercourse passed between them after the business concerning the affairs of the deceased sir Thomas was finally adjusted.

" Cadmus, as has already been said, sincerely regretted the death of his friend, and wrote a monody on the occasion; and that the reader may duly appreciate his talents, he is here presented with an extract from this sublime composition.

"Could stentorophonic woe, or lachrymation,
Restore the object of my lamentation,
I with my grief would lancinate the evescent,
Or weep, like Niobe, till lapidescent.
But that, alas! would never suscitate
The form occluded in the grave by fate!
Sorrow, indulg'd too long, is fascinorous;
To angustate its auresis is glorious;
And, as the immortal part is indestructible,
I find that this conclusion is deductible—
That to lament a friend, however lief,
Until the face is candicant with grief,
Is but a phrenetick periclitation,
From which the wise seek disincarceration."

Crosthwaite, soon after his return to England, accepted the situation of steward to a Mr. Sibbald, who resided in the county of York.

During

During his residence with this gentleman, he annually made a journey to Westmoreland, to receive the rents of a small estate belonging to his master in the neighbourhood of Brougham Castle, which was leased to a farmer of the name of Blamire, a man far advanced in years, and of a disposition so sullen, morose, peevish, and discontented, that an unmarried daughter who resided with him had a most uncomfortable life. Amassing money was his chief pursuit and sole delight; and provided he attained the end, he was not very scrupulous about the means.

This avaricious disposition involved him in several petty disputes with his neighbours, which ended at last in a total cessation of all intercourse between them and Blamire, to the infinite mortification and discontent of his daughter Prudence, who had a particular attachment to the faculties of hearing and speech, from the use of which she now felt

felt herself entirely precluded, except on those days when she attended Appleby or Penrith markets; not that any of those who had quarrelled with her father included her in their resentment—far from it; her cheerful, friendly disposition made her generally esteemed; but Blamire would not permit her either to pay or receive any visits in the neighbourhood.

It will easily be supposed that the periods at which Mr. Cadmus Crosthwaite made his annual appearance were looked forwards to by the father and daughter with very different sensations; the gentleman anticipated, with heartfelt agony, the approaching diminution of his cash-bag, and the lady painted to herself, with delight, the fresh stock of anecdotes which awaited her, and the complaisant attention with which hers would be listened to in return. Her best bacon and eggs, her choicest cranberry tarts, and the finest cowslip wine

wine in the county, were always stored for Mr. Crosthwaite; nor could she have taken a more effectual method of paying her court to him, for Cadmus was a firm disciple of that part of the Epicurean philosophy which enjoins the gratification of the palate. He admired the good housewifery of Prudence, thought her cookery excellent, and every time paid his visit with augmented pleasure.

Some years wore over in this manner, during which the attachment on both sides imperceptibly gained strength. At length Cadmus perceived that a separation must shortly take place between old Blamire and his money, and sagaciously considering, that when the precious metal should become the property of the fair Prudence, it would impart such a magnetic power to her numerous charms and good qualities as could not fail to attract all hearts, he wisely determined to secure the shining prize in time.

With all proper formalities he declared

red his admiration—with all due decorum the declaration was received; but as the old gentleman might possibly take it into his head to refuse his consent, they very prudently provided against a refusal by a private marriage.

It was doubtless their intention to shortly acquaint their parent with the step they had taken, but death prevented them, for he expired suddenly two days after the event had taken place, and his daughter and son-in-law became the undisputed inheritors of his earthly possessions.

Cadmus and his bride were not very inconsolable for the loss they had sustained, and were soon sufficiently collected to decide on their future plan of life. The lease of the farm was nearly out, but as Cadmus had been a faithful and valuable servant to Mr. Sibbald, that gentleman consented to renew it on the same terms—a favour which, it is probable, he would not have granted to another;

other; for he loved money almost as well as his late tenant had done.

Cadmus having obtained this concession from his landlord, would not at present venture to encroach for more; and as the house on the farm could not be made comfortable without the expenditure of a much larger sum than he believed Mr. Sibbald would be willing to disburse for its repairs, he solicited the permission which it has already been said he obtained, and took up his residence in Brougham Castle, a situation very convenient for him, the chief part of his grounds laying immediately in its vicinity.

This arrangement was not quite so agreeable to Mrs. Crosthwaite; she was dreadfully afraid of those mischievous little beings denominated fairies, who are known to inhabit old buildings, and who, as fame reports, have, from time immemorial, abounded in mountainous, woody,

woody, and mineral countries; but as there was no alternative, the old house being no longer habitable, Prudence was compelled to reconcile herself to the idea of residing among those formidable pigmies.

The apartments which they found in the best state of repair were on the eastern side of the Castle, where the prospect opens delightfully over the vale of Eden. A large parlour, wainscotted and floored with oak, was chosen for their sitting-room; in this was placed the best articles of their furniture, which had been augmented by some new purchases; the smallest of several rooms near the foot of the grand staircase was occupied as a kitchen; the chamber immediately above this was chosen for their own apartment, while one of those which had been the principal sleeping-rooms was prepared for the reception of occasional guests, and a yellow damask bed, which

was

was one of the ancient appurtenances of the Castle, was furbished up to grace it. The tapestry of this room, which represented the death of Julius Cæsar, was a source of inexhaustible delight to Cadmus, who idolized every vestige and semblance of antiquity; nor did he ever suffer a week to pass in which he did not brush off every particle of dust, and chase the obtrusive spiders who dared to profane this precious relic.

Such was the habitation which Mrs. Crosthwaite put in order with the nicest care; and having nailed up every other door in the Castle, and carefully stopped the keyholes of those already enumerated, she flattered herself that the fairies would be effectually excluded. However, as there still existed a possibility that their slender forms might gain admittance by some unseen crevice, she wisely guarded against the terrible consequences of their well-known antipathy

to

to a dirty house, by keeping hers in the most exact order.

But there was one circumstance which caused her infinite anxiety. Her husband had appropriated to his own use an apartment in the tower which formed the north-east angle of the Castle. Here he deposited his ample collection of urns, coins, statues, altars, fossils, minerals, maps, and books; and here he passed many of his leisure hours, much to the dissatisfaction of his lady, who, being well-assured that this remote tower was the chief haunt of the fairies, prognosticated that some fatal misfortune would infallibly ensue from thus intruding into their places of resort. Cadmus laughed at her fears, and persisted in retaining his study; and Prudence was at length compelled to yield the point, and reconcile herself to what she could not remedy.

Twelve months wore over, and few married

married people were happier than the Crosthwaites, though they differed materially in many circumstances of personal appearance, temper, and taste. Cadmus was of a low stature and broad make, with a visage formed on a large scale, strongly marked with the lines of reflection, and perhaps with those of time, for he was now thirty-nine. Prudence, two years his senior, formed an admirable contrast to her spouse, for she was tall, thin, and small-featured. The manners of Crosthwaite were grave and formal, to a degree bordering on austerity; those of his wife were cheerful and unceremonious. His disposition had in it such a mixture of the bitter and the acid as occasionally fermented into testiness, sullenness, and scoffing satire; she was one of the best-humoured creatures breathing; she had, besides, two very praiseworthy qualities—an ardent desire to receive information, and an extreme readiness to communicate it

to

to others; and as these laudable propensities had hitherto been kept in terrible thraldom, she now made herself ample amends by the perpetual exercise of her ears and tongue. Cadmus, on the other hand, was too well read in the precepts of both ancient and modern philosophy not to know that *there are two guards to our words, teeth and lips,* and that *a close mouth makes a wise head;* not but that he was ever ready to inform those who had the misfortune to be ignorant of the exact manner in which Xerxes passed the Hellespont, Hannibal the Alps, and Cæsar the Tiber, and that in language so much elevated above the common diction of his native place, that it was just as intelligible to his hearers as would have been that in which those celebrated commanders harangued their soldiers; but with regard to the transactions of the different families in whose service he had been, or to any affairs of his own, they

they must have been artful indeed who could draw from him a single syllable.

Now it happened that the spirit of inquiry which animated Prudence, or, to use a more ordinary phrase, her curiosity, had never been directed towards Xerxes, Hannibal, or Cæsar, of whom she neither knew nor cared any more than she did about the beings who inhabit the planet Jupiter; but the names of Ponsonby, Dacre, and Sibbald, were familiar to her ear. Their affairs came "home to her business and bosom," and in no instance did she think her husband so unkind as when he evaded or crushed her inquiries concerning the transactions of those families.

However, though Mr. and Mrs. Crosthwaite differed in so many points, there were others in which they cordially agreed. They were both patterns of industry, and both rigid economists, yet ever ready to serve and oblige their friends to the utmost of their power; nor

nor were they slow to discern or acknowledge the particular merits of each other. Prudence was convinced that Cadmus was the most learned man in the county, and Cadmus was certain that Prudence made the best butter and cheese, brewed the finest ale, and was the most skilful at potting char and moor-game of any wife in either Westmoreland or Cumberland.

CHAPTER II.

In the second spring of their union Cadmus made a journey to Aldston, with the ostensible motive of visiting an aunt who resided there, and such other friends and relations as still survived. He neither made Prudence an offer of accompanying him, nor appeared to understand the hints which she dropped, that it

it would be agreeable to her to do so. She knew it would be vain to inquire his motive for not taking her with him, and, like a dutiful wife, she submitted, remained at home, and took care of her farm.

The term of his absence, he said, would be ten days; but he did not return until double that time had elapsed; he appeared in good health, and said his friends were well also; but he was even more than usually grave and abstracted, yet not unhappy, as if some particular subject occupied his thoughts without much affecting his peace.

He frequently received letters from Aldston, and wrote answers to them; but the contents of those epistles he kept to himself, highly to the dissatisfaction of Prudence, who vainly tried every means to discover what so much engaged his attention.

A circumstance soon occurred, which, for the present at least, diverted the cur-

rent of her curiosity from her husband's affairs.

About five miles from Brougham Castle, in the direct road to Appleby, is a little village, called Temple Sowerby, from its having belonged to the Knights Templars, who were suppressed in the year 1312, after having been established in England nearly two hundred years. It was then given to the Knights Hospitallers, who retained it until Henry VIII. abolished all religious orders in his dominions.

This place, while held by these societies, had many important privileges bestowed on it; and, as no subsequent act of the monarch or the legislature had repealed those privileges, they continued, or were supposed to continue, in full force, and the village was resorted to as a sanctuary by those who had in any shape incurred the censure of the ecclesiastical court.

A few months after Mr. Crosthwaite's return

return from his last-mentioned journey to Aldston, a Mr. and Mrs. Rokeby, accompanied by a lovely little girl, whose rosy lips could plainly articulate the tender names of father and mother, arrived at Temple Sowerby, and took up their abode at a farmhouse until they could obtain a more permanent habitation; nor was it long before this was found. A small house and garden, both much out of repair, but capable of great improvement, being offered for sale, Mr. Rokeby became the purchaser.

A new settler is always an object of attention in a country village, more particularly in a place which is resorted to by those who would be amenable to the cognisance of the law, if they resided anywhere else.

It was generally understood that such was the situation of the Rokebys, and curiosity was actively busy in endeavouring to discover the transactions of their former lives; but report varied

considerably as to the crime they had committed. Some affirmed it to be bigamy, either the gentleman or the lady, as was said, being married when they formed their present engagement; and others, that not a prior marriage, but a prohibited degree of consanguinity, was the obstacle which this couple had disregarded in their union; though here, again, fame told the story with many variations, for every bond of affinity, consistent with their ages, was in turn said to be that in which Mr. and Mrs. Rokeby stood to each other; and when all those conjectures were exhausted without any certainty being attached to them, recourse was had to suppositions still more improbable.

No one was more actively busy on this occasion than Mrs. Crosthwaite; like an experienced judge, she sifted the report to the bottom, examined the evidence, and weighed the arguments, and the result of her inquiries was a positive assertion

assertion that Mr. Rokeby was the uncle of his wife.

Though there certainly existed a possibility that this might be true, it was by no means likely, for he was not more than four years her senior; he was only about twenty-seven or eight; and, so far as the countenance and manners can be trusted as an index of the heart, both the Rokebys seemed incapable of infringing a law so agreeable to reason as that which prohibits the union of uncle and niece.

When they had been some time settled in their new habitation, curiosity subsided; their neighbours ceased to busy themselves with their affairs, and the different reports died away; indeed, whatever might be the cause of their taking refuge at Temple Sowerby, they were soon very generally esteemed there; for Rokeby joined to an elegant person and pleasing address much good sense and cultivation. Mrs. Rokeby was

lovely and gentle, and their little girl a sweet and engaging child. Their attachment was most fervent and passionate; indeed their chief happiness seemed to centre in each other.

Though they did not court society, they by no means secluded themselves from it, but received and returned the visits of such of their neighbours as chose to cultivate their acquaintance.

Of this number were the Crosthwaites, though the distance between their respective dwellings would not admit of a very frequent intercourse.

Rokeby thought Cadmus's peculiarities laughable enough, but found him a much superior companion, in point of information, to most of those who resided in the vicinity of Temple Sowerby; while Mrs. Rokeby, now become a rural housewife, was happy to receive from the notable Prudence instructions concerning the bleaching of linen and the rearing of chickens; and though Prudence

Prudence frequently interspersed her lessons with expressions of wonder and curiosity about her former mode of life, which had been such as to keep her in ignorance of those important branches of female knowledge, yet the lady always evaded her inquiries, but she did it with such perfect gentleness and good-humour, that, though chagrined and mortified, she could not be displeased. Indeed, the elegant and polished manners of the Rokebys plainly evinced that they had been accustomed to move in the upper circles of society; and it was also evident, from both their way of living and their benevolent exertions in the cause of the unfortunate, that they possessed a sufficient share of the gifts of fortune to purchase every desirable comfort of life.

Such were the Rokebys. They had resided at Temple Sowerby but a very short time, when a circumstance occurred to attract the attention of Mrs. Cros-

thwaite much more powerfully than their concerns had done.

Late one evening, towards the close of summer, a person on horseback arrived at Brougham Castle, and delivered a letter to Mr. Crosthwaite.

From the dust which covered the traveller, it was evident that he had come from a considerable distance, and the foam which overspread his horse was a sufficient indication of the speed he had used; from hence it might be inferred that his errand was highly important; but of this Mrs. Crosthwaite had other testimonies. The frigid reserve which generally closed her husband's lips, so uncongenial to her own insatiable thirst for information, had induced her to study his countenance with unremitting attention; and she was now so great an adept in its expression, that she could, on most occasions, translate it with tolerable accuracy; and at this time her skill did not fail her, for she saw plainly that he

was

was deeply grieved by the contents of the letter; she also heard him say to the messenger, in a mournful voice—"Then there are no hopes;" to which the man replied—"None, sir; the doctor says she cannot live a week."

Prudence, on hearing these words, thought herself authorised to ask her husband if his aunt were ill; to which he replied—"No."

"Whae then, Cadmus?" questioned she, in her quick Westmoreland dialect; but she was little wiser for asking, for he directly replied—"A person you do not know."

He then desired her to give the stranger, who had by this time entered the Castle, some refreshment.

While he was taking supper, Crosthwaite sent orders to his hind, who lived at a little distance, to prepare his horse. He then beckoned Prudence to another room, and, while he adjusted his dress, desired her to put up some lit-

tle articles of linen for a short journey. This produced a natural inquiry of whither he was going?

"A little way from home," was the reply.

"To Aldston?"

"No."

"To Yorkshire?"

"No."

"To Carlisle?"

"No."

Prudence, out of all patience, was about to ask, in plain terms, whither then? when the horse was brought to the door, and her husband, after a hasty leave, departed with the stranger; and to the inquiry of Prudence, how long he should be absent? he replied—"Probably not more than a week."

Amid the vain and fruitless conjectures of Prudence, as to whither her husband was gone, and on what errand, the week wore over, but without bringing him home.

Mrs

Mrs. Crosthwaite was surprised and alarmed; but when a fortnight closed without his return, she became anxiously uneasy. Communication by letter was in those days extremely rare and difficult, but she had determined on writing to the aunt of her spouse at Aldston, and was actually seated, with materials for that purpose before her, on the sixteenth evening of his absence, when the sound of a horse at the Castle gate roused her attention; she flew out, and, to her inexpressible delight, beheld her husband.

The excess of her joy for some time prevented her from noticing that he was not alone, and that he wore mourning; but when she permitted those circumstances to meet her observation, she exclaimed, as he put into her arms a lovely boy, about four or five years old —"Whae's dead, Cadmus, and whae's owe t' bairn?"

With a sigh, which evidently came

from the heart, he replied—"I have lost a much-esteemed and respected friend, and—this boy will henceforth reside under our protection, and regard us as his parents."

The ambiguity of this reply did not altogether please Mrs. Crosthwaite; and as she led the child into the house, she repeated her question, but the answer she received was not a whit more satisfactory.

At this moment she formed an idea, which, whether just or not, was certainly natural; and as it was by no means her practice to suffer her ideas to vegetate in her own brain without transplanting them to those of others, she quickly made known the one which now struck her, by saying bluntly to her husband—"I fancy it's t' own, Cadmus."

As she spoke, she regarded Crosthwaite with an eye of rigid scrutiny, but his countenance wore no other expression than that of a slight sneer, while,

while, with his wonted dryness, he replied—"As you have proleptically consarcinated such a postulatum, the most discreet and consentaneous line of conduct you can pursue will be to act the part of an affectionate mother to him; and I therefore desire you will commence your maternal career by giving him some refreshment, of which I also stand in much need."

The former part of this speech was just as intelligible to Prudence as would have been an ode of Sappho in its original Greek; the latter part she had anticipated, and was spreading the table with her best bread, butter, milk, and birch wine; the former articles she well knew how to render acceptable to her little guest, who, on his part, alternately surveyed the mansion and its mistress with looks of the most scrutinizing curiosity, and, drawing closer to Cadmus, rested his head on his arm.

"Art

"Art thou tired, Cyrus?" questioned he, stroking his head.

"Ceres!" cried Prudence; "now I suir, Cadmus, he mun be t' own, for n' udder folk has sick odd neames i' t' family."

Crosthwaite smiled somewhat contemptuously. "Prudence," said he, "I have taken infinite pains to embue your with a proper pronunciation, but it is still as proletarian as the postulatum you have advanced. I did not call the child Ceres, but Cyrus; and by confounding the two names, you commit a palpable catachresis, which could only be pardoned in a woman. Know, then, Ceres is a female appellative, under which the ancients worshipped the deity of agriculture; but Cyrus was the conqueror of Babylon, and the founder of the Persian empire."

"I wait nae whae he was, Cadmus," cried Prudence, in a passion; "but if I'se

I'se to be a mudder to t' bairn ye've brought heame, it's very fit I sud know whae he is, and I wull know toe."

Cadmus could not deny the justness of this wish for information, but either he did not choose, or was not at liberty, to disclose the birth and parentage of Cyrus; neither was her declaration that she *would know* at all calculated to gain his confidence. To the latter part only of her speech he replied with a sneer—"I would advise you by all means to try, for your acute penetration will doubtless achieve the discovery, if it be practicable; you may perhaps think I have committed a contraregularity by putting him under your superintending care; but whatever he may owe to your tenderness and kindness, take notice that he will be no tax on your munificence."

With these words he took from his pocket a bag, heavy from the quantity of money it contained; which, whatever might

might be the sum, was doubtless a considerable one in those days.

How magical is the effect of gold! The asperity of Prudence's look instantly changed to a simper; and while she held out one hand to receive the bag, she employed the other in patting the cheek of Cyrus. Yet it is not to be understood that her suspicions were removed; but as the countenance of her husband for once baffled her closest observation, and as she found there was nothing to be learned by questioning him, she prudently suspended her curiosity till a more favourable opportunity should offer.

Cyrus now showing symptoms of weariness, Crosthwaite desired his wife to prepare for him a little bed in their own chamber, until another could be put in order for his accommodation; at the same time begging her to make haste, as he had brought a brace of moor-game for

for supper, which would require her skilful hand.

Prudence used much dispatch, and the little boy, though somewhat reluctant to quit Cadmus, to whom he seemed much attached, was at length prevailed upon to suffer her to carry him up stairs and undress him.

It is not to be supposed that Mrs. Crosthwaite either could or would neglect so likely an opportunity to obtain information by questioning the child, who, as she rightly conjectured, had not yet learned the important lesson of secret-keeping. She asked him his name.

"Cyrus Dacre," replied the boy.

Prudence now thought she had made a notable discovery; she did not for a moment allow herself to doubt that he was the son of the late sir Thomas Dacre, or to reflect whether there existed any reason why he might not be so. To her questions concerning the place

of

of his residence, he replied that he lived at Lee Hall.

Prudence was no wiser, for she had never heard of Lee Hall. "How far was it from Aldston?" she asked.

The child either had no ideas on the subject, or was too sleepy to arrange and express them. Of course, Mrs. Crosthwaite obtained no information on that point; however, she clearly ascertained that Cyrus had been brought up in that part of the country; for, though his own little sentences were uttered in a dialect much more polished than that spoken by the children of the neighbourhood, he perfectly comprehended every word she addressed to him. She next inquired whether he had a father and a mother?

He gazed on her mournfully, and then exclaiming in a sorrowful tone—"Poor mamma dead!" he burst into a loud fit of crying.

Vain

Vain were her efforts to comfort him; his distress reached the ears of Cadmus, who came up to inquire the cause. Prudence, as will readily be imagined, was too cautious to say that any inquiry of hers had thus distressed her charge, but attributed his fretfulness to want of rest.

Exhausted with weeping, and soothed by the attentions of his host and hostess, the little Cyrus at length fell asleep, and the Crosthwaites returned to the kitchen, she to cook the moor-game, and he to superintend the manufacture of some buttered crumbs, the kind of sauce which he most relished to those birds.

Prudence having now, as she supposed, discovered who was the father of her little guest, lost no time in communicating the discovery to her husband. He smiled ironically, and dryly replied—"My ever-regretted friend, sir Thomas Dacre, has been dead ten years; Cyrus is now in his fifth year; of course, admitting the postulatum you have assumed,

upwards

upwards of five years must have elapsed between the death of the father and the birth of the son. Indeed, Mrs. Crosthwaite, I cannot but say I admire your superlative sagacity and penetration."

Prudence, provoked and mortified, replied—"Why then it's t' broder, sir Robert Dacre, or what d'ye ca' him?"

"Ay, there you have it," replied her husband, with a yet stronger expression of irony.

Poor Prudence was still bewildered in a maze of conjectures; for, as far as she could trust her skill in deciphering the countenance of Cadmus, sir Robert Dacre was not the father of Cyrus.

When the residence of this engaging child at Brougham Castle became known to the few persons in its vicinity, they formed, as might be expected, many surmises; but they were all vague and uncertain, for no one could find out to whom he belonged. Cadmus knew what he knew, but he kept his knowledge

ledge to himself. Prudence thought what she pleased, and asked what she pleased, but her inquiries were vain.

Whoever might be the real parents of Cyrus, he soon learned to distinguish Mr. and Mrs. Crosthwaite by the tender names of father and mother; and indeed the latter grew as proud of the title, and became as much attached to her charge, as if he were in reality her own child; and when any of her neighbours hinted a suspicion that his birth was dishonourable, she never failed to resent the foul insinuation, as she would have done an aspersion cast on her own honour.

The little boy daily improved in strength and beauty; his heart was affectionate, and his disposition sweet and amiable. Time, instead of revealing his origin, seemed to involve it in greater obscurity, and the autumn wore over without any light being thrown on the subject.

CHAPTER III.

CYRUS had resided about six months at Brougham Castle, when a cold and gloomy day was closed by an evening which, even in those bleak and mountainous regions, was deemed unusually tempestuous. The high and hollow blast swept round the venerable walls, roared in the wide chimneys, howled mournfully through the passages, and shook the doors of the deserted chambers; and the rain, pouring in torrents against the windows, threatened to dislodge the shattered casements.

While the elements thus raged without, the little family within the walls of Brougham Castle rested in safety from their fury. Cyrus, happily unconscious of

of the storm, as he yet was of the storms of life, slept soundly in a little apartment adjoining to that of the Crosthwaites, which had been put in order for his use. Mrs. Crosthwaite had also dismissed her servant for the night, and herself and Cadmus were just sitting down to their evening's repast before a blazing peat fire in the kitchen. Some excellent cheese and oat-cakes, together with a jug of fine ale, smiled on the board; and moreover, the eyes of Cadmus were fixed with peculiar complacency on a pot of char which had not yet been opened.

He was just about to pay his respects to this precious article, when the gate of the old Castle shook with a knocking so loud, so unusual in those days and in those remote regions, that Prudence started in terror from her seat, and Cadmus's large eyes opened wider, while he uttered an ejaculation of surprise. He would have gone immediately to the gate; but this was strenuously opposed by

by Prudence, whose caution and fears were by no means unjustifiable, when the state of the country at that time is considered. Those terrible depredators called moss-troopers, who formerly infested the borders, were not then suppressed, but committed frequent outrages in the adjacent parts; and the idea which first occurred to Mrs. Crosthwaite was, that a band of those ruffians now surrounded the Castle. The kingdom was also at that time in a very unsettled state, it being soon after the period when James the Second abdicated the crown; Cadmus therefore thought it probable that a party of soldiers, either the adherents of the fugitive monarch, or of the prince of Orange, now claimed admittance; but Prudence, not at all in the habit of paying attention to the political circumstances of the times, and having grown up from infancy in constant dread of the moss-troopers, believed that they, and they alone, threatened the peace of her

her dwelling, and was beginning to make loud and bitter lamentations; but Cadmus commanded and enforced her silence, that he might listen, and be enabled to judge what force the party consisted of. He listened in vain; he could not distinguish the sound of any voices, and though he once thought he heard the trampling of horses' hoofs, the loud gusts of wind would not permit him to ascertain whether it were so or not.

In about five minutes the knocking was repeated with augmented violence; the terrors of Prudence increased, but Cadmus, who was by no means of a timid disposition, would no longer be withheld from venturing to the gate. As it seemed proper to be on his guard, he took down his fowling-piece from its resting-place over the chimney. It was already loaded, and poising it in one hand, he took the light in the other, and sallied forth into the passage, while Prudence expostulated loudly against the

hazard he was incurring; not for the universe would she have dared to accompany him; and believing that when he opened the gate, the whole party of banditti would rush in, she felt unable to brave the approaching danger, but sought concealment beneath a large oak table; not a very eligible hiding-place indeed, but the best she could find.

In the passage Cadmus encountered a gust of wind, so furious that it extinguished his light, and he was compelled to place his gun carefully on the ground, while he groped his way back to the kitchen to renew it. Prudence came from her hiding-place to assist him. He had found by experience the impracticability of carrying a light openly, and therefore placed it in a lanthorn, and while employed in doing so, a third knocking, more loud than either of the former, made the walls of the old Castle resound. Prudence retreated to her table, and Cadmus, out of all patience, in one breath told

told his wife that her terror was extremely vituperable, and exclaimed against the persons without, whoever they might be, for supposing it impossible to suscitate the inhabitants of the Castle without knocking in that stentorophonic manner, as if they would lancinate the very walls.

Having by this time secured his lanthorn, he took it in one hand, and the gun over the other shoulder; and, with his woollen night-cap drawn closely over his ears, he exhibited a whimsical compound of Guy Faux and Robinson Crusoe.

As Mrs. Crosthwaite did not accompany her husband to the gate, it would be highly indecorous in the biographer to relate what passed there; the reader must therefore be contented to wait with her under the table, until the arrival of Cadmus, who in about five minutes returned, ushering in a single stranger.

Prudence now ventured to peep out, and finding there was nothing to fear, emerged from her retreat, like Venus rising from the sea. She beheld, conversing with Crosthwaite, a tall thin man, apparently near thirty years of age; his features were uncommonly handsome, but a general appearance of languor and debility, a very pale countenance, and a deep and hollow cough, conspired to indicate a frame worn down with illness, and exhausted by fatigue. A very dignified and even haughty deportment was ill-concealed beneath a humble garb, which Prudence had discernment enough to discover was only assumed as a disguise; indeed the discovery was easily made, for the behaviour of Crosthwaite towards this stranger was such as clearly evinced that a very material difference, in point of rank, subsisted between them, while the latter received the attentions of the former, politely indeed, but at the same time as a tribute which he had a right to expect;

expect; nor had his manners any of that easy and amiable condescension which diminishes the humiliating consciousness of inferiority, and unites love and esteem with duty and respect.

It could not but be a mortifying circumstance to Cadmus, that the first view which his guest had of the fair form of his spouse should be in the act of emerging from under the table; however, he mended the matter as well as he could, and presented her with all due formality; but he did not introduce the stranger by name, an omission by no means agreeable to Prudence's curiosity.

The gentleman slightly apologized for having alarmed her, and then took possession of a seat which Crosthwaite placed for him near the fire. Cadmus, in a low voice, desired his wife to bring a bottle of her best wine; she obeyed, and the stranger accepted the glass with which she presented him, but declined taking any other refreshment, though

it was offered with the sincerest cordiality.

Cadmus then said to his guest, in a respectful tone—"You will excuse me a few minutes, sir, until I conduct your horse to a place of shelter."

He replied—"It is scarcely necessary, as I shall not stay above half an hour."

Crosthwaite, in reply, said something in a low tone of voice, of which "safe" was almost the only word that Prudence could distinctly overhear. She had no doubt that it was spoken in relation to the personal security of the stranger; and as the appearance of mystery and secrecy always acted as a whet to her curiosity, she now felt herself goaded by its thorns to a very painful degree, and severely blamed her own terrors, which had prevented her from accompanying her husband to the gate, where she should, in all probability, have learned the whole secret from their first conversation.

The

The stranger frequently cast his eyes round the apartment with a look of anxious solicitude, as if in search of some object which he vainly expected to see. He remained silent a few moments after Cadmus left the room, and then said to Prudence, with an emotion which he evidently struggled to subdue—"You have a little boy resides with you—is he ——" He paused without finishing the sentence.

Prudence, who, on being left alone with this person, had at first been deterred by the imposing dignity of his manner from addressing him, now caught at this half-formed question, as a hook with which she might fish for information. She launched out in the praise of Cyrus, a theme to which her auditor listened with visible interest; and at length concluded her eulogium by asking the stranger, in plain terms, whether he were related to him?

A more deadly paleness overspread his

languid face. He fixed his eyes on the inquirer with a scrutinizing look, and after a short pause said, in a quick but tremulous tone—a tone as if displeasure and confusion at once agitated the breast of the speaker—"Related to me! why should you ask that question?"

Prudence felt herself more chilled and awed by the manner of this person than she had ever before been by that of any one, and it was not until after some hesitation that she assumed courage sufficient to reply—"Nay, I suir, I woit nae whae t' bairn belangs te, peer wee thing! Cadmus neer sae muckle as neamed it t' me; but I luive 't weel, and shem leight o' me if I meak 't a bad mudder."

The stranger appeared much agitated, but made no reply; and Cadmus returning shortly after, he said to him—"Where can we have some private conversation, Crosthwaite? for I have much to say to you, and must be gone soon."

Cadmus replied that he would replenish

nish the fire in his study, which having done, he led the gentleman thither, to the great dissatisfaction of Prudence, who feared that she should not only be debarred from learning the subject of their conference, but also be kept in ignorance of who this stranger was. Her husband, though he addressed him in the most respectful terms, never once mentioned his name; nor did she possess any guide or clue by which she could ascertain or even conjecture who he might be. There were indeed three families in whose service Crosthwaite had been—the Ponsonbys, the Dacres, and the Sibbalds; but he could not, she thought, be a member of any of them. The first she had scarcely ever heard Cadmus mention, and it was now fourteen years since he lived with them. Sir Robert Dacre she well remembered to have heard described as being low-statured and extremely plain; consequently the

person now with her husband could not be he, for he was very tall, and when in health, had been eminently beautiful; and lastly, Mr. Sibbald she had seen more than once, and he bore not the most distant resemblance to the gentleman in question. Who then could he be? were there no means by which she could at least have a chance of attaining some degree of certainty? Fear of the moss-troopers had kept her from going to the Castle gate, and should terror of the fairies also prevent her from visiting the keyhole of the study? No, she wisely resolved to combat such silly apprehensions. If her husband chose to withhold his confidence from her, and to entertain persons of whose very name she was to be kept in ignorance, he should not prevent her from making what use she pleased of her own eyes and ears; and at present she thought she could not use them so advantageously

ously anywhere as at the door of the apartment in which Crosthwaite and his guest had taken refuge.

By the time she had wound up her mind to this sage determination, nearly half of the period to which the stranger had limited his stay had elapsed; of course she had no time to lose. The way from the kitchen to the study was long, and had many turnings and windings. As she could not attempt to explore these without a light, she took that from the table, and set out on her expedition.

From the foot of the great staircase, a long passage led to another of smaller dimensions. She kept her courage in tolerable repair while she glided lightly along the passage; but by the time she reached the top of the stairs it began to wear out, and when she entered the gallery above, where tradition had peopled every chamber with a ghost, or a group of fairies, she started at every sha-

dow, and expected to see some of those airy beings before her.

> "Still as she went she look'd behind,
> And heard a voice in every wind."

She passed along the gallery, at the end of which she had to ascend a spiral staircase which led to the study. Here she reflected that it would be proper to leave her light; as, should she carry it to the door, its beams might probably be seen through some chink or crevice by those in the room, a contingency to be carefully guarded against, as it might draw down on her the serious displeasure of her husband. However, as she should require its assistance in returning to the kitchen, she determined not to extinguish it; but placing it in a recess of the wall, and depositing her shoes beside it, lest their noise should betray her, she crept softly up the stairs, and applying her eye to the keyhole, found, to her inexpressible joy, that she could command

command a full view of the room, at least of all the principal objects in it. Cadmus was placed opposite the fire, with his back towards the door; he was in earnest discourse, but spoke in so low a voice that Prudence could not distinctly hear a single sentence; but the few disjointed words which struck her ear were of melancholy import, those of death, distress, and anguish, being several times repeated.

The stranger, seated on one side, with his elbow reclined on a table, and his head resting on his hand, listened with the most profound attention. His countenance underwent various changes; sometimes it wore the wild expression of frenzy, and at others the settled gloom of despair. His eyes, filled with tears, were repeatedly raised to heaven, and once she saw him press his right hand on his heart, as if it were bursting. When Cadmus ceased speaking, he replied in a voice of stifled anguish, but yet

yet in a tone so loud, that Prudence, with her ear glued to the keyhole, heard every word he uttered—"Crosthwaite, you shall hold her orders sacred; I will not violate one of them, though I well know that in acting thus I am committing a yet more deadly crime than that which has cost me years of repentance."

Here Cadmus taking advantage of a pause which the stranger's weakness compelled him to make, said in a respectful tone—"Pardon me, sir, if I once more take the liberty of observing, that in my opinion the line of conduct you are now pursuing is infinitely more vituperable than that for which you censure yourself. The duties——"

"No more of this I charge you, Crosthwaite," interrupted his auditor, in an accent of haughty impatience; "your opinions are erroneous, and a blessed change would it be for yourself, if you would reform them. However, I shall wave the subject, and proceed to speak of

of some points respecting this unfortunate being, in which I must insist on being implicitly obeyed."

He then lowered his voice to a key which effectually precluded all possibility of his discourse being overheard, to the infinite mortification of Prudence, who alternately applied her eye and her ear to the organ of information, and watched by turns his words and his countenance with the most eager and anxious curiosity.

Though he had said he must be gone in half an hour, he continued talking thus for nearly double that period; while Prudence, rivetted to the spot, never once thought of quitting her post, or returning down stairs.

Cadmus spoke several times, apparently in a strain of objection, remonstrance, or entreaty; but his arguments made little impression on the stranger, at least so far as Prudence was enabled to judge from his looks and voice, for he

he still continued to speak so low that she could not connect the thread of his discourse, though, from some broken sentences which caught her ear, she understood it to be something relating to the subject of marriage. As to the conversation of her husband, she could make little of it; for he not only spoke in an under voice, but used a great number of those quaint and studied expressions which only a professed philologist could understand, and which poor Prudence, though daily accustomed to hear them, was so far from comprehending, that she never supposed them to be English, but imagined that he learned them all from the old Roman altars and inscriptions with which the adjoining county of Cumberland abounds, and in the study of which Crosthwaite took much delight.

At length the stranger looked at his watch, and started from his seat, exclaiming—"I must be gone."

"So

"So must I," thought Prudence, and was withdrawing her ear from the door, when she heard her husband say—"Allow me once more to implore you to see Cyrus; only walk with me to his room, and look at him as he sleeps."

"No, never!" he replied, in a determined, yet agonized voice; and Prudence again applied her eye to the key-hole. "I have already told you I never must,——"

Exhausted by his own vehemence, and by the violent emotion and excessive fatigue he had endured, a paroxysm of coughing seized the stranger; the blood gushed from his nose and mouth, and he sunk on a chair without any appearance of life. Crosthwaite terrified flew to him, and Prudence, no less terrified lest she should be discovered, hastened down stairs; but she had not passed half the descent when the study-door opened, and her husband, with a light in his hand, was in her rear. Prudence urged

urged her fleetest speed, but unused to the spiral stairs, she unfortunately slipped her foot, and fell headlong before the astonished and affrighted Cadmus, who quickly comprehended the who, the why, and the wherefore. He saw who lay prostrate before him, and he had little hesitation in guessing the errand which had brought her thither. Losing for a moment his concern for the deplorable state of his guest, in the nearer interest which he felt for the no-less-precarious situation of his wife, he flew to her, and raising her in his arms, inquired with much solicitude where she was hurt?

Though stunned by the fall, she had not, in fact, received any material injury; but when she perfectly recovered the use of her faculties, she did not dare to acknowledge this, well knowing that when the fears of her husband for her personal safety were removed, he would indubitably overwhelm her with a torrent

rent of reproaches for her prying and unjustifiable curiosity. To avert this inundation of invective, it was highly necessary to pretend to some hurt; but not knowing what particular part to fix on as the seat of complaint, she had recourse to a general concerto of groans and screams, which she uttered as loudly and as vociferously as if half the bones in her body had been fractured. She acted her part very well, but Cadmus had too frequently seen persons in real pain to be duped by her artifice. He saw through her design, and it only served to add fresh asperity to the vexation which was already kindled in his breast by a concurrence of disagreeable circumstances. He had, in the first instance, been disturbed when just sitting down to a favourite supper by a guest, of whom, whatever attention he might deem it his duty to show him, he thought he had, and perhaps had in reality, great cause to complain. He

was shocked by the melancholy situation in which he had just left him in the study, and now his indignation was roused by the inquisitive impertinence and mean hypocrisy of his wife.

"Cease your stentorophonic roaring, you eaves-dropper!" cried he, in a voice of stern displeasure; "had you dislocated your cervix, you would only have met with your deserts. Do you suppose you can suscitate any pity by raising such a rumpus? Go instantly and prepare a bed for the gentleman who is now in my study—the keyhole no doubt has informed you that he is ill."

He then darted down stairs in search of some article with which to revive and comfort his sick guest, while Prudence, hanging her head, possessed herself of her shoes and light, which was by this time nearly burned out, and followed him in silence to the kitchen; but here a fresh scene of uproar awaited them. Prudence, in her haste to listen at the study-

study-door, had forgot that she left a large mastiff dog stretched before the fire. The animal, not less attracted than his master by the savoury scent of the potted char, had taken the privilege of a friend to help himself; and as he found it less difficult to reduce the table to his own level, than to exalt himself to a level with its contents, he very sagaciously laid them at his feet, and Cadmus, on his entrance, beheld the shattered remains of his favourite viand floating in the fragrant streams of the ale and wine.

It is not in the power of language to describe his rage, and to decipher the terms he made use of on the occasion would baffle the united abilities of a Johnson, an Ashe, and a Sheridan, while he bade Prudence, who was weeping bitterly, cease her lachrymation. He told her that she was the most abominable, vituperable, vile, proletarian, careless, inconsentaneous woman on earth. —"If you were determined to indulge your

your fascinorous inquisitiveness," added he, "why did you not occlude the dog?"

Poor Prudence made no reply, but sneaked away to call up her maid to assist her in preparing the bed, while Cadmus returned to his guest, who was by this time recovered from his swoon, but being much too ill to pursue his journey, was prevailed on to remain at the Castle all night.

When his apartment was prepared, Crosthwaite attended him to it, and then went to direct Prudence in preparing some barley-water, taking care to scold her all the while for her carelessness, and to inform himself exactly of what she had overheard at the study-door, every word of which he compelled her to repeat. His potted char was gone, and he was obliged to content himself with a supper of humble cheese and bread; after which he returned to the bedside of his sick friend, to watch there during the night; while Prudence, with a heavy

a heavy heart, retired to her own chamber, and soon lost in sleep the remembrance of her own fall and that of the table.

CHAPTER IV.

THE storm vanished with the clouds of night, and was succeeded by a morning serene and even pleasant for the season. The stranger had rested but indifferently; and though on the whole he felt himself better than might be expected, after the severe attack he had suffered, he was not well enough to pursue his journey. Crosthwaite brought him some milk and thin toast, which he took in bed; he was then compelled to leave him for a short time, while he looked after the business of his farm. On his return, about ten o'clock, he found him up, dressed, and seated

seated near a window, cheering the languid spirits of ill-health with the view of scenery, which, if less beautiful than when adorned with the bloom and verdure of summer, was perhaps more magnificent and sublime.

Cadmus inquired whether he chose to walk down to the parlour, or to sit in his own apartment; he preferred the latter, and requested as much of his company as time would allow him to spare. They conversed on subjects of science and literature, but carefully avoided those topics where a difference of opinion subsisted between them, and concerning which each thought the conduct of the other culpable.

Meanwhile Prudence churned her butter, milked her cows, fed her poultry, dressed Cyrus, and gave him his breakfast; nor, notwithstanding all the chagrin she had experienced the preceding evening, did she omit to take her own. Cadmus had charged her to keep Cyrus with

with herself, and to amuse him at a distance from the stranger's apartment. She endeavoured to do so, and when he inquired for Crosthwaite, told him he was busy, and could not be interrupted.

The little boy, accustomed to be almost always with him, and to follow him everywhere, did not relish the prohibition. When Prudence went to prepare a fowl for the stranger's dinner, he took the opportunity to slip away, and wandered to the study in search of his adopted father; but not finding him there, he proceeded to the room where the well-known figures of the tapestry so often engaged his attention, whither he constantly attended Cadmus when he brushed the dust from this precious relic, as has already been mentioned. As he crept up the stairs, he called aloud—"Father, father!" and when he reached the door, and heard voices within, unable to open it, he struck his little foot against it, as a signal for admission,

mission, repeating the tender appellation in the enchanting tone of infantine innocence.

The stranger, who was in earnest discourse with Cadmus concerning the produce of the neighbouring mines, started almost convulsively. A more ashy paleness overspread his faded cheek, and an expression of wild frenzy gleamed from his languid eyes, while, in a tone tremulous with agitation, he exclaimed —" How—what voice is that?"

" It is your—it is Cyrus, sir," said Cadmus, checking the noun he was about to use, and substituting another, at the same time opening the door to carry the little intruder down stairs; but Cyrus, the moment he found a passage into the room, regardless of the presence of the stranger, ran towards the tapestry, calling to Cadmus—" Come, father! come hold me up and show me the babies."

" You cannot see them now, my dear,"

dear," said Crosthwaite, taking him in his arms to carry him back to Prudence.

The gaze of the stranger was fixed on the child so ardently, yet so mournfully, his countenance wore such an expression of the fierce and haughty passions of the mind, mingled with the soft and tender emotions of the heart, that no language can explain it; the feelings of nature appeared to be struggling with some very powerful motive; and when Cadmus was about to take his little charge from the room, he said, in a voice scarcely articulate—"Let him stay a few minutes, Crosthwaite."

Cadmus obeyed, and bringing the child close to the stranger, set him down by his knee. He drew him towards him, regarded him with an aspect of mournful tenderness, and, while the emotions of his soul visibly agitated his feeble frame, said, in the same tremulous voice—"What is your name, my sweet fellow?"

"Cyrus Dacre," replied he.

The stranger directed towards Crosthwaite a look in which some degree of inquiry was mingled with pensive melancholy. He understood it, and replied, with somewhat of indignation in his manner—"He knows no other, sir; such were his mother's orders."

The stranger groaned, again fixed his eyes on the child, and kissed him with frantic wildness, while his feelings seemed rising to agony.

Crosthwaite, who had remained standing, now quitted the room. Cyrus screamed, called—"Father!" and attempted to follow him, but the stranger found means to quiet his apprehensions, and to reconcile him to the idea of remaining with him, by putting his watch into his hands. He then took him on his knee, and repeatedly kissed him, while tears trembled in his languid eyes —"Do you remember your mother, Cyrus?"

Cyrus?" questioned he, in a tone of anguish.

The little boy, from whose mind the memory of his mother had never faded, replied with a sigh—"Ah, yes! poor mamma!"

The stranger groaned again, and pressed him closer to his heart; then starting, as if in a sudden paroxysm of fear, he hastily put the child down, and clasping his hands, exclaimed—"Forgive me, oh merciful Heaven! forgive me!"

He then summoned Cadmus, and when he entered, exclaimed—"Oh, take him from me, Crosthwaite! take him away, I charge you. I came hither with a firm resolution not to see him, but I have yielded to the weakness of human nature! heavy is my crime, and heavy must be the penance which can wash it away!"

"Strange infatuation!" muttered Cadmus, as he took up the little Cyrus to carry him down stairs. In doing so he

perceived the watch in his hands, and bade him return it.

"No," said the stranger, "no! let him keep it, but never let him know to whom it belonged;" and while he spoke, he waved his hand for Crosthwaite to carry him from the room.

When he returned, he found his guest still greatly agitated. After the silence of a few minutes, he declared his intention of quitting Brougham that evening.

This Crosthwaite strenuously opposed, urging the weak state of his health, the badness of the roads, and the inclemency of the weather. The last-mentioned objections seemed to make no impression on the person to whom they were addressed; but to the former he felt himself compelled to yield; for as the day declined, his increasing indisposition forced him to relinquish his design, and to retire early to bed.

The next day he felt his weak frame so far refreshed and recruited, that he would

not listen to the entreaties of Cadmus to allow himself any longer repose than until the evening, when he determined, at all events, to pursue his journey, as he had reasons for seeking concealment, which rendered travelling in the night eligible, however uncongenial it might be to the state of his health.

Crosthwaite, in pity for his corporeal sufferings, earnestly endeavoured to divert him from this resolution, and to persuade him that there was no hazard in pursuing his journey in the daytime in that remote part of the kingdom, and in the depth of winter; but his arguments were vain—the stranger was determined.

Crosthwaite finding him thus resolved, could not think of suffering him, in his languid condition, and in such weather, to depart alone; for though the traveller had flattered himself with having the assistance of the moon, there was little prospect of his being benefited

by it. A thick mist enveloped the horizon, a heavy shower of small snow was descending, and every appearance indicated a continued storm. Cadmus therefore felt himself called upon to sacrifice, for a while, the comforts of his own fireside, and to brave the fury of the elements, by attending his guest, at least a part of his way, which friendly offer was accepted; for the stranger was but imperfectly acquainted with the road he was to pursue.

When this intention of her husband became known to Mrs. Crosthwaite, she loudly and firmly opposed it, for she no more approved of Cadmus's travelling in the night than he did of the sick person's doing so; but her remonstrances were attended with no better success in the one case than his had been in the other. The stranger was resolved to go, and Cadmus was resolved to attend him.

The horses were ready by five o'clock, and at that hour the traveller left his apartment,

apartment, and passed hastily to the kitchen to bid adieu to Mrs. Crosthwaite. However much she might disapprove of her husband's journeying from home in such weather, the compassionate heart of Prudence could not, without an emotion of pity, behold the weak and emaciated frame of this person quitting her roof in a season and at an hour when Hospitality opens her doors to receive, to welcome, and to shelter the wayfaring man and the traveller. She earnestly pressed him to remain some time longer at the Castle, but could not prevail. He accepted the wine with which she presented him, and politely thanked her for all the civilities he had received from her; while, to the last moment of his stay, she continued to fill his pockets and those of her husband with cordials, cakes, and biscuits; and however cold and frigid might be his manners, he certainly did not depart without being strongly im-

pressed with a sense of that hospitable kindness which so peculiarly distinguishes the natives of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

Cyrus, at the particular request of the stranger, was kept out of his sight, so that he quitted Brougham without again seeing him.

In the course of the night the inclemency of the weather was further augmented by a piercing north wind and a severe frost. Crosthwaite had promised to return in a few hours, but the sun of the next day rose and set without bringing him home.

Prudence was agonized with fears for his safety. The roads were now nearly impassable, and as the snow continued to fall, a short time would render them totally so. The lofty top of Skiddaw wore its wintry crown of white, and the vapoury stores, drifted in the valleys, were in some places rising to a rivalship with the surrounding hills.

Such

Such was the state of the weather on the second evening of Cadmus's absence, when, as two gentlemen, a Mr. Brisco, who resided in the hamlet of Watermillock, on the banks of Ullswater, and the reverend Mr. Dalston, then rector of Brougham, were crossing Hutton-moor, on their return homewards from a short journey, they heard a deep groan, and turning their horses towards the spot from whence it seemed to proceed, they found that it was uttered by a person stretched amongst the snow, speechless and benumbed with cold. He was entirely incapable of motion, and nearly so of sensation and recollection. His lips had bled severely from the intenseness of the frost; icicles were suspended from the ends of his fingers, and the snow-bed in which he lay was so deep, that a little longer time must have sufficed to entomb him in it.

Such was the situation in which this unfortunate traveller was found by the

before-mentioned gentlemen, who were not of a disposition to look on such an object, and "pass by on the other side," without making at least an effort to save him. Dalston had a servant with him, and by their united efforts the benumbed person was placed on his horse, and supported by the latter for the remainder of their journey, which was nearly three miles, for there was no house at which they could have suitable accommodations for the invalid until they should arrive at the dwelling of Mr. Brisco, which they reached with infinite danger and difficulty, and even at the imminent hazard of their lives. Here, to his equal surprise and concern, the worthy clergyman recognised, in the object of his solicitude, his acquaintance, neighbour, and parishioner, Mr. Cadmus Crosthwaite! No sign of life was now visible in him, but the humane and friendly family under whose roof he was, exerted every possible means to restore animation,

tion, though Mr. and Mrs. Brisco, whose experience in similar cases had been great, did not dare to hope that those means would be attended with success.

The gentleman and lady whose hospitable kindness was thus extended to Crosthwaite, were persons of property and consideration in the place of their residence, but their understandings, habits, and pursuits, were such as might be expected in those who had never mixed with society, nor travelled a dozen miles from home. Brisco had not an idea of science beyond the portion of agricultural knowledge requisite for the cultivation of his farm, nor of pleasure, except in pursuing, with dog and gun, the game which the neighbouring hills and woods afforded, while his spouse was one of the most decided economists on the banks of Ullswater.

A union of sixteen years had seen them the parents of eight children, two only of whom, the eldest and youngest sons,

sons, survived. Lyulph, the former, now in his fifteenth year, had, just before the period now under consideration, been placed under the protection of his maternal uncle, a captain in the army of king William, then serving in Ireland, and was at that early age engaged in active warfare; and Arthur, the youngest, a rosy, smiling cherub of five years old, was running wild about his native hills.

Mr. and Mrs. Brisco, an orphan niece of fourteen, who resided with them, and Mr. Dalston, the clergyman already mentioned, formed the group which surrounded the bed, where, wrapped in warm blankets, lay the congealed form of Mr. Cadmus Crosthwaite.

A very considerable period, as has already been said, elapsed, without any sign of animation appearing. At length a deep groan gave to his anxious attendants the assurance that life was not extinct; and by inspiring fresh hopes that it might be preserved, encouraged them to

to redouble their efforts, until a faint inquiry from the patient of, "Where am I?" conveyed the pleasing certainty that the powers of reason and speech had resumed their functions. He was soon restored to a perfect recollection of the circumstances which brought him into his present situation; and when sufficiently recovered to converse, after expressing his gratitude to his preservers, he informed them that he was returning homewards from a short journey at the time his progress was arrested by the severity of the cold. From this it may be inferred that he had previously parted from the stranger in whose company he left Brougham Castle; but in his conversations with Mr. Brisco and Mr. Dalston he made not the least mention of any such person; nor could Mrs. Crosthwaite, in the subsequent inquiries which she did not fail to make concerning her mystic guest, obtain from her spouse the slightest intelligence of whither

ther he had journeyed, or whether he were still in existence.

In a few days the health of Mr. Crosthwaite was completely re-established, and he took leave of his hospitable entertainers with many expressions of gratitude for the kindness they had shown him.

From this period a most friendly intercourse was established between the families, which was further augmented by the Briscoes being intimately acquainted with, and indeed related to, Mr. Rokeby of Temple-Sowerby, with whom, as has already been said, Cadmus and Prudence were on terms of friendly courtesy.

CHAP-

CHAPTER V.

DURING the period of time which gradually led Idonea Rokeby, Cyrus Dacre, and Arthur Brisco, from the smiling dawn of infantine innocence to the bloom and the hopes of eighteen, the parents and protectors of each passed much of their time in the society of each other, alternately, at their respective houses.

The stranger who had once visited Brougham Castle was never seen nor heard of, and indeed, from the state of health he then appeared to be in, Prudence could not suppose him to be still in existence.

Cyrus remained unclaimed and unacknowledged by any relative, and every secret connected with him was as deeply buried

buried in the bosom of Cadmus, as they could have been at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.

No circumstance had transpired which tended to throw the smallest light on the former history of Mr. and Mrs. Rokeby, except that the curiosity of Prudence had the gratification of receiving a hint from Mrs. Brisco, that there was some truth in the report which placed them in the relative situations of uncle and niece.

Secluded from the meretricious and artificial manners of polished life, but ever surrounded by the awful majesty of Nature, in the magnificent and sublime scenery of Cumberland and Westmoreland, Idonea, Cyrus, and Arthur, grew up together. Arthur was the valued friend of Cyrus, and the beloved brother of Idonea; but the heart which animated that fair bosom cherished the image of Cyrus with all the regard of friendship, all the tenderness of fraternal

love,

love, and with a feeling yet more soft, tender, and impassioned.

The education of Cyrus was the prominent feature which distinguished this series of years. In the rich and capacious mines of Grecian and of Roman literature, his nominal father, Cadmus Crosthwaite, was no unskilful labourer. He was a systematical scholar, that is, he was well qualified to lead his pupil along the broad, beaten track which might impress on his memory every important historical fact then on record, in the Greek, Latin, and English languages; to give him a comprehensive knowledge of biography, and to instruct him in the rudiments of mathematical science. True, these acquirements in the hands of Cadmus, alone and unassisted, would have proved dangerous weapons with which to arm his young friend; they would infallibly have made him a pedant, but not a scholar. On the contrary, when combined with the judicious

judicious and valuable instructions of Mr. Dalston, the naturally-excellent understanding of Cyrus received from them every advantage that learning can bestow.

Dalston was a man of great erudition—he was yet more; he was a real minister of the gospel, a sincere Christian, and a truly-worthy character. Crosthwaite stored the mind of their pupil with important historical facts—Dalston taught him to exercise his judgment upon them; to deduce consequences from their causes; to strip the splendid but hollow character of its gilded laurels; to disentangle the web of sophistry which forms its specious attire, and to view it in its native deformity; to judge of actions by the unerring standard of morality, and on it to found his opinions, unseduced and unbiassed by the artificial blaze of rank, fortune, or a name. Cadmus exercised his perceptive faculties; Dalston instructed him

to

to exert the noblest powers of the human mind, the powers of reason. The mathematical knowledge he imbibed from Crosthwaite was, though accurate, merely theoretical; when applied according to the skilful directions of Dalston, it became the optic nerve of his mind; and while this worthy man watched over the expanding intellects of his young friend, and assisted his labours in all the acquirements which have been enumerated, with tenfold more solicitude did he inculcate the infinitely more important lessons of religion and of virtue.

Nor did the other friends of Cyrus neglect to contribute their quota of instruction to this interesting youth. From the sensible conversation of Mr. Rokeby he gleaned much information on subjects of polite literature; from him also he derived an accurate knowledge of geography, and the most just and perfect ideas concerning the institutions, obligations, and privileges of civilized society,

society, and of what is termed the social compact.

But the most delightful lessons of Cyrus were those which he received from Mrs. Rokeby, for they were shared with Idonea, and are commemorated by him in the following lines, written at a period far subsequent to that now under consideration:—

Hail, blest remembrance of those happy hours,
When, lov'd Idonea! in the silvan bowers,
Where youth's fair scenes expanded to our view,
Thy beauteous face my raptur'd pencil drew;
Or listen'd while you touch'd the lute's soft string,
As men would listen should a seraph sing;
Or, with the swiftness of the bounding fawn,
In mazy dances press'd the verdant lawn;
Or stole a pinion from the wing of time,
And trac'd the wild essays of rural rhyme;
Thy virtues were my theme, thy smile my meed,
And that awarded, I was blest indeed.

"Though last, not least," of Cyrus's tutors, was the venerable Prudence. Indeed, her lessons claimed precedence of all

all the rest, for they were given even before her husband had, in imitation of his great namesake, promulgated the Greek alphabet. True, the subject of these lessons was only such matters of rural economy as Cyrus could assist her in.

But before the anathema of criticism is denounced, let the sage information of the learned Cadmus be attended to. He assured his wondering auditors, Prudence and Cyrus, that many heroes and great men of antiquity had employed themselves in offices of household economy; that the immortal Alfred condescended to attend to the baking of a cake; that prince Lud kept pigs; and that even Hercules handled a distaff.

Here the little Cyrus eagerly required further information concerning those celebrated personages. Cadmus took him on his knee, and having informed him that Hercules was the son of Jupiter, was proceeding to detail the leading events of his history, when he was interrupted

rupted by his wife, who exclaimed—"I suir, Cadmus, I wonder thou can tell t' bairn seck stories as 'at *Harculus* was a *man*, an' Greece a *pleace*, when you know full weel 'at *Harculus** was a dog, an' *Hart-a-greese* a buck. Didn't t' dog lowp owr t' peales of Whinfield Park; an' didn't t' buck——"

"Prudence,"

* In 1333, or the following year, Edward Baliol, king of Scotland, visited Robert de Clifford, and passed some time with him at his several castles of Appleby, Brougham, and Pendragon. In the course of this visit they ran a stag, by a single greyhound, from Whinfield Park to Red Kirk in Scotland, and back again to Whinfield; where, being both completely exhausted, the stag leaped over the enclosure, but died on the spot, and the dog, attempting to follow, fell and expired without accomplishing the leap. In commemoration of the circumstance, the horns of the stag were nailed to a tree just by, and a brass plate was also affixed to it, with the following inscription:—

"*Hercules kill'd Hart-a'-greese,*
And Hart-a'-greese kill'd Hercules."

In

"Prudence," interrupted Cadmus, in an angry voice, "I desire you will occlude your ignorance in your own bosom, and not interrupt me with your antiphrases."

Prudence was awed to present silence, and her husband resuming the thread of his discourse, proceeded to describe the vast strength of Hercules, and to recount his wonderful exploits, when the narrative was again severed by his spouse.

"Why suir it's t' giant 'at's buried i' Peerith churchyard thou's talking about," said she.

"Vituperable idiot! buried in Penrith churchyard!" roared Cadmus, in a tone of ironical passion.

In process of time, the horns being almost grown over by the growth of the tree, another pair were put up in their place. This story, though generally received as a fact, is very improbable, the length of the course almost exceeding credibility.

"I suir is he, an' his thoom* stands up there to this day," returned she.

The risibility of Crosthwaite now got the better of his anger, and almost convulsed with laughter, he exclaimed—"And so you really believe that the object you mention is actually the thumb of a man in a state of lapidescence!"

Prudence, highly provoked by his laughter, sharply replied—"I know not what you mean by your lap sense or lap nonsense, Cadmus. You think yourself wiser than udder folks because you can spelder seck hard words; but it's nae seck uncommon thing for a body to be turned to stean. Is not there Long Meg an' her dowters at Salkeld? it's weel known they were witches."

"Ha! ha! ha!" vociferated Crosthwaite; "thou art a witch however."

"Nae, Cadmus, I defy t' world to say se,"

* A monumental pillar in Penrith churchyard, vulgarly called the Giant's Thumb.

se," retorted she, in a tone of deep resentment.

"Ah Prudence! Prudence!" said her spouse, with a sneer of contempt; "what with your witches, your giants, and your fairies, you have supernatural beings enough to people a planet. And so you really believe that the noble monument of antiquity at Salkeld——"

"Whae said your *aunt Kitty* was a witch?" interrupted she, with a look of scorn. "You may flyre an' laugh," she added, with increased asperity, "but your aunt Kitty's seen fairies plenty. Didn't she say she heared them clap their claise i' t' hills at Aldston? didn't my mudder see them dance on t' green? you've seen the fairy's glass* at Edenha' yourself.

"Sud this glass owther break or fa',
Farewell t' luck of Edenha'."

* There is at Edenhall in Cumberland a curious cup or chalice, which is preserved with the greatest care. According

Cyrus, not less interested in the biography of the fairies than he had been in that of Hercules, now quitted the side of Crosthwaite and stationed himself by that of his wife, listening with profound attention to the accounts which she gave of numberless children having been, *to her knowledge*, stolen by pigmies.

Cadmus listened also, and when she had closed her narrative, or rather exhausted herself, dryly inquired—"Whether they ever stole wives?"

"Nae, I never heared of seck a thing," she replied.

"That is a pity," he rejoined, with a grin,

According to tradition, a servant of the family surprised a party of fairies who were regaling themselves near a well, on the margin of which stood this glass. He possessed himself of the prize, which its pigmy owners made every possible effort to recover; but finding they could not accomplish their purpose, they flew away exclaiming—

"Should that glass either break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Edenhall."

grin, "as I should then have a chance of being released from your inconsentaneous fabulosity."

Prudence pouted, and Cadmus again reverting to the mention of the druidical monument vulgarly called Long Meg, proceeded to explain to Cyrus the probable origin of that appellation, which he said the learned in general agreed in deriving from Magi, the chief Druid having been so termed.

To this important information his auditors listened with profound reverence, and Prudence, after the reflection of a moment, exclaimed with vivacity—"Cadmus, if they caw'd t' furst priest Magi, I'se warrant that's t' reason they caw t' furst bird for talking *Magpie*."

"You are certainly right, my dear," replied Crosthwaite, his countenance brightening to an expression of the highest approbation; "that is, indeed, an important etymological hint.—Come, prepare me a poached egg for supper."

Thus the conversation ended for the present, though it must by no means be supposed that it passed as rapidly as it is here related; this is but a specimen of the manner in which the domestic education of Cyrus was conducted. Many were the similar dialogues which passed, and many the similar mistakes into which Mrs. Prudence fell. When they talked of Romulus and Remus, she insisted that they meant Valentine and Orson; mount Helicon she invariably supposed to be the high mountain of Helvellyn, and affirmed that the Cretan labyrinth was Rosamond's bower; for she was well acquainted with the history of that ill-starred beauty, who was one of the family of Clifford, the ancient and illustrious proprietors of Brougham Castle.

These whimsical blunders of the well-intentioned Prudence sometimes diverted, but oftener provoked her husband. With Cyrus it was far different; to him the marvellous accounts she gave of the giant

giant who once inhabited the caves on the banks of the Eamont, and of the fairies who haunted the mountain glades, were too interesting to excite risibility, too delightful to be alloyed with any mixture of contempt or disapprobation. Her tales of wonder obtained his firm, unqualified belief; and though, as he advanced in life, that belief gradually faded and died away, yet the romantic enthusiasm of mind, the wild eccentricity of thought, which early habit and powerful associations had nurtured and established, became closely interwoven with his character, "grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength."

Educated in retirement, a stranger in a great degree to the modes and customs of that extended circle of coalesced beings which is emphatically styled the world, and of course wholly unsophisticated by its hollow maxims and artificial manners, Cyrus Dacre, at the age of eighteen, was, in the truest and purest

sense of the term, the pupil of Nature. Reared from his birth in a country where she reigned in awful sublimity, and secluded from that intercourse with society which too frequently blasts and corrodes the finer susceptibilities of the soul, every change of weather and of season had unspeakable charms for him. Ever accustomed to long rambles, the face of the country for many miles round Brougham was familiar to him, and numberless were the scenes it afforded which were twined round his heart by deeply-interesting associations. The vivid blossoms of spring, and the mellow tints of autumn, never failed to instil delight into his mind, and to sooth it to a pleasing tranquillity; but the wild storms of winter, fermented in those mountainous regions to keener fury, inspired a sublimer feeling, and in this season it was that the soul of Cyrus experienced an ecstasy, an elevation, which a poet only can feel; then did he peruse the

the pages of Homer, of Shakespeare, and of Milton, with indescribable enthusiasm, or exert the best and happiest efforts of his own muse. The fairest virtues of human nature dwelt in his heart; and though that heart was unconnected, and estranged from the endearing ties of relationship, its vivid affections were extended to the whole human race.

The parental care and tenderness he had experienced from the Crosthwaites his sweet and grateful disposition repaid with the highest esteem and respect. He was truly sensible of the numerous obligations he owed them, not only for the shelter and protection their roof had afforded him, but for the many valuable lessons he had received from their lips—yes, let it be clearly understood that Prudence had been to her youthful charge an able and a worthy instructress. She had inculcated, in simple language indeed, but enforced by the best of all human authorities—a pure and

upright example, the great leading principles of moral rectitude; and she had, moreover, deeply embued his mind with that delicate sense of propriety, and innate love of order, which are the sure pillars on which the fabric of true taste ever rests. These may, perhaps, by superficial observers, be deemed only secondary virtues, and the want of them, in the characters of those with whom fate has linked us in our passage through life, be thought a matter of small importance, provided those characters are free from criminal turpitude; but such will not be the judgment of the student of human nature; he is aware that flagrant enormities produce the great explosions which agitate civil society, but that the corroding stream which saps and undermines domestic happiness has its source in *uncultivated and unharmonized feelings.*

Let it not however be understood that Cyrus was faultless. The unbounded tenderness

tenderness and indulgence in which he had been reared, had so much habituated him to find himself an object of love and regard, that he could not support, with composure, the smallest shadow of slight or neglect in those whom he esteemed. Hence some degree of jealousy and suspicion seemed to be inherent qualities of his mind, though in fact they were only the incidental result of his secluded education. Added to this, his circumscribed acquaintance with the world, and with the intricacies and complexities of human affairs, led him sometimes to draw conclusions too hastily, to judge and decide without proper deliberation, and to act too much from the impulse of the moment. These were the errors of his otherwise candid and ingenuous mind, and it remained for future circumstances to give a colouring to his character, to either eradicate those baneful plants, and sow in their room the seeds of genuine benevolence and philan-

thropy, or to root them more deeply in the soil where they grew, until their possessor degenerated into a decided misanthrope.

In person, Cyrus was tall and finely-proportioned; his features, Mrs. Crosthwaite thought, nearly resembled those of the sick, but handsome stranger, who had once visited Brougham Castle; but the complexion and hair of Cyrus were both a shade lighter than those of that gentleman, and his countenance, animated by the sunshine of cheerfulness and the bloom of health, wore an expression, which, if it had ever belonged to that of his supposed relative, was, at the time Prudence saw him, completely obscured by anxiety and illness.

CHAPTER VI.

SUCH was Cyrus Dacre at the age of eighteen. Blessed with uninterrupted health, and a stranger to sorrow, he had not hitherto looked beyond the present hour; his soul was untainted by ambition; no seeds of avarice nor self-interest lurked in his heart; he knew only the wants of simple nature; for those a little sufficed, and that little he possessed. He had never regretted his unconnected state, because the affection of the couple with whom he resided, and the kindness of the friends who surrounded him, had prevented him from feeling it.

His abstruse studies and mountain rambles were shared with Arthur Brisco; his delightful wood walks, and the charms of

of music and poetry, with Idonea Rokeby; and on the future he had never yet bestowed a thought. The first serious ideas concerning the line of life he should embrace were suggested by the information he received from his friend Arthur, that his father intended sending him to study divinity at one of the Scottish universities.

Cyrus did not envy him the prospect of a settled plan of life, and of contentment and independence, which would thus be opened to him—his heart was incapable of so base a feeling; but it awakened his mind to the contemplation of his own isolated situation.—"I also," said he mentally, "would wish to dedicate my days to the service of religion; theological studies are peculiarly those for which the powers of my understanding are fitted, and with joy should I embrace the sacred profession. But I," and he sighed as the chilling idea passed through his mind, "I have no father to assist.

assist my wish, no tender parent to direct me in the path I shall choose. My mother, my affectionate mother, the idea of her tenderness and goodness mingles with my earliest recollections; but why is it that such a veil of ambiguity is thrown over the history of my father? The few inquiries on the subject which hitherto I have ventured to make of Mr. Crosthwaite have always been evaded; but surely I have now attained an age when it is requisite that I should be made acquainted with all that concerns myself, with my birth, my fortune, and my connexions; perhaps my kind friend would not now withhold the communication; at all events I am determined to try; perhaps also he will sanction my wish of accompanying Arthur to Glasgow—To Glasgow!" continued he, while a vivid crimson mantled on his blooming cheek, and his brilliant eye hurried over the landscape which surrounded him; "and can I then wish to quit the peaceful

ful seclusion of Brougham, the beloved shades of Whinfield Park?"

He sighed, he suspended the soliloquy, but his heart, true to love and nature, completed the sentence—"Can I quit Idonea Rokeby?"

Cyrus and the lovely Idonea, accustomed from infancy to associate with each other, to receive together instructions from Mr. and Mrs. Rokeby, to share the same pleasures, and to participate in the same trivial sorrows, could not recal to remembrance the moment when first they felt that "each was to each a dearer self;" but at the period now under consideration they were perfectly aware that such a feeling existed in their hearts. The image of each was ever present to the mind of the other; it presented itself with the first dawn of day, lingered to the last close of their waking thoughts, and was ever the most prominent object in their dreams. The presence of Miss Rokeby was to Dacre joy

and

and happiness; the absence of Cyrus was to Idonea gloom and grief; and a glance from the eyes of Dacre drew the vivid crimson to the cheek of Miss Rokeby, while a smile on her rosy lips thrilled through every nerve of her admiring lover.

Nor were these symptoms of mutual tenderness much longer known to themselves than to each other. Dacre, in his morning walks and evening rambles, rapidly bounded over the extensive park of Whinfield, and, while joy vibrated in his heart, and hope illumined his brilliant eyes, hastened to the verge of the enclosure on the south-west shore of the Eden. Here the name of Cyrus, whispered by Idonea from the opposite bank of Oglebird,* and repeated aloud by the enchanting

* Nicholson and Burn, when speaking of Whinfield Park, say—"A court-leet is held within this forest, by the style of the court of the manor of Oglebird, but from what original we have not been able to discover; nor hath

listened to the tales of other days, to the martial deeds of the Vetriponts and the Cliffords; and if at any time chance prevented the accustomed meetings on the banks of the Eden, Cyrus and Idonea found a sure place of rendezvous at Julian's bower.

Such was the situation of affairs, when, as has already been said, Mr. Brisco decided to send his son Arthur to study at Glasgow—a circumstance which, by awakening in his friend Cyrus an attention to his own situation, induced him to examine that situation, and the feelings of his heart, more closely than he had ever done before, and the result was a belief that his only chance of earthly happiness consisted in being permitted to embrace the retirement which the profession of divinity would afford; and in being blessed with the hand of Idonea Rokeby, he felt that both these sources of felicity were in the gift of others. From Crosthwaite, his nominal parent, he must obtain

tain leave to devote himself to the study of theology, and Mr. Rokeby alone could bestow on him his lovely daughter.

But how should he aspire to be the husband of Idonea while involved in obscurity, ignorant of his family, alone and unconnected in the world?

With a mind charged with these reflections, he went to accompany Miss Rokeby in her evening-walk in Whinfield Park. Accustomed to translate every turn of his intelligent countenance, she quickly observed its pensive expression, and solicited him to explain the cause. They never concealed a thought from each other, nor in the present instance was it his wish to do so. He led her to a rustic seat, which himself had assisted Burbeck to rear beneath a spreading beech, and there, in the impassioned and energetic language of a lover, explained to her the feelings, the wishes, the hopes, and the fears of his heart.—"Could I," he continued, while he clasped

surprised that you should deem it strange in me, and inconsentaneous with the supereminent regard I have ever manifested for you, to occlude from you circumstances which so nearly concern you; but if it had been in my power to dilucidate those circumstances, I would doubtless have taken an opportunity, without comperendination, to embue you with the indoctrination; but whatever nolition I may feel to withhold from you such indoctrination, I am compelled to conglutinate to such a mode of conduct, as I whilom gave your father a solemn and indestructible promise never to disclose to you the smallest particle or circumstance relating to your birth, family, or connexions. As I cannot aberrate from that promise without being guilty of the most culpable turpitude, I must, as I said before, conglutinate to it; and as you are too well acquainted with my firmness and decision to suppose I will ever lancinate such

such a promise, and will do me the justice to believe that I am not actuated by any vituperable or questuary motives, but purely by a sense of rectitude, I counsel, charge, exhort, and command you never to mention the subject more."

Having concluded this speech, he abruptly quitted the study, as if unwilling to behold the disappointment of his ward, whom he left overwhelmed with surprise and dismay.

Cyrus, sanguine in hope, had scarcely permitted himself to dwell on the possibility that Crosthwaite would refuse to satisfy his inquiries; but now that he had not only given such a refusal in positive terms, but assigned as a reason a solemn promise made to his father, he felt a crowd of feelings and sensations rising in his breast, more painful than any which had hitherto inhabited it. His fate indeed seemed peculiarly cruel, for agonizing to a heart of sensibility was the conviction that the parent to

whom it owed existence had himself severed the bonds of nature, and dissolved for ever the tie which bound his hapless offspring to his family and connexions. In vain he harassed his mind to discover a probable reason for this unfeeling, this unnatural conduct. He could form many suppositions which wore the appearance of probability, but he was so totally in the dark as to every circumstance respecting himself, that he only wandered in a trackless wild of conjectures, without being able to find any resting-place which wore even the shadow of certainty.

With an oppressed heart he retired to his pillow, from which, for the first time in his life, care and anxiety had banished repose. The cruel command of his unknown parent shook him in horror from his broken slumbers, and chained his mind to a subject which was to him no less interesting than distressing.

When he rose in the morning, he made

made it his first care to seek a private interview with Prudence, in the faint hope that it might be in her power to afford him some information respecting his origin. It was, indeed, a very faint hope, for his perfect knowledge of her character induced him to believe, that had such a secret been in her possession, he must long since have been made acquainted with it, as her bosom could no more have contained it than a single apartment could contain an army.

The lapse of years had not obliterated from the memory of Prudence any circumstance concerning the stranger who once visited Brougham Castle, and who she conjectured to be the father of Cyrus. The concealment, and other peculiar circumstances which enveloped this stranger, had strongly excited her curiosity; and during the long interval of time which had since elapsed, the subject had never recurred to her mind unaccompanied by a sensation of painful

regret that such curiosity still remained ungratified. When, therefore, Cyrus, with his accustomed candour, related to her the conversation which had passed between her husband and himself the preceding evening, she seized the opportunity of exercising her lungs on the subject; and taking up the story at the period of Cyrus's introduction into her family, she related every subsequent event in which he was in any shape concerned; on the singular circumstances which marked the visit of his supposed father, she expatiated so particularly, that she did not even omit to confess that curiosity carried her to listen at the study-door, and of course she narrated her fall down stairs, and the chain of disasters consequent thereon.

Cyrus listened with the deepest degree of attention to her communications; but so far were they from fixing his ideas, or directing them to any rule of certainty, that they only served to lead him

him into a fresh maze of conjectures. That the person now described by Prudence was indeed his father, seemed highly probable; but who that father was, whether he were still in existence, and why he had, with such unnatural barbarity, disowned his child, and annihilated every relative tie which bound him to his fellow-beings, were circumstances shrouded in unfathomable obscurity. In vain he examined the watch which Mrs. Crosthwaite told him was given him by his supposed parent; no name which could furnish any hint or clue to inquiry was to be found on either it or any of its appendages. He had, it is true, been accustomed to hear himself addressed by the name of Dacre, and had been taught to subjoin that name to his baptismal one of Cyrus; but Prudence assured him that to none of the Dacre family, in whose service Cadmus had formerly been, could he possibly owe his existence; and indeed it

seemed very unlikely that the person of whom they had just been discoursing, who appeared to hold him in such horror that he refused to see him, who mentioned him by the frigid appellation of an *unfortunate being*, and who had certainly enjoined Crosthwaite to everlasting silence on every subject connected with his family, should permit him to retain any name to which he had a right, any by which the world could possibly recognise him.

Cruel, unfeeling parent, who had thus thrown from him his unoffending child! what dreadful crime could he have committed which was thus visited on his hapless offspring? Prudence and Cyrus exhausted every probable conjecture on the subject; but after wearying and bewildering themselves, they were as far as ever from certainty.

Cyrus next wondered whether his father still lived, but on this subject also he was doomed to wonder in vain, though

though Mrs. Crosthwaite could scarcely admit the possibility of his existence, for the ill state of health in which he appeared at the time she saw him, which was now upwards of thirteen years since, seemed to preclude all supposition that he still survived. Cyrus might indeed have made the inquiry of Crosthwaite, though certainly with little chance of having it answered in a satisfactory manner; but he was so much dispirited by the painful nature of the conversation which had passed the preceding evening, that he had not courage to again enter on any topic connected with the subject, not even to express the wish he had formed of accompanying his friend to the university, and, least of all, did he feel disposed, at the existing juncture, to hint the hopes and the wishes he entertained respecting Idonea Rokeby.

After breakfast he repaired with a heavy heart to the rectory, where he was generally accustomed to devote an

hour or two of the morning to study with Mr. Dalston. The acute observation of that gentleman perceived the cloud of melancholy which lowered on the brow of his young friend, and his solicitous inquiries soon drew from his ingenuous bosom every particular concerning its cause.

Mr. Dalston did not feel much surprised by the communications of his young friend; for whenever he had taken the liberty, which his intimacy with Crosthwaite warranted, of hinting an inquiry concerning the origin of Cyrus, the manner in which his questions were evaded gave him to understand that the matter was, and probably would ever be, a profound secret. It will not be thought that he deviated from charity in supposing that the cause of this secrecy originated in some criminal, or at least censurable action, committed by one or both of the parents of Cyrus; it was a supposition which almost every one

one would have formed on the subject, and which it was not difficult to perceive Cyrus himself now harboured. He saw that his reverend friend harboured it also, but it was a topic which every principle of feeling and of filial tenderness forbade them to discuss.

Not so the wish which Dacre expressed of taking holy orders; that wish met the decided and unequivocal approbation of Mr. Dalston, who now advised him to lose no time in mentioning it to Crosthwaite, as he alone could ascertain whether the pecuniary circumstances in which his ward was placed were such as would enable him to carry his wish into execution.

Cyrus took his advice, and when he next had an opportunity of being alone with Crosthwaite, came to the point at once, by asking his permission to commence his studies at Glasgow at the same time with Arthur Brisco.

Cadmus heard him without interruption,

tion, and when he ceased speaking, drew his visage to a more extended length, rolled his large eyes, and paused.

Cyrus thought the pause prophetic, and felt his spirits sink. The portentous silence continued for a quarter of an hour, and then, with all the solemnity of the oracles of Delphos or Dodona, the eventful sentence was pronounced in the following words:—"Cyrus, I had no proleptical conception of your motive for sevocating me hither this evening, though it required no great degree of metoposcopal knowledge to perceive that it was one which interested you highly; and it is therefore with much nolition I give you the indoctrination, that the second solemn and indestructible command given by your father is, that you never shall, upon any account whatever, be ordained a minister of the church of England. You perhaps think all these orders of your father very unproficuous, and opaquely incomprehensible, but your

your cogitations on this subject are of no avail; I have solemnly promised to see them complied with, and my promise is indestructible; his orders cannot be tergiversated, and I have therefore to exhort and command you to give up all thoughts of going to Glasgow, and to remain quietly at Brougham. The property which I hold in trust for you is sufficient for all your wants in retirement; a circumforaneous life you must not lead. Let us then have no devariation on the subject, but submit with a good grace to what you cannot remedy. Do not, however, adopt the postulatum that I have now dilucidated all the commands of your father; they are more omnigenous than you suppose, and it is of material consequence that you should not take any momentous step in life without my cognisance and concurrence, lest you should unwittingly commit the very actions against which it is my sacred though afflictive duty to guard

you; there yet remains an injunction of particular importance, but it is not at present necessary to embue you with it; when I see occasion I shall do it."

Alas! unhappy Cyrus! thus were his cherished visions blasted at once! thus was the foundation on which he had built his best hopes of earthly felicity sapped for ever! he must resign the intention of taking orders, and with it the hope of enjoying the peaceful serenity and tranquil leisure which the clerical function affords to its professors; but he knew by experience, that from the imposing commands of his mystic parent, promulgated by his oracle Crosthwaite, there was no appeal.

At the age of eighteen the human heart is too buoyant, too much under the influence of hope, to be long the victim of chagrin and disappointment. Cyrus became submissive, though not reconciled to unavoidable necessity; Arthur Brisco departed for Scotland; and

Idonea,

Idonea, left to the sole enjoyment of her lover's society, could not prevail on herself to feel much regret that Crosthwaite, or rather the unknown parent of Cyrus, had interdicted the study of divinity.

One morning in August, as the family at Brougham were taking breakfast, the trampling of horses, and a loud knocking at the Castle gate, announced the arrival of strangers. Cadmus, accompanied by Cyrus, went to the gate, where they found two gentlemen, habited for grouse-shooting; and early as the morning was, they were so completely covered with dust, that it was evident such had been their employment for some hours. Crosthwaite instantly addressed the younger of the two by the name of Sibbald, which was that of his landlord, and Cyrus knowing that gentleman to have a son, was at no loss to guess that he now beheld him.

Mr. Sibbald introduced his companion

he was several times in company with her during his stay at the Castle, and paid her much attention; yet he seemed anxious to have it understood that it was the attention of esteem and friendship, not of admiration or of love; indeed that species of admiration connected with passion, and having Idonea Rokeby for its object, would have ill assorted with Dunning's age, which evidently exceeded that of her father.

But if Dunning shunned the elder Rokebys, and beheld the fair Idonea without being enraptured and enamoured, it was far otherwise with his juvenile companion, Sibbald; he either was, or chose to appear, most violently in love, visited Temple-Sowerby much oftener than his company was desired by any one there, and persecuted Idonea with copies of verses, and professions of admiration and adoration, all of which she firmly and uniformly rejected. Well could her acute and penetrating mind,

mind, yet unwarped and uncontaminated by jealousy or suspicion, distinguish between truth and falsehood, reality and fiction; nor did it require even the reflection of a moment to convince her that the genuine merits of Cyrus Dacre were as much superior to the varnished manners of Sibbald, as is the diamond of the East to the shining bauble of glass; and armed with this conviction, her heart shrunk with disgust and horror from the proffered regards of the latter, and clung with augmented tenderness to the object of its faithful affections.

To Cyrus the society of these strangers was most irksome and disgusting; they believed, or affected to believe, him the illegitimate son of Crosthwaite, and as such, treated him as an object wholly beneath their notice. But whatever honour they might imagine that notice conferred or withheld, certain it is, that Cyrus would have thought it the next disagreeable

disagreeable thing to their presence, of which he became every day more and more weary. There was a profligate licentiousness in the manners of Dunning, and an envious malignity in those of his companion, which made the pure and well-regulated mind of Dacre recoil with disgust from all interchange of sentiments with them; but when the penetration of a lover discovered what a regard for the peace of Cyrus induced Idonea to conceal, the passion of Sibbald, he felt the torments of jealousy added to contempt and dislike, and scarce could his respect for Crosthwaite prevent him from coming to an open rupture with Sibbald—an event which it was easy to foresee must happen, should they remain much longer under the same roof together.

After staying upwards of three weeks at Brougham, Dunning took leave, alleging that particular business required his presence at Whitehaven, and promising

mising to return when it should be dispatched. Sibbald did not offer to quit his quarters; but in the beginning of September, Idonea and Cyrus beheld a prospect of being released from his disagreeable society.

Lyulph Brisco, after an absence of thirteen years, was come home to pass a few months with his parents, his health being in rather a delicate state, in consequence of a wound he had recently received, from which, however, he was so far recovered, that quiet and change of air were alone judged requisite to effect his perfect restoration. Arthur was coming from Glasgow to give his brother the meeting, and Dacre and Miss Rokeby were invited to join the happy party assembled at Watermillock. They accepted the invitation with the sincerest pleasure, for every circumstance apparently conspired to render this little excursion delightful. The most refined social happiness might be expected beneath

neath the roof of Mr. Brisco; there at least Sibbald could not enter to disturb their repose, and the season of autumn is that in which the beautiful shades of Ullswater wear their most attractive form. An early day in the ensuing week was fixed on for their departure; Mr. Rokeby was to accompany them to Watermillock, and return the next day, and all was joy and gaiety in the perspective.

CHAPTER VII.

THREE days before that appointed for the journey to Watermillock, Burbeck, the gamekeeper at Whinfield Park, proposed that a doe should be hunted—a species of amusement peculiarly adapted to the taste of the inhabitants of Temple-Sowerby and its neighbourhood, few of whom

whom ever failed to attend on such occasions. Mr. Rokeby, who was exceedingly fond of the chase, had early accustomed his daughter to join in it, which she did with spirit and pleasure, and managed her courser with grace and agility.

Idonea was a simple country-girl of the seventeenth century; her wild, untutored spirit, active and lively as the piercing air of her native mountains, shrunk not from the fatigues or the dangers of her father's favourite sport; if, however, she must be accused of "uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill," and if the fair equestrians of the present day are not found a party sufficient to protect her, she must plead guilty to the charge, and have done with it; for it is the province of the biographer to relate facts, not to apologize for or extenuate them.

The bright sun of an early autumnal morning illumined the blue vault of heaven,

heaven, when the hunters assembled in Whinfield Park. Mr. Rokeby was mounted on a spirited animal, not less eager for the chase than his master. By his side was his lovely daughter, who, gracefully habited in green, and surrounded by the venerable oaks of the Park, might have been sketched for Diana in a grove dedicated to her worship.

Near her was one of the most ardent of her votaries, the fashionable and self-approving Mr. Sibbald, whose compliments, like the mitres of Sterne, descended "thick as hail." To those compliments Idonea was compelled, at every opportunity, to listen; for Sibbald was neither to be repulsed by silence, nor awed by reproof.

Not far from this group was Mr. Cadmus Crosthwaite, capering and curveting on a highly-prancing steed. Cadmus was too much a lover of good living to keep an inhospitable stable; but certainly a less-pampered animal would have suited his horsemanship better; for

for though a constant attendant at every deer, fox, and hare chase within ten miles round, he was a superlatively bad rider, was never in at the death, had twice been thrown into a ditch, and once into a pond. All these disasters, however, did not deter him from attending on the present occasion; and while Sibbald was entertaining Miss Rokeby in the manner already described, his host was edifying old Burbeck with a dissertation on all the celebrated hunters of antiquity from Nimrod to Orion.

Near him stood the graceful figure of Cyrus Dacre, leaning one arm on his horse, his expressive eyes bent with solicitous inquietude on Miss Rokeby and Sibbald. Never, on any former excursion, had he been absent from the side of Idonea, but now that valued place was filled by another; yet he felt by no means disposed to tamely resign it, and was advancing to assert his claim, when Idonea happened to smile at some observation

servation of her companion. The smile struck like the fang of an adder on the heart of Cyrus, and infused the deadly poison of jealousy into a soil but too susceptible of that fatal passion. From that moment the flowery wreath of love became a bitter and galling chain. In proportion to the strength of his passion —and a more ardent one never animated a human bosom—so were the torments he suffered; but he formed the instant resolution of suffering them in silence. In fact, he as yet knew not half their strength; the sensation of wounded pride which mingled with his first feelings, he mistook for the dawnings of indifference, and believing that Idonea no longer felt for him the preference which she had once acknowledged, he thought he should find no difficulty in banishing her image from his heart.

"Shall I dispute her affections with that vain, vicious wretch?" said he mentally; "no! if she has withdrawn them from

from me to bestow them on him, they are not worth another thought."

While these ideas crossed his mind, Idonea happened first to observe him; her fine eyes sparkled with augmented brilliancy, and while the smile of innocent pleasure dimpled on her cheek, she waved her hand to invite his approach. Love for a moment triumphed over jealousy and resentment, and Dacre was placing his foot on the stirrup to obey the invitation, when the blasting recollection struck to his heart that this treacherous smile had beamed also on Sibbald. The fiend-like tormentors of his bosom returned, and darting on the astonished Idonea a look replete with that haughtiness which formed a striking feature of his character when he thought himself injured or neglected, he led his horse to another part of the park, and hastily addressed to Mr. Brisco an inquiry after the health of his son.

Lyulph, he was told, continued convalescent.

valescent. Cyrus expressed himself happy to hear it; but had any one the next moment addressed the same inquiry to himself, he could not, had even his life depended on it, have repeated the answer of Mr. Brisco; not that he felt uninterested in the fate of the gentleman in question—far from it; he earnestly wished to cultivate his friendship, but his mind was in a state little short of temporary frenzy; his thoughts, words, and actions, were disjointed, and his questions and replies were merely mechanical.

From this state of mental distraction he was roused by the cry of the hounds, eager for the chase, and the music of the winding horn, which woke a thousand echoes in the surrounding hills; the fatal signal was given, and all

"The savage soul of game was up at once!"

The poor, devoted deer, whom her soft-coated companions had shunned, as if by instinct,

nstinct, from the moment she was narked for pursuit, flew, with the fleetness of the winds, over the level, green, nd grassy knolls of the park, burst the ngled furze and underwood, and sought he refuge of the thickest shades; from hence her deep-mouthed enemies soon expelled her, and, in concert with the hunters, now wholly absorbed, and almost wild in the pursuit, traced her course, until, faint and exhausted, the poor animal plunged into the Eden, about three miles below Temple-Sowerby, and was followed by numbers of both her rational and irrational tormentors. How such of the *dramatis personæ* of this book as were present at this memorable hunting disposed of themselves after the deer took the water, it will now be proper to relate.

Mr. Brisco was at all times too ardent in the chase to take much care of his neck; he also made it a point to be always in at the death, and of course was

the first, together with old Burbeck, to follow the hounds.

Exclusive of Miss Rokeby, there was only one female present, a lady of the neighbourhood, who, being by far too keen a sportswoman to give in from any apprehensions of danger, forded the river immediately after the gentlemen just mentioned. Idonea kept close by the side of her father as long as she could, until the speed of Mr. Rokeby's horse surpassed that on which she was mounted. It is probable he would not have suffered his partiality for the chase to have carried him away from her, had he not known that she would be most carefully attended by a faithful servant, who was an excellent horseman, and never lost sight of his young lady on such occasions as the present. But the chase no longer afforded pleasure to Idonea; the sun of joy which had risen for her in the morning was set in a cloud of anxiety, like too many of the evanescent pleasures

pleasures of youth. The stern and haughty look of Dacre, so unlike those melting glances of love and tenderness that used to beam on her from the fine eyes of her lover, was never for a moment absent from her mind. On every former pleasurable excursion, Cyrus had been her constant and assiduous attendant; but now her eye had only encountered his form in the first outset, for he had far surpassed her in speed. Wearied and dejected, therefore, she felt glad when the deer plunged into the Eden, as her father would not then expect her to continue the chase; and calling to Ambrose, desired him to assist her in dismounting, intending to rest awhile on the bank of the river, where a thickly-woven shade of plane trees, elms, and hazel, invited her to repose her wearied frame, and seek to collect her harassed spirits. She had reason to believe that the chief part of the hunters who intend-

ed to ford the river, were now gone by, and that here she should be at liberty to commune with her own sad thoughts, without fear of interruption. Seating herself on the turf, while Ambrose led the horses about at a little distance, she fell into a train of reflections, the subject of which may be easily guessed, and which, had they been long indulged, would rather have tended to augment the dejection of her spirits than to dispel it; but she had not occupied her seat above three minutes, when her reverie was broken by the approaching sound of hoofs, and looking up, to her equal surprise and dismay, she beheld Sibbald, who, having no inclination for a cold bath, checked his horse on the brink of the river, and in the very same moment discovering Miss Rokeby, sprang from his saddle, and threw himself at her feet.

The surprise was so sudden, and the action so ridiculous, and to her so disagreeable,

greeable, that she could not immediately collect her ideas sufficiently to express her displeasure.

Sibbald, either really mistaking her silence for tacit encouragement, or choosing to construe it to his own advantage, soon quitted the posture he had chosen, and seating himself beside her on the turf, exclaimed with a theatrical air and accent—"Why, fair Diana, goddess of these silvan shades, why have you left your votaries to wander in the chase without your presence to guide them? have their sins, their faults, and their follies, provoked you to abandon them? or have you chosen this cool and shady grove, in which to sit enshrined, and receive the adoration of your worshippers? If so, fair goddess, accept of mine!" and he again bent his knee before her, while Idonea, vexed and distressed by his egregious folly, attempted every moment to interrupt this rhapsody of nonsense; but the effort was vain—"Or

have you, charming maid," he resumed, while he looked up in her face with a gaze so intrepid and impertinent, that the timidity of youth and inexperience shrunk from it abashed—" have you another object of pursuit, a game more noble than a weak, flying deer—the heart of a lover? Yes! by all the darts of Cupid, it is, it must be so! Yet surely it cannot, it shall not be that Dacre, as they call him, the son of Crosthwaite! surely Miss Rokeby would not condescend to waste a thought on him, or to heed the glances of petulant disrespect which he had the insolence to cast on her this morning."

At these pointed words the vivid crimson rushed to the cheek of Idonea, and her eyes fell beneath the stare of determined scrutiny which the bold and artful Sibbald fixed on her. Hitherto she had contented herself with saying, when she could obtain leave to speak—" Sir, I must beg you will cease this trifling;

fling; to you it may possibly afford amusement, to me it does not." But now, when her partiality for Dacre was openly hinted at, when she was tauntingly reminded of the unkind and haughty manner in which he had treated her but a few hours before, she unfortunately swerved from that cautious prudence, which, had she given more time to reflection, would have instructed her to repel, with contempt and disdain, the insolent inquiries of Sibbald; and listening only to the dictates of female delicacy and wounded pride, she obeyed the impulse of the moment, and resolving to exonerate herself from all suspicion of a partiality for Dacre, she exclaimed, though without venturing to raise her eyes to those of her tormentor—"I must beg to assure you, sir, that you are strangely mistaken. Mr. Dacre's looks, like those of any other person to whom one is perfectly indifferent, are matters of no consequence to me."

The artful Sibbald quickly perceived and followed up his advantage. Discarding the air of levity which he had hitherto worn, he assumed one of seriousness and respect. Rising from his posture of mock humiliation, and seating himself near Idonea on the turf, he said, with well-feigned earnestness—"My dear Miss Rokeby, if I have said any thing to give you offence, I implore your pardon; hitherto I have only been in jest, but now I am far otherwise, and must take the liberty of saying, that I sincerely rejoice to hear you say that this Dacre is an object of indifference to you, for he has not only had the vanity and insolence to boast of your partiality for him, but I know, from indisputable authority, that he has asserted your engagements with him to be such as neither party could recede from." Here the subtle fiend paused, and watched the countenance of his fair auditor, to mark

the

the progress of the poison he was instilling.

If there existed a mind on earth in which suspicion found no lurking-place, it was that of Idonea Rokeby. From her first acquaintance with Cyrus, down to the present moment, she had never doubted his faith and honour; but now her reliance on his fidelity was torn up by the roots. Young, inexperienced, and educated in retirement, she was consequently credulous and unsuspecting. Sibbald easily read her character; but instead of admiring and respecting its unadulterated simplicity and integrity, as a virtuous and worthy man would have done, he basely took advantage of it, and determined to effect a breach between her and Dacre, which should not be easily healed. He was too subtle, too well acquainted with the human heart, to attempt doing this by exciting her jealousy; that "green-eyed monster," he well knew, but adds fuel to the flame

of love, and is active and vigorous only in proportion to the strength of that passion. No, it was by alarming her delicacy, by piquing her pride, and by raising her indignation, that he hoped to succeed in severing the tie which bound her to her lover. The unsuspecting Idonea fell into the snare; she did not give Sibbald credit for that degree of penetration which could enable him to discover the regard which subsisted between herself and Dacre, and consequently believed his assertion, that Dacre himself had made it his boast—a belief grievous and insupportable to female delicacy.

The artful Sibbald easily read the workings of her mind, and pursued his advantage by saying, with the utmost seeming indifference and freedom from design—"I was certain that Dacre was uttering a string of falsehoods concerning you; but indeed I do not wonder at it, for I have seen and heard so much of his baseness since I came to Brougham, that

that I cannot be surprised at any thing he does. He has completely the weak side of the old man; and as to the poor, foolish woman, Crosthwaite's wife, she absolutely dotes on him; but notwithstanding their blind partiality, they are but too well acquainted with many of his errors, though they screen them from the eyes of the world. I have indeed learned some shocking circumstances concerning him since my residence in this country; but you must excuse my silence on that point, for they are such as I cannot repeat to you."

When black and ambiguous hints like these are given concerning any one, the imagination of the hearer, left with a wide field of conjecture to roam in, is sure to conjure up every possible crime, and lay them to the charge of the absent, traduced party; thus it was with Idonea. Ignorant, as she was innocent, of guile and deceit, her unsuspecting heart could not form an idea that Sibbald was imposing

imposing on her a base farrago of designing falsehoods. His present situation, a resident under the same roof with Cyrus, might certainly be supposed to afford him a favourable opportunity of becoming acquainted with his private and domestic character and conduct. She could not doubt that Cyrus had indeed boasted of the acknowledgment of regard, and the vow of fidelity, which he had himself drawn from her; for she had never breathed a syllable on the subject, not even to her parents, though her father, she had reason to think, saw and did not disapprove her partiality for Dacre, and that which, till this fatal moment, she had believed Dacre felt for her. But the hopes and the confidence of love existed no longer; the behaviour of Cyrus in the morning had blasted them all; nor did Idonea ever once suspect the source in which that behaviour originated; for though he had certainly, for some time past, been jealous of Sibbald,

bald, his haughty spirit would never stoop to own that it harboured such an inmate as jealousy. To what then, but to a total dereliction from honour and principle, could she ascribe his conduct? Alas! she thought it too fatally confirmed the assertions of Sibbald; had she reflected indeed, had she measured back the years of tenderness and of goodness which she had seen pass over the head of Dacre, she might perhaps have discarded the new and dangerous guest of her bosom—Suspicion. But this was not the moment for reflection; her pride, her delicacy, and her feelings, were wounded, and she firmly believed that she spoke the dictates of both her heart and her reason, when she replied to the vague but insidious charge of criminality which Sibbald preferred against her lover—"Mr. Dacre and his conduct, sir, are alike indifferent to me—I have nothing to do with them;" but in the moment that she uttered these words,

words, the starting wildness of her averted eye, the faint glow which tinged her whitened cheek, and the trembling agitation of her nerves, were harbingers of the agony which was gathering in her lacerated bosom.

CHAPTER VIII.

Cyrus, only anxious to escape from seeing Idonea listening to the addresses of Sibbald, gallopped after the hounds with the swiftness of an eagle; but he soon found that speed could not abstract his thoughts from the object of his love and his fears, and that distance only augmented his jealous tortures. He had neither spirits nor inclination to continue the chase, and when the deer and her pursuers quitted the earth, and sought a new element, he resolved to return home,

home, and checking his horse, took a path a little to the right, that he might avoid meeting the rest of the hunters. But how frail are the resolutions of a lover! he had scarcely retraced five hundred yards of the space which intervenes between the Eden and Brougham Castle, when the image of Idonea, smiling on Sibbald, his abhorred rival, flashed on his mind; and unable to bear the soul-distracting picture which his imagination had conjured up, he determined to again join the hunters. In fact, the conflict between love and jealousy had been very severe, but victory now inclined to the former; and while he fancied that his motive in turning back was to seek Sibbald and revenge, the real objects of attraction were Idonea and reconciliation.

When he had recovered about half his lost way back, he met Crosthwaite journeying towards Brougham.—"How now, Cyrus," said he, "whence comes this comperendination? I think you have

have deteriorated from the usual velocity of your horsemanship; you have not yet forded the stream, and yet, if one may judge by the anhelation of your courser, your progress has been rapid."

Cyrus, in reply, briefly said that he had intended to return home, but had changed his mind.

"Why," returned Cadmus, "Phœbus is so calefactive at this meridian hour, that I am nearly occecated, and have therefore determined on a recession, and shall claudicate in the first gelid shade I can find, until a recheat is sounded, for I am convinced the doe will escape."

With these words they parted, and Cyrus pursuing his way towards the Eden, reached the spot where Idonea and Sibbald were seated, at the precise moment in which, as before related, the lady was assuring the gentleman, that neither Mr. Dacre nor his conduct were objects of any interest to her.

Her

Her back was turned towards the road; of course she did not perceive Cyrus, but her companion did, and saw also that he was observing them with looks of jealous fury.

Though a most egregious coward, Sibbald, for once in his life, felt his courage elevated to a pitch that inspired him with a desire of triumphing over his rival; and knowing that Dacre, who had checked his horse, was now within hearing, he affected not to have heard distinctly what Idonea said when she uttered the words recited near the close of the last chapter. "Madam!" said he, with a look which implied a wish that she would repeat the sentence.

Miss Rokeby, unconscious of who heard her, fell into the snare, and replied —"I only said, sir, that Mr. Dacre is a person perfectly indifferent to me."

"False, perjured woman!" exclaimed Cyrus, leaping from his horse, and rushing into the grove. "Infernal villain!" he

he added, directing the force of his fury towards Sibbald, who, already repenting his temerity in having provoked this storm, was looking about for his horse, and planning a retreat, which his antagonist was about to take effectual measures to prevent, when his purpose was arrested by a groan so loud, so deep, so impressive, that it superseded even love, jealousy, and revenge.

It has been asserted by sages who proclaim themselves to be deeply versed in the lore of antiquity, more especially in that of the Druids, that the pride of man erroneously arrogates to himself alone the faculty of clothing his thoughts in the garb of speech, for that each species of animals has a form of language peculiarly its own. Now it is well known that Druidical learning flourished nowhere more than in the county of Cumberland; of course we may infer that the horses of that county are peculiarly conversible. Hence it was that the

the Rosinante of Crosthwaite, which had been most unwillingly turned into a direction contrary to that of the hounds, when he met his friend and associate, the steed of Cyrus, complained bitterly of the compulsion under which he was acting. Pyrœtis, for so Crosthwaite himself had named the horse of Dacre, no doubt advised his brother courser to rebel against the authority of his rider, and, in defiance of rein and of lash, to resume the chase. The horse, we may conjecture, adopted his friend's counsel, and, wheeling about, once more followed the cry of the hounds, and galloped at full speed towards the Eden. Crosthwaite used the utmost exertions of his horsemanship to restrain him; but not having a clear conception of the proper method of managing the bridle, he galled the mouth of the animal so intolerably with the bit, that it compelled him to snort and rear his head. This movement threatened to shake Cadmus

in

in his seat, and the measures he took to secure himself in it were ill calculated to answer that end; for, by shortening his hold of the bridle, and grasping it with a firmer hand, he only augmented the evil he sought to remove, and urged his flight to the very brink of the river. Here Crosthwaite, out of all patience, had recourse to his whip; the consequence was, that the animal plunged violently, threw his rider on the bank, and dashing into the water, pursued the chase.

It was the well-known voice of Crosthwaite, groaning in anguish beneath his bruises and sufferings, which struck on the ear of Cyrus, and arrested his vengeance when ready to fall on the devoted head of Sibbald. Alive only to gratitude and affection for the protector of his infancy, even Idonea was forgotten in the feeling of the moment; and rushing to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, he threw himself on the

the ground beside the fallen Cadmus, took his hand, felt his pulse, and, in a voice of tender anxiety, entreated him to speak, and tell him where he was hurt.

"Oh, my scapula, my scapula is dislocated!" groaned Cadmus.

Cyrus examined the part, as well as the time and place would permit, and being satisfied that the bone was not out of the socket, told the patient that he hoped his fears on that head were groundless.

"Then my clavicle is fractured. Oh! oh! oh!" rejoined Crosthwaite.

While he uttered these words, Miss Rokeby and her attendant came up to the spot. Agonized as she was by the recent communications of Sibbald, and the short but keen reproaches of Dacre, she could not behold any one, more especially a friend of her father, in the situation of Crosthwaite, without offering him every alleviation of pity and attention.

tion. Kneeling down by him, she inquired, with compassionate tenderness, how he felt himself, and proposed that Ambrose should go immediately to Brougham Castle to procure assistance.

While she spoke, Cyrus gazed alternately on her and on his suffering friend, while every feeling of his soul rushed by turns to his varying countenance, which one moment softened to pity, and the next wore the deadly expression of jealousy, now melted to love, and then glowed with anger; sometimes too he cast a glance of frenzied wildness towards the grove in search of Sibbald; but that search was needless, for Sibbald, by no means relishing the fierce and menacing manner of Dacre, had very prudently guarded against its consequences, by mounting his horse and galloping off.

Poor Cadmus, writhing with pain, expressed his acquiescence in Miss Rokeby's proposal. "I am extremely reluctant

tant to give trouble," said he, "but I cannot at this present time evitate it; the continuity of my clavicle is destroyed, and until proper means are resorted to, to conglutinate the cohesion of the parts, I cannot expect to have any ataraxia, or even somnolence."

Cyrus abhorred the very thought that his friend should owe an obligation to Idonea—to that Idonea who, but a few minutes before, he had heard declare to his hated rival, "that Mr. Dacre was a person perfectly indifferent to her;" but in the present case he could not avoid it, for either he must permit the servant to go to Brougham, as Miss Rokeby proposed, or solicit her permission for Ambrose to attend to Mr. Crosthwaite while himself rode home; and to ask a favour of her, or even to notice her, was what, in the existing state of his feelings, his haughty spirit could not submit to. He even felt, or tried to persuade himself that he felt, averse to re-

maining near her until the necessary assistance should arrive; but he quickly found that his forbearance in this point would not be put to the test, for when she had received Crosthwaite's consent to dispatching Ambrose to Brougham, she desired the latter to lead her mare to the spot where they then were, and assist her in mounting, saying she should ride immediately home.

Cyrus now felt a fresh flame of resentment against Idonea kindling in his breast; he believed that Sibbald was waiting near, and that she was impatient to join him. *His* society, it was evident, no longer possessed a charm to detain her. How indeed should it, when he had heard her declare to Sibbald, "that Mr. Dacre was a person perfectly indifferent to her." These words were daggers, which, whenever they recurred to the memory of Cyrus, stabbed him to the heart. He thought too that her conduct in so soon leaving Crosthwaite

in

in his present situation was unkind and unfeeling; but the fact was, Miss Rokeby was so much affected by the occurrences of the day, that she felt scarcely able to support herself, for the heart of Cyrus was not more deeply wounded by the words he had overheard, than was that of Idonea by both the conduct of Dacre in the morning, and the subsequent reports of Sibbald. Pride, however, enabled her to suppress her anguish while in the presence of its object, but her face was averted, nor did she once dare to encounter the glance of his eye. With regard to her leaving Crosthwaite, her remaining by him would have been of no service, for it was not in her power to render him any assistance; neither was she enabled to estimate either the nature or the extent of his sufferings, for his learned dialect was nearly unintelligible to her, though Cyrus, who had been accustomed to it from infancy, readily comprehended its purport; she

cannot then be justly accused of any breach of either friendship or humanity in setting out for Temple-Sowerby at the same time Ambrose did for Brougham. Less excusable was the behaviour of Cyrus, who could not prevail on himself to offer his once-loved Idonea even the trifling civility of his assistance in mounting her horse, nor even a parting bow; the hateful sentence still rang in his ears, and forgetting that he had been the original aggressor, he considered her as the most fickle of her sex, in having withdrawn her plighted affections from him, and bestowed them on a stranger, a worthless coxcomb.

Nor was Idonea at all more inclined to a conciliatory mode of conduct than her lover. Far from censuring her own imprudence in having so pointedly encouraged Sibbald, by repeatedly assuring him that she felt no partiality for Dacre, she fed the flame of resentment by dwelling on the haughty glance of Cyrus, and

on

on the hint of Sibbald that he was acquainted with some shocking circumstances concerning him; and after breathing to Cadmus her best wishes and prayers for his recovery, she rode off, without taking any more notice of Dacre than if he had stood on the bank of the Nile, instead of the Eden; while he, though more than ever exasperated, would not suffer his contempt and resentment to interfere with his feelings of affection and gratitude, but compelled himself so far to notice the commission she had given Ambrose, as to request that he would be cautious in acquainting Mrs. Crosthwaite with the accident which had happened to her husband. But caution in this point was entirely useless, for Sibbald, who had ventured to peep out from amongst the trees while Cyrus was examining the hurts of Crosthwaite, had rode directly to Brougham, and proclaimed the evil tidings with as little of feeling or cau-

tion as he would have used in relating the death of the deer which had been hunted that morning.

Prudence, as may be supposed, was greatly alarmed, and extremely anxious to have Cadmus brought home, but observed that—"if he wad be sae ventersome as to ride full drive, it was nae wonder he sud faw; and though she hoped his showder was only wrampt, still the stound wad be sair to ondergang."

She lost no time in dispatching the hind and another person, and consoled herself with the reflection that Cyrus would use all possible tenderness in removing him.

Sibbald, though he declared himself deeply grieved for Crosthwaite's accident, was in truth highly delighted that Dacre had such an employment as that of attending to him, since it would effectually prevent his return to Brougham during the short remainder of his own present

present stay there, which he resolved should not be many minutes, for he was by far too great a coward to risk a second meeting with his spirited rival. He did not, however, give to Mrs. Crosthwaite the slightest hint of his intended departure, but took to himself the merit of riding over to Penrith for a surgeon, a piece of kindness for which Prudence could not be otherwise than truly grateful.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that Ambrose met the hind and the other person dispatched by Prudence before he could reach Brougham Castle. Finding that his embassy was rendered nugatory, he returned with them to the spot where Cadmus still lay groaning, his head supported by the arm of his affectionate young friend. They had provided themselves with a kind of litter, and on this they placed him, and conveyed him in safety to Brougham Castle.

If a wish of avoiding Dacre operated powerfully on Sibbald, Cyrus was not less strongly actuated by the contrary motive. He learned, on his return home, whither and on what errand he was gone, and waited with impatience his return from Penrith; but this was fated to be a day of disappointment to him, for when the surgeon arrived, he brought with him a short note from Sibbald, addressed to Mrs. Crosthwaite, acquainting her that on reaching Penrith he found his friend Dunning there, from whom he learned that some important business required his immediate presence in a distant part of the county—he did not mention where, and concluded with expressing, in flourishing terms, his very deep regret for the cruel necessity which compelled him to absent himself from Brougham, at the time when his dear friend Crosthwaite had met with so unpleasant an accident.

CHAP-

CHAPTER IX.

CROSTHWAITE was perfectly right in his conception of the consequences resulting from his fall; the collar-bone was indeed broken, but it was only a simple fracture, which being soon reduced, the surgeon did not apprehend any danger, and only enjoined his patient to rest, quiet, and temperance. The two first injunctions Cadmus scrupulously obeyed, but the latter he flagrantly infringed, for the compliments of inquiry from his numerous friends were accompanied with so many choice presents of venison, grouse, and char, and Prudence so well exerted her skill in making pasties, pots, and cranberry tarts, that the benefits resulting from abstemiousness were not

to be thought of in Cadmus's cure, which was, of course, considerably retarded.

Miss Rokeby, on her return home, related to her mother the accident which had befallen Crosthwaite, and to it was attributed the hurry and agitation of her spirits; for she could not prevail on herself to mention those events of the day in which her heart was more nearly concerned. The next morning, when Mr. Rokeby asked her to ride over with him to Brougham, to visit Mrs. Crosthwaite, and inquire after her husband, she framed some slight excuse for remaining at home, for she dreaded meeting either Cyrus or Sibbald, of whose departure she was ignorant.

Cadmus was asleep when Mr. Rokeby visited the Castle; of course he was not admitted to his chamber, but Cyrus was summoned from thence by Mrs. Crosthwaite, who could not suppose that he would feel otherwise than highly gratified in seeing one for whom, and for whose

hose family, he had ever expressed the ghest esteem and respect. It is pro- ble, however, that at the present junc- re Cyrus would rather have been ex- sed from seeing him; but at the same ne the reluctance which he felt to ing so was counterbalanced by two tives. In the first place, he had too h a sense of justice to implicate Mr. keby in the fault of his daughter; and the next, his lofty spirit would never op to acknowledge, by either word or k, that he felt himself forsaken and cted for a rival. Urged then by se considerations, he obeyed the sum- ns of Mrs. Crosthwaite, and followed into the presence of Mr. Rokeby, o received him with his wonted kind- ; and attributing the gloom which re vainly strove to chase from his w solely to the inquietude he suf- d on Crosthwaite's account, he en- voured to re-animate him with hopes speedy amendment—"However,"

added he, "as his recovery cannot be so rapid as our good wishes for it, I fear, my young friend, you intend to resign all thoughts of accompanying Idonea and me to Watermillock the day after to-morrow."

The mention of Watermillock, and of the excursion from which he had promised himself so much pleasure, brought back to the bosom of Cyrus the remembrance of the hopes, the happiness, and the confidence he had lost, and drew from thence a deep and heavy sigh.

The sigh could not pass the ear of Mr. Rokeby unobserved; but ignorant of the motive in which it originated, he very naturally imputed it to the disappointment Cyrus felt at being compelled to relinquish his intended visit.—"I regret that we cannot have the pleasure of your company," he resumed, "but *my* regret is nothing—is it, Cyrus?"

Dacre felt the full meaning implied in these few words. His heart beat tumultuously

tuously, but pride quickly expelled every other feeling from thence, and with little hesitation he replied—"I hope, sir, you do me the justice to believe that I at all times value your society highly; but I must confess that at present the chief regret I feel is not for being detained at home, but for the distressing cause which detains me."

"Well, well, young man, that shall pass *now*," said Mr. Rokeby, smiling archly; "but remember," he added, laying his hand on Cyrus's shoulder as he rose to go, "remember I prophesy that when our good friend Crosthwaite gets better, Mr. Dacre will find the banks of Ullswater more pleasant and more desirable than Brougham Castle."

Poor Cyrus felt his feelings rising to agony as the torturing remembrance passed over his mind, that he was an object of indifference to her whose presence would have made the shades of Ullswater pleasant indeed. No prospect of the

fields, waving with the rich treasures of harvest, now ripe for the sickle, were finely contrasted with the verdant meadows enamelled with wild flowers, and glittering with countless myriads of pearly dew-drops. Nor was the sight the only sense which received gratification in this lovely scene; the lark carolled high the matin song of nature, the plaintive note of the red-breast mingled with the twittering of innumerable swallows not yet fled in search of a more genial sky, and the harsh, sonorous notes of the kite, the rook, and the raven, joined in the concert of nature, which responded to the loud low of the cattle, and softer bleat of the sheep, who pastured with the deer on the banks of the river. The season and the scene were lovely and attractive, but they spoke of Cyrus. Idonea felt as if his image were no longer to be cherished. "At Watermillock no object will recal his idea," said she, mentally, and was turning to retrace

retrace her path homewards, when her steps were arrested by an oak tree, on which Dacre had engraven her name, and the following verses:—

Where Eden's soft murmuring flood
'Mongst Whinfield's green shades pours along,
I have worshipp'd the nymph of the wood,
And to her gentle ear tun'd my song.

Could the Eden of old be more sweet
Than these meadows, these groves, and these glades;
Or in beauty was Eve more complete
Than the fair who inhabits their shades?

The wealth of the East would I give,
And the world's brightest honours I'd leave,
Like Adam in Eden to live,
With Idonea, sweet maid, for my Eve.

As Miss Rokeby contemplated the well-known characters, every endearing circumstance of the past rose to her mind. She stood leaning against the tree, wrapt in pensive abstraction, until alarmed by a rustling amongst the thicket. She looked round, and beheld Mr.

Mr. Dunning close to her side. Relieved from her apprehensions of seeing either Dacre or Sibbald, she addressed him with her wonted graceful sweetness, at the same time expressing her surprise at this meeting, having understood him to be in a different part of the country.

Dunning, in reply, apologized for having alarmed her, and accounted plausibly for being in Whinfield Park.

Miss Rokeby instinctively turned from the spot where the tree bore evidence to the strength of Dacre's attachment, but not time enough to prevent her companion from seeing the verses. He read them with marked but rapid attention, and then said, turning to his fair companion—"I do not call this a compliment, Miss Rokeby, since justice cannot be one."

Idonea offered no reply, and he led her, as if he wished it to appear undesignedly, from the spot. He seemed abstracted a few moments, and then repeated,

peated, as if still thinking of the verses—"Idonea! then you bear the name of your mother, Miss Rokeby?"

Idonea, with innocent candour, replied—"No, sir, my mother's name is Lucy."

Dunning regarded her, as it were, uncertain of her meaning; then, as if comprehending it, he said—"True, my dear madam, the lady whom you now call mother may be so named, but your own mother was Idonea. Oh! well do I know the name."

Not for a moment could Miss Rokeby form any other supposition than that Dunning was talking thus under the influence of mistake, and willing to correct it, she replied—"I perceive, sir, you mean some other family—my mother is living."

Her companion now in his turn regarded her with an aspect of surprise. "Is it possible she can have been educated in this ignorance?" he exclaimed; and then added, in a hurried tone—"Pardon

"Pardon what I have said, Miss Rokeby, and think no more of it."

With this injunction Idonea found it impossible to comply. Every emotion which can be classed with astonishment, consternation, and curiosity, pervaded her faculties, and without yielding a moment to reflection, she falteringly said—"Mr. Dunning, I conjure you to explain yourself; what is it you mean?"

After another short pause, apparently given to reflection, he said—"My dear Miss Rokeby, if I could for a moment believe that your father had hitherto kept you ignorant of your family-history, in the wish that you should always remain so, I should be the last person in the world to so far trespass on his wish as to make any disclosure on the subject; but aware that the circumstances I allude to cannot always be concealed from you, I feel myself called upon to explain what I have said, so far as to assure you, that your mother, the wife of Mr.

Mr. Rokeby, died the week which gave you birth; and this fact either your father, or the lady who you have hitherto believed to be your parent, and who, I understand, is *called* Mrs. Rokeby, will confirm—indeed cannot deny."

The firm, unhesitating manner in which these words were pronounced, conveyed to the mind of Idonea a perfect conviction of their truth, and with such conviction came a sensation so overwhelming, that her very nature seemed changed. That a mother, who from the earliest dawn of remembrance had been tenderness itself personified, should possess no claim to that most endearing of all titles; and that a father, at all times so affectionately indulgent, had systematically deceived her in a point of such intimate concern, were strokes which her gentle nature was ill calculated to sustain. At one moment a weight of unutterable woe oppressed her, and in the next her belief felt inclined

clined to revolt; but this faint dawn of hope was quickly chilled, for Dunning had referred her, for a confirmation of what he averred, to either her father, or to——and beyond all, she felt horror-struck by the emphasis he laid on the words, "who is *called* Mrs. Rokeby." Idonea would have spoken, would have urged a yet further explanation; but grief, consternation, astonishment, and every other sentiment or sensation that could be classed with them, rivetted the power of utterance.

Her companion, rather as if feeling for her visible perturbation than as shunning the subject, changed the discourse to indifferent topics, as he continued to walk by the side of Idonea, who directed her steps homewards.

In about a quarter of an hour they were met by Ambrose, who was come in search of his young lady, when Dunning, to the great relief of Miss Rokeby, paid

paid the parting compliments, without offering to attend her home.

When she arrived there, her frame of mind may be supposed such as that of Adam

———" when he heard
The fatal trespass done by Eve."

Never hitherto had she met the partial smiles of her parents without delight, never parted from them, even for a short season, without tears of tender filial regret. But now, as her father affectionately expressed the reluctance with which he should leave her at Mr. Brisco's, and her mother fondly mingled embraces with cautions to guard her health, she felt her swelling heart rise almost to bursting. All that Dunning had said trembled on her lips, but a feeling not to be resisted repelled it back to its sad sanctuary, and she felt totally unequal to either make such a disclosure, or ask

ask the confirmation which he had told her she might receive from Mr. Rokeby.

Both saw the conflict in their Idonea's bosom, but totally unsuspicious of the true cause, they attributed it to the regret she felt that Cyrus was precluded from being of the party to Watermillock, and with a smiling mutual glance, told each other the conjecture.

"Nay, my love," said Mr. Rokeby, with a look of arch meaning, and affectionately kissing her cheek, "no need to be so very grave; trust me Dacre will follow you in a few days."

The mention of her lover, by recalling every circumstance that had occurred on the day of the stag-chase, augmented the tide of Idonea's anguish. Her spirit, yet a novice in care and suffering, sunk to the lowest point of depression, and she could only sob out an adieu to her mother, as Mr. Rokeby affectionately drew her hand within his, and led her to her horse.

As

As they pursued their journey, he strove to cheer her by pointing out every beauty of the landscape, in scenes replete with all that can charm the admirer of sublime or of rural scenery. Exercise, however, restored to her cheek the bloom of which anxiety had bereft it, and by the time they reached the house of Mr. Brisco, she *looked*, though, alas! she did not *feel*, herself.

This abode of quiet was a neat stuccoed dwelling, the white walls of which contrasted finely with the dark green of the sycamore and beech trees, whose branches were intermingled with the weeping sprays of the silver birch and the mountain ash, now graced with its autumnal honours. In front of the house, a sloping lawn descended to the margin of the lake, whilst a few scattered sheep cropping the turf, and some cattle reposing in the shade, gave animation to the picture. Beneath this roof a kind and cordial welcome, the characteristic of the

class and the individual in those remote counties, greeted the travellers.

Mr. Brisco shook the hand of his friend, and quitted it but to salute Idonea, to rally her on being unaccompanied by Cyrus, and to inquire solicitously after his old friend Crosthwaite, not without many a sly stroke at Cadmus's horsemanship; and then, with the pride of a parent glowing on his cheek, and sparkling in his eye, he presented his son.

Few men of that age could boast a finer form, or manners more graceful, than those of Lyulph Brisco. He was now about twenty-eight, tall, and formed with the most perfect symmetry, with brilliant dark eyes, fine teeth, and a sweet, intelligent countenance, over which his late ill-health had shed a languid expression. To that frank and open carriage which was hereditary as distinguishing the family of Brisco, he united that ease which an intercourse with

with the world seldom fails to bestow. He paid the most polite attention to Idonea, who would have thought him pleasing, could she have yielded her mind to think any thing but that Sibbald had said Dacre was vicious and depraved; and Dunning, that Mrs. Rokeby was not her mother.

Mrs. Brisco, almost equally proud of her accomplished son, and of the handsome Irish poplin with which he had presented her, now busied herself in placing her guests at a table covered with linen of her own manufacture, which rivalled in whiteness the snow on the top of Skiddaw. Every thing was excellent in its kind, but it must be admitted that each dish was in danger of being cold before the oration connected with it was pronounced.

The mutton was of the true mountain breed, and Mr. Brisco could no more suffer its history to pass unnarrated, than he could his own adventures

in pursuit of the wild ducks he was then carving, and of the identical stag from whose antlers the handle of the knife he used was made. Nor was Mrs. Brisco at all behindhand in seasoning the repast of her guests with the same variety of description. The excellent eel-pie was made of the silver species, taken, as she assured them, in the river Eamont, by her son Arthur, on a dark, wet, stormy night, when no moon lent its cheering ray; whilst her mode of manufacturing cowslip and currant wines furnished a theme of elocution for nearly an hour.

These little peculiarities of advanced and secluded life were abundantly compensated by kind and sincere hospitality, whilst every deficiency of attention they caused was watched for and supplied by the two sons of Mrs. Brisco and her niece, Miss Stanley.

This lady, though only a few months the junior of her cousin Lyulph, was far inferior

inferior to her young friend Idonea in both natural and acquired talents. She possessed, however, in an eminent degree, those feminine graces, at the expense of which more splendid, though less valuable qualities are but too frequently purchased. Her disposition was sweet and gentle, and though their ages were so dissimilar, a very sincere friendship subsisted between her and Miss Rokeby.

Arthur, greatly improved by his residence at Glasgow, yet retaining all his native sprightly good-humour, exerted himself to enliven the party, and the day wore pleasantly over with all but Idonea, who now for the first time learned that painful lesson which experience seldom fails to give, the necessity of masking beneath a smiling face a wounded and bleeding heart.

CHAPTER X.

VAIN was every effort of Idonea to banish from her mind the communications of Dunning; they haunted her through the day, and in the darkness and silence of night her burthened mind persuaded itself that she ought not to suffer her father to depart without disclosing them to him. With this view she contrived to draw Mr. Rokeby into the garden after breakfast, assured she had courage to enter on the subject. But though privacy and opportunity conspired, yet now, when come to the point, she faltered and hesitated.

Mr. Rokeby perceived her confusion and embarrassment, and supposing she wished to mention Dacre, sought to relieve her by saying, in a rallying tone—

"Come,

"Come, come, Idonea, tell me at once what I shall say to Cyrus."

The mention of that name acted as an impellent, and anxious to exonerate herself from the suspicion of having Dacre ever on her lips and in her mind, she summoned the best powers of her resolution, and inquired if her father knew Mr. Dunning?

"Dunning!" repeated Mr. Rokeby; "oh! what, the gentleman who was on a visit at Crosthwaite's? No, I don't know him," and he smiled, supposing the theme of her discourse still extracted from persons and circumstances connected with Cyrus.

The smile bewildered Idonea, for, not perceiving its origin, she was tempted to think that her father *did* know one who seemed so intimately acquainted with his most secret transactions. After the pause of a moment she subjoined—"He knows you, however, sir, and my

mother also," she added in breathless trepidation.

"Does he?" responded Mr. Rokeby, with some degree of surprise, or rather of a more thoughtful interest marked on his countenance. "Dunning, Dunning," he repeated, as if to assist recollection; "no, I do not remember ever having been acquainted with any one who was so called; when and where does he say he knew us, Idonea? and why, in that case, did he not visit us at Temple-Sowerby, when invited to come with Mr. Sibbald?"

Idonea was preparing to throw herself into her father's arms, to breathe on his bosom all that Dunning had said, and to hear from his lips a refutation which she would receive as joy, or a confirmation that would be agony, when Lyulph Brisco appeared in the walk coming towards them. Mr. Rokeby took his arm, and entered into discourse, doubtless

doubtless never suspecting that his daughter had any particular communication to make; whilst Idonea shrank, as it were, within herself, and as she was not another moment alone with her father before his departure, Dunning's dreadful tale remained buried in her own bosom.

The progress of Cadmus's convalescence was slow; but as it proceeded, the repugnance of Dacre to keeping his engagement, and joining the party at Watermillock, gradually died away, and at the end of a fortnight, when convinced that Crosthwaite was out of danger, he heard with joy his sentence of enfranchisement pronounced by that gentleman himself, who declared, that as his recovery was now proceeding without comperendination, of which his being able to manducate was a conclusive proof, he would not any longer occlude his young friend, who having impignorated his word to Mr. and Mrs. Brisco,

it would look like tergiversation if he delayed any longer to congreet them.

Dacre eagerly availed himself of this sanction; but so much was he, in this instance, the dupe of self-deception, that he never placed his eagerness to the account of Idonea, of whom he persuaded himself he thought with augmented contempt. Burbeck had told him, that on the morning of her departure she was walking in the park with Dunning; and though his age precluded all supposition that he was of the order of her admirers, he concluded that, as the friend of Sibbald, he was admitted to her confidence; and under this conviction he felt firmly assured that not Miss Rokeby, but his friend Arthur, was the magnet which attracted him to the banks of Ullswater.

Such was the frame of mind in which he reached the house of Mr. Brisco. Mrs. Brisco received him alone; it was within an hour of the dinner one. Mr. Brisco had not returned from the circuit

cuit of his grounds, and the young folks, she said, were on the lake.

Cyrus, glad to be thus spared the pain of an abrupt interview with Idonea, as he took the refreshments kindly presented to him, entered into chat with the lady of the house, who found theme enough in the improvement of her sons, and inquiries after Crosthwaite and the Rokebys, to the last of which Dacre was enabled to give satisfactory replies, having been at Temple-Sowerby the preceding morning.

In less than half an hour Cyrus perceived his friend Arthur's well-known boat making towards the shore. His heart beat violently as, unperceived, he watched its approach; the barge grounded, the party prepared to land, and he beheld his Idonea conducted by a graceful and elegant stranger. An emotion passed over his features which Mrs. Brisco, who was watching their expres-

sion, interpreted to be that of surprise, not unmingled with awe.

"It is Lyulph," she said, in a tone of triumph.

"I presumed so," replied Cyrus, and subjoined a compliment on his striking figure, highly flattering to the gratified mother.

Not such were Dacre's feelings as he contemplated the handsome pair. Miss Rokeby hung on the arm of Lyulph, conversing with vivid animation, her eyes raised to his, and her face dressed in smiles. He appeared to listen with correspondent interest. His mountain-dress was well calculated to display his form to advantage; and, with the basket which contained the finny spoils of the morning swung over his shoulder, he looked like a native of the classic shores of Greece.

The party entered, and mutual introductions and inquiries took place. Idonea

nea looked half reluctant to remember animosity, yet too proud to seek reconciliation, and in those sentiments she was exactly met by Cyrus. But, as is generally the case, when cordiality declines, politeness took its place, and the manners of Mr. Dacre and Miss Rokeby, as they respected each other, were marked by an excess of complaisance when before company; but if at any time chance left them alone together, both remained profoundly silent.

A fortnight now were over pleasantly enough, save that the assertions of Dunning and Sibbald still haunted the ears of Idonea, and the yellow thorn of jealousy again sprung up in the path of Cyrus.

In all their rides and rambles through these romantic and delightful shades,

"Those noble scenes Salvator's soul ador'd,"

captain Brisco was ever by the side of Miss Rokeby. His elegant taste pointed

ed out to her observation the numerous striking views with which Sowbarrow Park and its charming vicinity abound; and amidst the stillness of evening, when sailing on the lake, his fine tenor voice united with the yet sweeter one of Idonea, and woke the surrounding echoes. Lyulph blew the French-horn with masterly skill, and when five times reverberated back, its notes contrasted admirably with the soft breathings of Cyrus's flute. The trio might have been sketched for Diana, Apollo, and Mars; whilst Arthur, as he chanted aloud some rural ditty, seemed the Pan of the groves.

Captain Brisco's health continued to amend. His refined elegance of manners prompted him at all times to assume the appearance of cheerfulness, and compel himself to be conversible; but it was impossible for an accurate observer not to perceive that there was something sadly pensive in his character. He was sometimes quite abstracted in thought;

thought; a sigh often stole from his bosom; and he passed much of his time alone. Arthur asserted that his brother had left his heart in Ireland, but Mr. and Mrs. Brisco either did not see the gloom which shaded his spirits, or seeing, did not conceive its source to be mental, but attributed it to the state of his health, whilst Isabella appeared to sympathize in, and to wish its removal.

Dacre scrutinized the manners and conduct of Brisco with rigid and searching attention, and, it may be, viewing them through the jaundiced and distorting medium of jealousy, saw much both to fear and censure. He certainly could not build his opinion on very solid grounds, opportunity only presenting casual matters for observation. That Brisco was forcibly attracted by the charms of Miss Rokeby, Cyrus did not doubt; and disposed as he was to deem her a coquette, he believed she encouraged his passion.

Though

Though bearing a commission in the English army, Lyulph seemed, in every conversation on the subject, to be strongly biassed in favour of the Catholics. This indeed was so obvious, that his brother Arthur more than once smilingly hinted it to him; and beyond these points Dacre suspected him of a too free and unlimited admiration of female beauty. This he grounded on the following circumstances.

It was one of those soft and shadowy days so frequent in autumn. No breath of wind ruffled the lake, or scattered the fleecy clouds. Arthur had gone with his father to Keswick; Mrs. Brisco was busied at home; and Isabella, Idonea, Lyulph, and Cyrus, set out on a long ramble. They traced the winding shores of the lake, alternately over rough and broken crags, through smooth green pastures, and beneath the dark umbrage of woods, whose foliage now presenting every shade of colouring, strewed their varied

varied path. The scenery around was all that fancy can form of grand and sublime. On one side, the mountains rose abrupt, stupendous, and immense; their bases clothed with verdure and cultivation, and their awful summits enveloped in clouds, which rested as it were on oaks of such a growth and appearance of antiquity, that they might have been taken for primeval tenants of these sequestered domains; on the other, the clear mirror of the lake, formed into bays by the rocky promontories which shot into its bosom, broke on the pebbled shore, and met the shady, but now-faded copses which hung over them. Here the glowing berries of the mountain-ash were contrasted by the last brown clusters of nuts which Lyulph, as they pursued their leaf-woven walk, gathered and presented to Miss Rokeby. The squirrel, frightened from his domains by these lawless invaders, leaped in terror from branch to branch. The late

late gay choristers of the woods, the thrush, the linnet, and the blackbird, sat silent on the branches; but the heron was screaming around, the osprey was diving for his finny prey, and the wild geese were winging their figured flight.

Amused by these and numerous other objects, they extended their stroll till captain Brisco's weakened frame bore testimony of its length, and he was compelled to stop and lean against a tree.

Miss Stanley, who was at all times very attentive to his feelings, inquired if he were fatigued. Unable to deny what was visible in his countenance, he faintly smiled an affirmative.

"Then we will rest ourselves yonder," resumed Isabella, pointing to a cottage, the white walls of which appeared amongst the trees to the right, at the distance of forty yards.

Lyulph took the arm of Cyrus, and they bent their course towards it.

"Now,"

"Now," said Miss Stanley, smiling on Idonea, "expect to see a rural beauty. Hannah Harrop was the belle of Ullswater before her marriage, which only took place about a year since. Her husband is a very industrious, worthy lad, and I apprehend she makes him a better wife than professed beauties generally do, when they move in more enlarged circles."

Hannah fully justified this eulogium. Her features were not only regularly beautiful, but wore an expression of intelligence which would never have been looked for in one whose life-scene was laid in a retirement and obscurity which might well be termed seclusion. She carried in her arms a lovely infant of two months old, and looked altogether so mild, so innocent, and so interesting, that Idonea was charmed, but Lyulph, Cyrus thought, was more.

Wherever apology, introduction, social chat, or casual, desultory conversation,

tion, were requisite, his polished manners, so well inured to life and its modes, were ever ready and prominent; but when they entered this cottage, and his eyes rested on the fair rustic, a glow of crimson rushed to his cheek, and whilst Miss Stanley, to whom Hannah was well known, explained that her cousin was fatigued with a long walk, and Hannah, with an urbanity more to be valued than the most exquisite politeness, inasmuch as it had goodness of heart and sincerity for its basis, busied herself to present him with refreshments, his eyes pursued her round the apartment with such an expression as cannot be defined; it was ardent, it was tender, it spoke from the soul! but no, Cyrus would not allow that it merited to derive its origin from thence.

He seemed at length to recollect himself, took the milk and oat-cake from her hand, thanked her with his wonted grace,

grace, and during the half-hour they sat in the cottage, talked to her with cheerful animation.

"Now is she not very charming?" said Miss Stanley, when they had got to some distance from the cottage.

"Truly so," replied Idonea.

"I little expected to have seen so fine a woman in Cumberland," said Lyulph.

"That," thought Cyrus, "is a speech without reflection, or he never would have made it in the presence of Miss Rokeby, whom he certainly admires." Lyulph, he concluded, thought so too, for he instantly changed the topic of conversation, and no more was said on the subject.

A few days after this, Lyulph proposed to his brother and Cyrus a morning's shooting, saying he felt himself strong enough for such an expedition.

They set out with hope and glee, but were disappointed. Game was scarce, and after

after a circuitous and nearly successless ramble of three hours, they came within sight of Hannah Harrop's cottage.

"Yonder is the dwelling of Isabella's rustic friend," said captain Brisco; "I am completely wearied, and will rest myself there; and when you are tired of this useless pursuit, you can join me."

Without waiting for a reply, he swung his gun across his shoulder, whistled his favourite spaniel after him, and, with more alacrity than might have been expected, traced the path to the cottage.

There was not certainly any thing very extraordinary, or any palpable appearance of evil in this; but Cyrus, either very penetrating or very suspicious, had a notion there was, and could not help thinking that Lyulph, who had chosen this road himself, had done so on purpose.

He and Arthur wandered about two miles further, and then returned to the cottage by another way. On their entrance

trance they found its owners seated with Lyulph by the fire. Harrop was examining captain Brisco's fowling-piece, and recounting his own sporting exploits. Hannah, with her infant in her lap, was listening with smiling tenderness, and Lyulph, his head reclined back, and wearing a pensive expression of countenance, seemed half attentive and half abstracted.

"Surely," thought Cyrus, "I injure him; he never can be villain enough to seek the destruction of such peace and happiness as reigns here. Yet that look the other day, and this visit—they cannot be mistaken."

Captain Brisco, on the entrance of his friends, roused himself from his meditating attitude, and joined in the conversation which ensued, concerning hares, foxes, and otters, and Arthur proposed otter-hunting for the next morning's diversion.

Lyulph and Cyrus agreed, and Harrop,

rop, who was an adept in the sport, promised to be of the party.

CHAPTER XI.

THE hunters were by the side of the lake when the beams of the tardy and now-blunted sun first played on its waters. The hoar-frost still bound the grass, and the dew-drops hung on every spray. The autumnal gale blew keen and sharp; the kite and the fishing eagle, startled from their prey, buffetted the air with their strong pinions; and those animals which man, in his merciless rage for pleasure, has marked out for the objects of pursuit, retreated to their coverts; the fox skulked in his cave of the rock, and the hare sought her wonted shelter in the thickly-woven furze and broom.

Lyulph

Lyulph and Cyrus prepared the boat, whilst Arthur and Harrop cheered their dogs, and soon roused an otter from his soft, oozy bed in the bank. To him the water was a congenial element, and following the means taught by nature for his preservation, he rushed to it. The hunters pursued, and putting off from the shore, watched the moment when, and the spot where, he should rise to the surface to take breath. His dark muzzle soon appeared, and Lyulph, who happened to be nearest, raised his arm to strike him; but ardent for victory, he neglected his own safety, and the consequence was, he over-reached himself, and was plunged headlong in the lake. His friends were struck with consternation and dismay, aware that though he was an excellent swimmer, he was too weak for that circumstance to be of much avail; but Cyrus yielding to the impulse of the moment, jumped in after him, and at the imminent hazard of his

own life, assisted the efforts he made to save himself. Their struggle was arduous, but ultimately successful; they reached the shore in safety, but Lyulph was so much exhausted that he could only thank his preserver by an eloquent look, and a pressure of the hand.

On reaching home he was immediately put to bed, and Mrs. Brisco, with every genuine and fervent display of gratitude to Cyrus, insisted that he should use the same precaution. A surgeon was sent for, who bled them both, and gave every proper direction; but Lyulph continued seriously indisposed, and Cyrus had taken a considerable degree of cold, so that both were confined invalids to the house for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Brisco, Isabella, and Arthur, loved Lyulph with the tenderest affection; and their acknowledgments of gratitude to Cyrus were proportioned to the strength of this attachment, whilst

Lyulph

Lyulph himself evinced the most lively sense of obligation to Dacre, who felt little disposed to take credit to himself for what he had done; but he could not help thinking that no one seemed to attach so little merit to the action as Miss Rokeby. She descanted on the danger Captain Brisco had escaped, fervently expressed her joy in his safety, and appeared to sympathize in his sufferings; but when his deliverer was praised, she looked another way, and remained silent.

"I no longer possess the preference I once flattered myself with," thought Cyrus; "but no matter." Lyulph, he could not help thinking, was more than ever pointed in his admiration of Idonea. True, it might be, that the circumstance of his being more at home from ill-health and increasing shortness of day impelled the natural and habitual politeness of his temper to those little attentions which the too-sensitive heart of his friend thus construed. However,

the pensive tone of his spirits seemed daily to augment. He frequently received letters from Ireland, and expressed a strong wish to go thither, but his medical directors prohibited such a step at present. He appeared to have forgotten Hannah Harrop, for though her husband often called on him, he never took their cottage in either his walks or rides. "I certainly formed a wrong supposition on that point," thought Cyrus; "yet that look——" and again he decided that it could not be mistaken.

The term of grace which had been allowed to Arthur was now expired; and though most reluctant to leave his brother, he was compelled to return to Glasgow. Idonea had protracted her stay beyond the period originally intended, and her father, tired of her absence, wrote to name a day when he should be at Watermillock to escort her home. Dacre also made his arrangements to return to Brougham at the same time; not,

not, he felt persuaded, because Idonea was leaving Ullswater; no, he spurned the idea. But why should he linger there when his friend had quitted it, and when Mr. Crosthwaite, now perfectly recovered from his broken shoulder, had wrote to tell him so, and to say that he wished to see him without further comperendination, if that could be evitated?

Three days only had now to pass before the one named for Mr. Rokeby's arrival, when Idonea, Cyrus, and Lynlph, took an evening walk by the side of the lake.

The hour and the scene presented all those lovely and peculiar features of declining autumn which accord so finely with a cultivated mind and a feeling heart.

The last rays of the sun, mellowed by the evening dews, illuminated the rustic casements of the surrounding cottages, and painted the distant mountains with such a beauty, richness, and variety of

colouring, as spurn all efforts of description. The sear and saddened copses were only vocal with the plaintive notes of the redbreast; for he alone, of the tuneful choir of nature, remained to warble the evening orison.

Suddenly the noisy flight of a heron drew the attention of Brisco and Dacre, and led them to some distance, whilst Idonea sought a rustic seat which was often the boundary of her rambles. Overhead a lofty sycamore spread its thick branches, now retaining only a faded remnant of that foliage which matted the moistened ground. The lake, clear as a Venetian mirror, its surface not indented by the smallest motion or corrugation, presented every object just described with an effect and precision which left reality only to be demonstrated by the sense of feeling—to that of sight it appeared like the delusions of enchantment; every feature of the landscape was perfect and unmutilated;

the

The milk retained its whiteness in the well-poised pail of the milk-maid; and the faint grey smoke of the evening fire curled from the cottage tops. The scene was inspiration, and Idonea, unable to resist the soft whisperings of the muse, pencilled the following

Sonnet to the Shades of Ullswater.

Elysium of the North! thy shadowy groves,
Thy hills majestic, and thy leaf-strewn bowers,
Are scenes Idonea's pensive spirit loves
To linger through in these autumnal hours.

In old, unletter'd times the hunter's foot
Has pac'd these lofty cliffs and silvan shades;
Pursued the fleet-wing'd grouse, or timorous coot,
Or track'd the wild deer to the secret glades.

Here chiefs oppos'd, and rival warriors bled!
The bold moss-trooper here conceal'd his spoils,
And here has many an exile's sorrowing head
Sought a sad refuge from life's cares and toils.

Ah! so would I, might fate grant such relief,
Here hide a bleeding heart pierc'd deep with many a grief.

"Make those griefs mine, my charming angel," said a voice close to Idonea.

She started in wild terror; it was the voice of Sibbald! Surprised and offended by this insolent intrusion, she was beginning to express her displeasure, when he prevented her by a rhapsody of nonsense, uttered in his bold way, and in a tone which seemed to indicate that he felt assured of not only an attentive, but a willing audience. It expressed, or at least was intended to express, his admiration, what had been his sufferings in absence, and his joy at this meeting; but Miss Rokeby listened no longer than until she could recover from the first emotion of surprise; she then repelled the attempt he was making to seize her hand, and inquired, with every token of displeasure, why her retirement was thus broken in upon?

"The presence of a friend is never intrusion, fair Idonea," he replied; "the last time I enjoyed this happiness we were cruelly

cruelly interrupted by that fellow Dacre. Oh, I have much to tell you about him!"

This unprovoked attack on the character of Cyrus struck conviction to the mind of Miss Rokeby, that the former reports of Sibbald concerning him originated only in jealousy or malignity, and, of course, were totally unfounded. With much of indignation in her manner, she said—"Sir, I am convinced that you have done Mr. Dacre the highest injustice, and, as his friend, I shall deem it my duty to acquaint Mr. Crosthwaite with——"

"My charming angel," Sibbald began. His manner alarmed Idonea, and she screamed.

Cyrus, who was at no great distance, though he had not seen Sibbald, flew to the spot. Idonea clasped his arm; he drew her towards him, and while, by the act, he seemed to assure her of his protection, he sternly asked Sibbald why

he was thus terrifying and distressing Miss Rokeby?

"I am not accountable to you for my actions," he haughtily replied.

Captain Brisco now came up, and hearing his last words, said—"But you shall be so to me, sir, so far as concerns this lady, who, as the guest of my mother, I am bound to defend from insult."

"Who are you, sir?" rudely questioned Sibbald. "What," he rejoined, "two against one! that is too bad."

Cyrus now took up the cause, and telling Sibbald that his behaviour was not that of a gentleman, insisted that he should retire.

"Insolent scoundrel! shall I do so at your bidding?" he exclaimed, and raised a stick which he held in his hand to strike Dacre.

Idonea shrieked, and fainted in the arms of Lyulph.

Cyrus arrested the blow, and wresting the cane from the hand of his antagonist,

gonist, first exercised it on the shoulders of its owner, and then snapping it in two, threw it into the lake.

Sibbald, wrought up to a frenzy of passion, now challenged Cyrus to meet him at seven next morning, on the spot where they then were, with pistols and a friend.

Dacre, too much exasperated to listen to reason, which might have pleaded that Sibbald was beneath his resentment, or to conscience, which would have told him that no provocation can justify duelling, accepted the challenge as readily as it was given, and Brisco pledged himself to be his second.

Lyulph possessed a heart by no means dead to feeling, or hardened to the finer emotions of humanity; but, like many military men, he thought single combat the only balsam for wounded honour. Some however there are, who, though inured to war as a profession, and accustomed to talk of scenes of carnage

and slaughter as matters of course, yet turn with just abhorrence from this savage and detestable violation of religion and social order.

Sibbald having thrown down the gauntlet in the manner described, next thought fit to make his retreat. This he was secure of doing unmolested, for Brisco and Dacre were too much occupied with Miss Rokeby to attend to his motions. Lyulph supported her, while Cyrus brought water from the lake, with which they bathed her face and hands, and used such other measures as were calculated to restore her faculties, in which they at length succeeded. Her first glance was directed in search of Sibbald. This Lyulph perceived, and assured her he was no longer near. Revived by this assurance, and happily ignorant, from the state of insensibility she had been in, of the appointment made for the next morning, she begged to be led home. Her companions sooth-

ed

ed her with every tender attention, and each presented an arm. As they walked on, she felt it due to herself to describe the way in which she had been surprised by Sibbald, suppressing, however, all mention of what he had said concerning Dacre.

Her friends, aware that her spirits were already too much agitated, would scarcely allow her to give the narrative, but led the discourse to other subjects.

The evening was closing fast, and they had nearly reached the house, when they were met by a boy who assisted Harrop in the business of his farm. He addressed captain Brisco, and telling him, in his rustic dialect, that he had been to the house to seek him, drew him aside, and pulling a letter from his bosom, put it into his hand, at the same time saying something to him in a low voice.

Miss Rokeby and Dacre mechanically stopped at a short distance to wait for their companion. Though it was now dusk,

dusk, Cyrus had a perfect view of Lyulph's features, and clearly saw that he perused the letter, they expressed very powerful degree of emotion.

Painful to the well-regulated mind of Cyrus was the commentary which he read on this. Harrop, he knew, was gone to a fair in the vicinity of Carlisle, from whence he could not return before the following evening. His wife was at home, and most probably alone.

Corroborating testimony is, in all cases, allowed its due weight; and when Brisco's former visits to their cottage, and that look which Cyrus could never forget, were combined with the present circumstance, he thought it would not be a breach of charity to suspect, but of common sense to doubt, that the paper now in Lyulph's hand contained an assignation; and he felt pained to the soul, that such a mind as that of Brisco should be enslaved by the most criminal and detestable passions, and yet more that

that so much beauty as Hannah Harrop possessed, and so much innocence as lately distinguished her, should have become his victim.

Lyulph, when he had read his letter, seemed at once to depart from that polished good-breeding which marked his character, and which, at any other time, would certainly have prompted him to attend Idonea home. Turning hastily to her, he said in a hurried voice—"My dear Miss Rokeby, I am sure your goodness will excuse me; a particular friend of mine is now——" Here he suddenly checked himself, and then subjoined—"wishes to see me immediately. Mr. Dacre will attend you." Then without waiting her reply, or in any way noticing Cyrus, he slightly bowed, and with more alacrity than his friends had seen him use since his plunge in the lake, sprang over a stile, and took the nearest path to Hannah's dwelling.

Cyrus shuddered as he thought of Harrop,

Harrop, while Idonea's pure mind formed no conjecture to the disadvantage of any party, but thought the letter was from some gentleman with whom Lyulph was acquainted.

Left thus alone with Dacre, a pause of silence ensued. She could not address a sentence to her lover, and Cyrus sedulously repelled the impulse which would have prompted him to clasp his long-loved Idonea to his heart, and to whisper—"Why is that confidence, that affection I valued so highly, withdrawn from me?"

Miss Rokeby at length felt her situation too painful, and resolved to say something, but she happened to choose a very unpropitious theme to break silence with.

"Don't you think captain Brisco seems very much recovered?" she inquired.

"It appears so, if one may judge by the agility with which he could leap

that

that stile," returned Dacre, with visible irony of manner.

"Oh, how Cyrus is changed!" thought Idonea; "there was a time when he would have rejoiced in whatever good attended any of his friends, but now he is grown so stern, so morose——" Yet determined not to appear as if perceiving any thing extraordinary in his mode of reply, she proceeded to say—"I rejoice, on his mother's account, that he is so; she is dotingly fond of him, and he is truly an amiable character."

"He is very fortunate in getting you to think so, Miss Rokeby," replied Cyrus, with a coldness so like contempt, that Idonea, unable to account for it, felt it to her soul. An unwelcome tear asserted its right to flow, and no longer able to repress her feelings, she said in a faltering voice—"Oh Cyrus, why is this? why is the confidence which used to subsist between us on all subjects, and concerning every person, at an end?

and

and why," she added, with augmented emotion, "why am I Miss Rokeby, and no longer Idonea? Believe me I have never intentionally offended you;" and while she spoke she felt humiliated by an internal conviction that she had injured Dacre by listening to the reports of Sibbald, for that he was entirely guiltless of the heavy charge of having boasted of her regard.

Cyrus would have answered—"Why, then, did I once hear you speak of me to Sibbald with such marked contempt?" and Idonea would have exonerated herself by candidly relating all that Sibbald had said, but they were now at the door, where Mrs. Brisco was looking out for them.

"Where is Lyulph?" she inquired; "Harrop's lad was asking for him a little while ago."

Cyrus felt as if the blood congealed at his heart. "Captain Brisco met him, and returned with him, madam," he replied;

lied; "a particular friend, he said, rished to see him directly."

"Who can it be?" she rejoined.

They had by this time entered the arlour, where supper was ready.

"Come, come," said Mr. Brisco, "we ont wait for him; he'll be here pre-ntly."

They sat down to table, and half an our wore over. Idonea did not think necessary to mention Sibbald to the riscos; but his behaviour, combined ith that of Cyrus during their walk ome, had so much affected her spirits, hat she anxiously wished it were time o retire.

Supper, which was little honoured by ny one but Mr. Brisco, was scarcely ver, when a heavy rain began to fall. Mrs. Brisco became anxiously uneasy oncerning the absence of her son, and vas on the point of dispatching a ser-ant with a great-coat to Hannah's cot-age, when a note was delivered to Cy-

rus,

rus, which was brought by Harrop's boy on horseback. It was written with a pencil, evidently in haste, and to the following effect:—

"My dear Dacre, a very intimate friend, as I told you at parting, is now with me; and as the night is likely to prove wet, we shall remain where we are. Have the goodness to tell my mother this, and desire she will not be uneasy on my account. I shall be punctual to your appointment in the morning; my pistols are entirely at your service; you will find them, loaded, in the left drawer of my bureau.

Yours sincerely,

L. B.

"P. S. On second thoughts you had better call on me at Harrop's, lest I should be beyond the time."

Cyrus obeyed the directions contain

n this note, and told Mrs. Brisco that ıe had received a few lines from her son, vho requested she would feel no anxiety on his account, being, together with friend, detained at Harrop's, where hey should sleep. The badness of the veather reconciled her to this step of Gyulph's, but she wondered aloud who vas with him.

No one could form a conjecture on he subject, except Cyrus, and he, it vill readily be supposed, kept his to iimself; but Miss Stanley said—"Surely t will be inconvenient to Hannah, for Harrop is not at home."

Idonea, when she retired to rest, revolved the events of the day, and cheered by the light spirits of youth, found, or fancied she found, more cause for joy than grief. She was convinced that what Sibbald had said concerning Dacre was false; and from thence she inferred the possibility, she thought probability, that Dunning's strange assertions on the subject

subject of her parents were false also. Yet, alas! the reflection of a moment told her that she had little to build hope upon, for Cyrus, it seemed evident, no longer loved her, and the positive, unequivocal words of Dunning rose to memory with a force not to be repelled. "Your mother, the wife of Mr. Rokeby, died the week which gave you birth, and this fact either your father, or the lady who you have hitherto believed to be your parent, and who I understand is *called* Mrs. Rokeby, will confirm, indeed cannot deny."

All she could resolve upon was, with regard to the latter point, to pursue her intention of opening her heart to her father when she should get home, and to tell him all that Dunning had said; and as to Cyrus, she determined in her own mind to take the earliest opportunity of following up the advances she had already made towards a reconciliation. But, ah! had Idonea known whither, and

on

on what errand, he was going in the morning, how great would have been her sufferings!

The mind of Cyrus too was actively busy whilst waiting, till certain that all the family had retired to rest, that he might search for the pistols without exciting observation, which, however, he might easily do, the chamber of Lyulph (as is common in old houses) communicating with his own. Like Miss Rokeby, he felt very much disposed to avail himself of her overtures for an amnesty, and would have regretted the interruption which had been given to their discourse by the termination of their walk, had not the dreadful idea of what was to take place in the morning obtruded itself, and with a groan of anguish he said mentally—"Oh! better is it that Idonea should think me, as she now does, cold and indifferent, whether or not I possess her affection, than that, attached to me, as I believe she once was, she should

see me, as I may be to-morrow, hurried to an untimely grave, or living with a conscience burthened by the weight of blood."

Then, unable to bear the sad pictures which his imagination had drawn, he endeavoured to persuade himself that neither fire would take effect, or at most would terminate in one of the parties being slightly wounded; and in that case he resolved, immediately on his return home, to solicit the permission of Crosthwaite to ask of Mr. Rokeby the hand of his lovely daughter, if, indeed as he now flattered himself he had only fancied, she had not transferred her affections to captain Brisco.

From contemplations like these he was roused by the sound of twelve o'clock. He started with surprise at the lateness of the hour, and hastily passed to the apartment of Lyulph, in search of the pistols. He could not recollect one former instance of his having performed

formed any voluntary action with tardiness, but now an insupportable load of guilt seemed to clog his footsteps. He found the pistols according to direction, and close beside them lay the resemblance of Hannah Harrop, drawn by the hand of Lyulph.

Dacre, though he could not be surprised, was shocked. He took up the portrait, and saw that on the other side of the paper was a drawing of her residence, with the beautiful scenery around. They were not, however, finished pieces, but rather seemed intended as sketches to copy from. Cyrus threw them down in disgust, though they could not give him a stronger conviction of Brisco's guilt than he had before. "And this is the man whose life I saved," said he mentally, whilst conscience whispered—"Arraign not his crimes, when in a few hours your own hand may be embrued in blood."

He closed the drawer, and returning

to his chamber, threw himself into bed, not to sleep. At such a crisis he could not hope to find repose, but to wear away the time until he should rise to meet Sibbald.

END OF VOL. I.

Printed by J. Darling, 31, Leadenhall-street, London.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

PRINTED FOR

A. K. NEWMAN & CO.

AT THE

Minerva Press,

LEADENHALL-STREET, LONDON.

	£	s.	d.
Agrippina, new edition, 8vo. 3 vols	0	15	0
Old English Baron, by Clara Reeve, 9th edition, plates	0	6	0
Ora and Juliet, or the Influence of First Principles, by the Author of Eva of Cambria, &c. 4 vols	1	0	0
The Caledonian Bandit, or the Heir of Duncaethel, a Romance of the Thirteenth Century, by Mrs. Smith, 2 vols	0	10	0
The Cousins, or a Woman's Promise and a Lover's Vow, by Mr[illegible]oss, 3 vols	0	15	0
Julia de Vienne, 4 vols	1	1	0
Felicia, by Madame Genlis	0	4	0
Ormond, or the Secret Witness, by C. B. Browne, 3 vols	0	15	0
The Inhabitants of Earth, or the Follies of Woman, a Novel, by A. F. Holstein, 3 vols	0	16	6
Julia de Vienne, 4 vols	1	1	0
Elnathan, or the Ages of Man, an Historical Romance, by a Philosopher, 3 vols	0	15	0
Sir Ralph de Bigod, a Romance, by E. Moore, 4 vols.	1	0	0
An Old Family Legend, by J. N. Brewer, 4 vols	1	0	0
A Winter's Tale, new edition, by the same Author, 4 vols	1	0	0
Mortimer Hall, or the Labourer's Hire, by Mrs. Bridget Bluemantle, Author of the Three Old Maids, 4 vols.	1	1	0
The Rockingham Family, by Mrs. Pilkington	0	4	0
Farmer of Inglewood Forest, by Mrs. Helme, 2d edition, 4 vols	1	0	0

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

	£	s.
Love, Mystery, and Misery, by A. F. Holstein, 2 vols	0	10
The Modern Villa and Ancient Castle, or the Peer and Alderman, by Miss Byron, Author of the Englishwoman, &c. 3 vols.	0	15
Festival of St. Jago, by the Author of the Private History of the Court of England, 2 vols	0	10
Arthur Fitz-Albini, 3d edition, 2 vols.	0	9
Louisa, or the Cottage on the Moor, by Mrs. Helme, 7th edition, 2 vols	0	10
Woman, or Ida of Athens, by Miss Owenson, 4 vols.	1	1
Nocturnal Minstrel, or the Spirit of the Wood, by Mrs. Sleath, Author of the Bristol Heiress, Who's the Murderer? &c. 2 vols	0	14
Castle of Arragon, by Miss Smith, 4 vols.	1	4
The Grey Friar and Black Spirit of the Wye, 2 vols.	0	14
Alphonso, or the Natural Son, by Madame Genlis, 3 vols	0	15
Euphronia, by Mrs. Norris, 3 vols.	0	12
Houses of Osma and Almeria, or the Convent of St. Ildefonso, by the Author of the Children of the Abbey, &c. 3 vols.	0	18
Mysteries of Ferney Castle, 4 vols.	1	2
The Beau Monde, or Scenes in High Life, 3 vols.	0	15
Rosa in London, 4 vols.	1	2
Celia suited, 3 vols.	0	12
The Assassin of St. Glenroy, by Anthony Frederic Holstein, Author of Owen Glendowr, &c. 4 vols	1	0
A Soldier's Offspring, or the Sisters, 2 vols	0	10
Vancenza, by Mrs. Robinson, 6th edition, 2 vols.	0	8
Son of the Storm, by Henry Siddons, 4 vols	0	18
Romance of the Hebrides, or Wonders never cease, by Francis Lathom, Esq. 3 vols	0	15
Dominican, a Romance, by Captain Williamson, 3 vols	0	14
The Age we live in, by Louisa Sidney Stanhope, 3 vols	0	15
Guiscard, or the Mysterious Accusation, a Romance, by Horace Vere, 2 vols	0	10
The Chamber of Death, or the Fate of Rosario, by Orlando, 2 vols.	0	1

BROUGHAM CASTLE.

A NOVEL.

Printed by J. Darling, 31, Leadenhall-street, London.

ROUGHAM CASTLE.

A Novel.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

By JANE HARVEY,

OR OF AUBERRY STANHOPE, ETHELIA, CASTLE OF TYNEMOUTH, WARKFIELD CASTLE, &c. &c.

I confess it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuse; and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not. - SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. II.

London:

Printed at the Minerva Press for

NEWMAN AND CO. LEADENHALL-STREET.

1816.

BROUGHAM CASTLE.

CHAPTER I.

CYRUS rose with the first dawn of day to prepare for his appointment, but with little of composure, and less of alacrity, did he make his preparations; as captain Brisco was to be with him, he deemed it unnecessary, in the event of his falling, to leave behind him any written testimony concerning his quarrel with Sibbald, aware that Lyulph (however lightly he might feel inclined to think of him in some respects) would do ample justice to his character. A heavy load of anxiety and dread hung on his spirits, yet

not of that sort which is connected with cowardice; to it he was a stranger; but, educated in the strictest principles of religious awe, he felt such a sense of guilt attached to his conduct, that he durst not yield a moment to reflection, and dressing himself as fast as possible, he put the pistols in his pocket. The morning was wet and gloomy, and knowing that captain Brisco was without his great-coat, he took it on his arm. A groan of anguish burst from his heart, as in crossing the lawn he looked up at Idonea's chamber-window—"Guid mu'orn, maister!" said a voice, as he passed out at the gate—it was old Graham, Mr. Brisco's hind.

Cyrus returned the salutation, but he shuddered as he mentally sighed—"Oh, what good can attend me!"

Sad and depressing was every vestige of the waning year; the blast blew keen and hollow, and a shower of faded leaves whistled round the head of Dacre, and

fell

fell thick in his path. In the present state of the weather and of the roads, his speed could not keep pace with his wishes, and it was nearly half after six when he presented himself at Harrop's door. The window-shutters were closed; and when he tried the latch, it refused to yield; he knocked, and in about half a minute the voice of captain Brisco inquired, "Who is there?"

Cyrus replied, and Lyulph subjoined—"I will be with you directly."

He did not suffer him to wait long, for in about two minutes he opened the door, half dressed, and admitted him.

Dacre, as he entered the outer apartment, threw his eyes around, but saw no one but themselves; he gave the salutation of the morning in a low voice; but believing what he did, he could not so far do violence to his feelings as to offer any apology on the score of giving disturbance, but merely subjoined an

observation on the badness of the weather.

Lyulph, in the same low key, replied that it was unfortunate, and while he spoke, he opened the window, and then inquired the hour; Cyrus told him—"Then we have no time to lose," he whispered; "I will finish dressing, and we will be off;" and thanking Dacre for his attention in bringing his great-coat, he went into the inner apartment.

Cyrus seated himself near the door; and if any lingering hope had remained that Brisco was not guilty, it was now entirely crushed; for had any friend from Ireland been with him, surely such would have appeared, and so would Harrop's wife.

Lyulph remained a few minutes in the room; during which, Cyrus heard him conversing with some person, but could not distinguish his words, till at last he said distinctly—"I will be back in an

an hour." He subjoined something, which Dacre could not make out, any more than the other person's reply; but he could not help thinking that it was a female who spoke.

Brisco now joined him, and they went out; Lyulph took the arm of Cyrus, who said—"We thought we had lost you last night; Mrs. Brisco was very uneasy till the rain reconciled her to your absence."

His companion merely replied—"It was unavoidable," and seemed much abstracted.

Cyrus felt that he might, without impropriety, inquire whether Harrop had returned?

Lyulph answered in the negative, and, after a short hesitation, said, his wife slept at a neighbour's house; and then, either accidentally or designedly, turned the discourse to some public events, the detail of which served them till they reached the appointed spot.

Sibbald was not there, but on consulting their watches, they found it to be some minutes within the time.

Brisco surveyed the ground, and pointed out to Dacre what he considered the most proper situation for their purpose; and then, as if the place first brought Idonea to his recollection, he asked Cyrus if she appeared, the preceding evening, to have recovered the effects of her fright?

He answered in the affirmative—"His mind is deeply occupied by another object," thought Dacre, "or he would not have been so long in asking that question."

Lyulph now announced that it was seven o'clock, and grew impatient for the appearance of the adverse party; in this Dacre cordially joined. The air was piercingly cold, and they walked quickly about to keep themselves as warm as possible. Brisco again reverted to the topics he had been conversing about

about before, and related some recent political events, which had taken place in Ireland, so minutely, that Cyrus would have been tempted to believe he had indeed seen some person from that country, had he not been aware that he almost daily received long letters from thence. Half an hour wore over, and Lyulph lost all patience, a circumstance very unusual with him, for he was naturally of a sweet and placid disposition, and had borne his late sufferings almost without complaint, though they had been very severe; first, in consequence of a wound in his side, which was thought at first to be very dangerous, and afterwards, when his illness was renewed by falling into the lake. He execrated Sibbald for a cowardly scoundrel, declaring that he did not believe he intended to keep his appointment; and Cyrus, who now began to be of the same opinion, re-echoed his invectives; but being by no means inclined to excuse him

so cheaply, he proposed going to the next village (where he imagined Sibbald to be) in search of him.

"By no means," said Brisco; "your honour is sufficiently vindicated without any such step; there is no occasion to wait any longer."

They lingered, however, near the spot until eight o'clock, when no further chance remaining, Lyulph made a motion to depart, and Dacre acquiesced.

"I must return to Harrop's," said Brisco; "Dacre, will you have the goodness to tell my mother that I am obliged to go about twenty miles off, but shall certainly be back to-morrow evening, and sooner, if possibly I can."

Cyrus, of course, promised obedience; Lyulph requested to have his pistols, and having received them, they shook hands, and parted.

"What conclusion can he suppose I will draw from all this?" thought Dacre, as he turned away; "surely, if his understanding

standing was not blinded by passion, he would think it seemed very strange to me, that, having a friend at Harrop's, he should neither mention that friend, nor ask me to go back thither with him to breakfast, on such a morning as this, when we might be there in little more than half the time I can be at his father's."

Dacre, when he reached the house, changed his wet garments before he entered the parlour; at that early period, and in those remote regions, breakfast was already over.

"I thought you had been with Lyulph, Mr. Dacre," said Mrs. Brisco, in a tone of anxiety.

He replied that he had seen captain Brisco, subjoining the message he had commissioned him to deliver.

"Twenty miles off," she re-echoed, "in his state of health! and in such weather!" while all the anxiety of a mother spoke in her face.

"Who is with him, Cyrus?" Mr. Brisco inquired.

Dacre, without hesitation, replied that he did not know.

"Why, have you not breakfasted with him?" asked Miss Stanley, in a tone of surprise.

He smilingly answered—"No;" and she started up to make breakfast for him.

Mr. and Mrs. Brisco wondered again and again who could be with their son, and at last concluded it must be some gentleman from Ireland.

Cyrus was on the point of mechanically saying—"I suppose so;" but recollecting that he supposed no such thing, he would not utter so positive a falsehood, but remained silent.

Mr. Brisco, however, returned to the point with a plain question—"Did Lyulph say nothing to you who it is, Cyrus?"

"No, sir," he replied; "but he said repeatedly

repeatedly that he would be at home by to-morrow evening at the latest, and you will then hear from himself."

Idonea now entered the room, and Cyrus met a smile of tender welcome from her lovely lips; he answered it with a corresponding one, and felt his heart thrill with ecstasy that he was no longer estranged from that regard which was the most valued blessing of his life.

"Did Lyulph appear well, Mr. Dacre?" said Mrs. Brisco.

"Perfectly so," he replied; "I have never seen him look better;" and feeling that he must say more than he had yet done, he added—"Captain Brisco and I had promised to see a gentleman on business this morning; and as I knew he had no great-coat, I took one with me to Harrop's; so that you see, my dear madam, he is equipped for his journey in that point."

These words, in some degree, calmed the fears and satisfied the wonder of Mr.

and Mrs. Brisco, who soon after quitted the room.

Miss Stanley, probably thinking that her absence was desirable, did not remain long after them; and Dacre, left alone with Miss Rokeby, so well improved the time, that every shadow of distrust and misunderstanding between him and his beloved Idonea was obliterated; on the subject of Sibbald Miss Rokeby was perfectly candid; and Dacre, though exasperated by his base malignity, felt that he was an object beneath contempt; of Dunning she said nothing; delicacy sealed her lips on that point; whilst Cyrus, on his part, never mentioned Lyulph, for he would have scorned to injure him with any of his friends by breathing his own suspicions to his disadvantage; on every other topic they were wholly unreserved. Mr. Brisco was out, Mrs. Brisco busy, and Isabella kept away on purpose so long, that when she re-entered the room, she rallied

lied them with an assertion that their conversation had lasted from breakfast till dinner-time.

The following day was the last which the lovers were now to pass with their friends at Watermillock. The badness of the weather increased, and Mrs. Brisco was miserable on her son's account; but Cyrus, happy in the recovered smiles of Idonea, had ceased to bewilder his brain with Lyulph and the Harrops.

The family was seated round a social fire, about three in the afternoon, listening to the wild winds which roared in the forests, and the loud billows of the lake as they burst on the shore; Mrs. Brisco casting many an anxious glance at the sky; Idonea wishing to-morrow might prove more favourable for her father's journey to Watermillock, and anticipating with tender delight her return to her beloved home; and Cyrus, charmed with the present, and regardless of the future—when the door opening,

ing, Lyulph entered. He looked pale and fatigued, and the state of his boots sufficiently proclaimed that he had indeed just returned from a long cross-country ride.

His mother met him with blended tenderness and anxiety, affectionately inquiring how he did, and where he had been?

He smiled languidly, and in a firm, unhesitating tone replied, that he had been at Whitehaven; but his voice betrayed that he laboured under a severe cold.

Cyrus felt pained, conscious that he had too probably caught it while waiting in the wet for Sibbald, and was dubious what to conclude from his plain declaration of the place to which he had journeyed.

Captain Brisco then, with his wonted politeness, addressed himself to Miss Rokeby, and inquired after her health.

"You have got cold, my dearest Lyulph,"

ulph," said Mrs. Brisco; "how could you be so imprudent as to go from home, in such weather?"

He replied that he could not avoid it, being obliged to accompany a friend who came over on very particular business.

His father now plainly inquired the gentleman's name, and Lyulph, in a mild but determined tone of voice, replied that he was not at liberty to mention it.

No one could pursue the subject further; and after a pause, captain Brisco added, smiling on Miss Stanley—"Your friend Hannah was so good as to give up her bed to us, and I set her through the rain, with her infant wrapped up, to a neighbour's house, where she slept."

There was something in the expression of Lyulph's countenance, when he uttered these words, which Cyrus, with all the penetration he gave himself credit for, could not translate; there was a degree

degree of candour, of innocence, which could only be feigned by the greatest hypocrite upon earth; but it was blended with visible emotion, and his cheek was tinged with that sort of faint glow which usually has its source in the heart. He now retired to adjust his dress; when he returned to the parlour, he drew a chair near Cyrus, and asked him, in a whisper, if he had heard any thing more of Sibbald?

He replied in the negative, and Brisco bestowed on him such an epithet as his cowardice merited.

Lyulph's indisposition increased as the evening drew on. He complained of weariness and of pain in his head, and retired immediately after supper; as he passed Miss Stanley, Cyrus heard him say, in a low voice—"Has Harrop been here to-day, Bell?"

To which she replied in the negative.

Captain Brisco slept ill, and was much worse in the morning. He had a sore throat,

throat, attended with fever and considerable pain in the right side—that which had been wounded. His mother sent early for a medical person, who prescribed rest, perfect quiet, and proper remedies. Mrs. Brisco enforced his obedience to these directions, and he submitted, requesting, however, to see Mr. Rokeby when he arrived, and that Cyrus would pass as much of the day with him as he could.

The morning rose serene and pleasant; the sky was clear, and a brilliant sun illumined the lake. Dacre, after he had breakfasted, walked to Harrop's, to bid him adieu. He was in good spirits, and Hannah looked as lovely and as innocent as ever, as she nursed her little boy. One of Harrop's first inquiries was, whether captain Brisco had returned?

Cyrus replied in the affirmative, and subjoined the information that he was far from well; he expressed himself very much concerned at this intelligence, but added

added that he did not wonder at it, the state of the weather and roads being such as could not fail to fatigue him greatly in travelling to the distance of Whitehaven and back again.

Hannah also spoke her need of regret, with every genuine display of humanity and friendly feeling, but certainly nothing more. So far all looked well; but neither mentioned the stranger who had slept with Briscoe at their house, nor even gave the least hint concerning him; and Cyrus thought that candour itself could not censure the inference he drew, viz. that none such had been there. He chatted with them about half an hour, and on his return went up to see Lyulph.

Miss Stanley was sitting by his bed; he did not appear to be any better, but was supporting his illness with his wonted patience, and looked cheerful when Cyrus told him where he had been. He asked how the Harrops did, and pushed his

his inquiries about what they said to the utmost verge that good-breeding would allow. When Cyrus's approaching departure was talked of, he said—"I very much regret that I shall lose your society, Dacre, but I shall leave England as soon as I feel myself tolerably recovered; and if a summons from Ireland should arrive, I will be off, well or ill, in open violation of all doctor Fawell's rules and orders."

"You surely would not be so indiscreet," said Miss Stanley.

"Nay, Bell," he replied, "you have no reason to reproach me on the score of indiscretion; for had I not felt yesterday that I had caught a severe cold, I should indubitably have gone over to Ireland, as there is a person there I ardently and anxiously wish to see."

"The lady of your love," said Isabella.

"You are out for once, my fair cousin," he returned; "for I solemnly and positively

positively assure you, that it is not one of your sex."

The expression of his countenance, when he uttered these words, was exactly that which he had worn the preceding evening when speaking of Hannah Harrop.

Dacre knew not what to make of it, but his head was certainly a soil fertile in suspicions; a new one now sprang up in it. He recollected that Arthur used to rally his brother on his attachment to the Catholics; surely, if any person from Ireland had indeed been with Lyulph, it must be an agent of that party whose name was thus sedulously concealed; if this were the case, then Brisco was guilty of treason; but Cyrus repelled the idea, and severely blamed himself for thus, though only in his own mind, arraigning him of one foul crime after another, without having any ground of certainty to build his opinion upon; but blinded by that self-delusion too common

tion to us all, he did not see that all this originated only in jealousy; for had he not, in the first place, feared that Brisco was attached to Miss Rokeby, he would never have watched his actions with that rigid scrutiny which had yielded food for such surmises. His apprehensions on that score were now lulled to sleep by his own reconciliation with Idonea; and tired of suspecting Brisco, he shut his mind to the remembrance of Hannah Harrop's picture, the looks of Lyulph, the female voice he was well assured he heard, and every other dubious circumstance, and yielded himself to that affectionate esteem he was very much inclined to feel for him; indeed it was impossible to know Lyulph Brisco without loving him, for his disposition was so sweet, and his manners so polished, that he appeared one of the most perfect of human beings.

Mr. Rokeby arrived soon after eleven o'clock; his daughter met him with delight,

light, and he felt rejoiced that she was returning to his fireside; for he had only been once to see her during her abode at Watermillock. The cordial smile and kind pressure of the hand with which he greeted Cyrus, the latter considered as happy auguries for the suit he intended to prefer. Mr. Rokeby visited Lyulph, and sat with him half an hour; he was much concerned for his indisposition, and considerately resisted Mr. and Mrs. Brisco's friendly entreaties that he would stay all night, aware that at such a juncture any addition to the family must be inconvenient.

Lyulph asked Cyrus to ride over frequently to see him while he remained at home, which he readily promised; and they parted with expressions of friendship, which had every appearance of being genuine on both sides.

The travellers bade adieu to their friends immediately after dinner, Mr. Rokeby purposing to call at Brougham Castle,

Castle to visit Crosthwaite. The season, the hour, and the weather, were alike inviting. Never had Idonea and Cyrus felt more purely and exquisitely how dear the society of each was to the other, while Mr. Rokeby took no pains to disguise from either that he saw, participated in, and did not disapprove, their sentiments: every object conspired to render the little journey pleasant; the sun, far short of his summer course, was retiring behind the ample shade of Skiddaw, whose summit yet retained the fulness of day, while the lingering rays illumined the nearer mountains, and reflected such a beauty, richness, and diversity of colouring, that imagination, if it attempted to form them, would fall far short of the reality; the woods, no longer either vernal or vocal, shed a gloom so soft, so pleasing, that Idonea felt its influence extend to her soul; every vestige of the late storm had subsided; the lake was still and clear, and the Eamont,

which they crossed at Pooley-bridge, looked sweetly romantic, with its excavated banks, and its shades varied with every tint of autumn; the cattle were returning from pasture to yield their evening milk, and the rustic fence of every little farmhold they passed was rich with the bounties of Ceres, stored and secured against the depredations of approaching winter. Scenes like these, so finely in unison with taste and feeling, took from the way all of tediousness or fatigue; and when the party reached Brougham Castle, Miss Rokeby and Dacre looked gay and blooming in health and spirits.

Mr. and Mrs. Crosthwaite met them at the gate; they received Mr. Rokeby in a way consistent with the friendship they had always professed for him, and each in their own style complimented Idonea.

Prudence, with a kiss, said she was glad to see her luik sae bluimen; and Cadmus, with

with one of his dignified bows, asked permission to congreet Miss Rokeby, and obseryed that it could not be deemed a postulatum to assert that the air of Ullswater had been influential in increasing the floridity of her complexion. Cyrus they both welcomed with evident pleasure; Prudence declared that t' house had been naething like itsell wudout him; and Cadmus rejoined with a grin—"It is very true, Cyrus, we have had naething but lachrymation in consequence of your comperendination." Nor did these words convey to Cyrus the only assurance of the pleasure his return gave to Crosthwaite. He regarded him with looks expressive of such pride and triumph as he had never before displayed. The partiality of Prudence was what it had ever been—that of a fond mother, or at least of one who had been such to this interesting youth from his earliest childhood; but that of Cadmus was so much beyond

what he had hitherto suffered to appear, that it nearly amounted to exultation.

Mr. Rokeby could not fail to perceive this, for when Cyrus was at a distance, he happened to say to Cadmus, in a low voice—"What a fine young fellow Dacre is!" to which he replied, in a tone as if he thought his friend did not do sufficient justice to the merits of his favourite —"He is that, I think."

Mrs. Crosthwaite's choicest and best-flavoured wines, her richest milk and butter, and whatever else they thought would be acceptable to their guests, was presented, and graced with a cordial welcome. As the evening was fine, and the moon at its meridian, they were not in such haste to pursue their journey as under other circumstances they would have been, but sat conversing, a cheerful and happy little party. Happiness, alas! hangs on a fragile thread!

Mr. Rokeby observing that Cyrus addressed

dressed something to his daughter in a soft whisper, said to Cadmus, with a smile—"I see, Mr. Crosthwaite, these young folks of ours will steal a wedding some of these days, without either you or I being consulted."

With cold formality Crosthwaite replied—"I hope they will never so far abberrate from the principles they have been embued with as to dispensate their hands surreptitiously."

Prudence laughed so immoderately that it was some moments before she could utter a syllable; when she recovered voice sufficient, she said—"Now I'se suir, Cadmus, thou's like aw auld folk—they forget 'at ever they were young theirsells; didn't thou and I gang to Peerith an' get narried, without sae mickle as saying a word to my father?"

"Prudence," said Cadmus, in his testy way, "that is all stultiloquence; you and I had arrived at that tempestive time of life which confers immediacy;

of course, we were not accountable to any one; but the case is widely different with children in their teens, and for them to enter into an indestructible engagement is very vituperable, and what I would never nictate at."

"Weel then, peer silly things, let them be marry't wid free leave of a' parties," said the good-natured Prudence; "for haith may lait lang or owther finds seck anudder."

"You make quite an aposeopesis of it, Prudence," said Crosthwaite; "however, I do not need any such to embue me with a proper sense of the merits of Miss Rokeby; I appreciate them highly; neither, with respect to her and Cyrus, do I make any prelation of one before the other; their long propinquity has doubtless produced mutual esteem; *as friends*," and he pronounced the word with emphasis, "Cyrus may be allowed to exsuffolate to Miss Rokeby, and Miss Rokeby to auscultate to Cyrus; but positive

sitive and binding engagements are not to be entered into without comperendination, and are therefore to be evitated."

An expressive and certainly justifiable shade of displeasure passed over the features of Mr. Rokeby—"So far our sentiments exactly correspond," he replied; "such engagements must not indeed be rashly formed; for though I am tenderly anxious for my Idonea's happiness, and would make many sacrifices to promote it, I should never suffer her to contract a union for life until every mysterious or ambiguous circumstance was entirely and satisfactorily cleared up."

Cadmus dryly replied—"On that point also we can have no divarication, sir; I too would use my utmost powers of refrenation with my ward until such elucidation was made where I might see it to be equinecessary; I mean naething discourteous, my dear sir; I cherish the highest respect for you and your family;

but a matter of this nature requires deep and mature ponderation."

Mr. Rokeby rose from his seat as he replied with quickness—"No, sir, it requires none. For you, my dear Dacre," he continued, cordially pressing Cyrus's hand, "I shall ever entertain the sincerest esteem; I believe you are worthy of it; but you and Idonea must henceforth be strangers."

"Oh no, no! recall that sentence, my dearest sir," said Dacre, with wild energy; but Mr. Rokeby drew the hand of Idonea within his arm, and bidding Mrs. Crosthwaite good night, with every expression of kindness, he hastily quitted the castle.

Prudence, exasperated by her husband's strange behaviour, muttered—"Suir, Cadmus, the deuce is i' thee."

Crosthwaite, with much formality, attended his guests to the gate; Idonea and Cyrus, overwhelmed by a blow not less cruel than unexpected, had only time to

to exchange a pressure of the hand and a sigh.

Nature looked as lovely as she had done before the travellers rested at Brougham Castle; the purple flush of evening was exchanged for the silver radiance of moonlight—

> "Streaming mild
> O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale."

But not so the bosom of Idonea; sad was the transition its throbbing inmate had made from joy to anguish, from hope to despair; she heard not with her wonted delight the long-known and associated sounds of the village as she drew near her cherished home, nor did she feel the least cessation of suffering till she wept on the sympathizing bosom of her mother; while Mrs. Rokeby, with a degree of resentment she deplored, but could not blame, related the insult he had received from Crosthwaite.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh! why," said Cyrus, with strong emotion, addressing Crosthwaite the moment the gate was closed upon their guests, "why, when Mr. Rokeby, with a kindness beyond what I had dared to hope for, evinced his willingness to bestow on me the first, the most valued of blessings, do I find his generous intentions crushed, and his goodness so ill appreciated by one from whom, as I had hitherto experienced nothing but uniform kindness, so I flattered myself I should never meet any other?"

"Cyrus," he replied, in a tone not angry, but strikingly stern and solemn —"I desire you to take notice, once for all, that I will have no stentorophonic lamentations on this subject; if you have, without

without my concurrence, impignorated your affections to Mr. Rokeby's daughter, you have acted very vituperably; if this be the result of the circumforaneous life you have lived of late, I regret that I ever accorded my sanction to your going to Watermillock; however, as I do not mean to have recourse to any tergiversation about the matter, I shall, without comperendination, proceed to dilucidate my motives for giving Mr. Rokeby a response which appears to have quite infrigitated you. There are two points which you ought to have considered before you thought of dispensating your hand to any woman; these are the coordinateness of the lady in question, and your own immediacy to enter into such an engagement. About the first it is irrelevant to inquire; it matters not whether Miss Rokeby is, or is not, your equal, for you are not at liberty to marry now, and, very probably, will never be so."

Here the surprise of Dacre naturally led him to interrupt Crosthwaite by re-echoing his words—"Never at liberty to marry! Who possesses authority to restrain me on any such point?"

"I'se sure but I wad nae be sae restrained," said Mrs. Crosthwaite, indignantly.

"Prudence," thundered her husband, in his stately way, "you are not qualified to judge of the congreement or discongreement of this matter; and as I wish to discuss it in private with Cyrus, I desire he will attend me to my study."

With these words he took a light, and marched thither, followed by Dacre, who was in the utmost perturbation, and anxious to probe this affair to the bottom. When they entered, Cadmus unlocked his writing-desk, and taking a sealed paper from a pocketbook, put it into the hands of his young friend, saying, with much solemnity—"Cyrus, you doubtless

doubtless remember the compellation I used to you on two former occasions; to your inquiries concerning your descent, I told you I was not at liberty to make a response; the wish you intimated of assuming the sacerdotal character, I assured you could never be gratified; and I intimated there yet remained another restrictive condition congener. You may, for any thing I know to the contrary, harbour the postulatum that I fabricated those shackles, as you doubtless think them; to exonerate myself, I therefore desire you will open that paper; you will there find that the three points on which your father thought proper to promulgate his paternal fiat, are exactly those which you have, as if it were proleptically, happened to infringe."

Cyrus trembled as he broke the seal and opened the paper; it had evidently been written many years, and contained

the following concise, but horribly-impressive sentences:—

"The father of Cyrus has only three points on which to enforce the obedience of his son:—He shall never take any step to discover who were his parents, what their rank in life, where their residence, or whether still in existence—He shall never assume the office of a minister of the reformed church of England—He shall never marry. These commands are given in the most solemn, positive, and decisive manner; and if he shall disobey them in any of the three instances, may the paternal blessing never descend on his head!"

The paper fell from the hand of Cyrus, and he felt scarcely able to support himself under the certainty that so dreadful a malediction hung over him.

Cadmus

Cadmus pitied his visible misery—"My dear child," he said, "it grieves me bitterly to give you this tortion. I hope you will not think me a sermocinator when I assure you that you cannot deem these orders of your father more cruel and unjust than I do. I remonstrated with him on those points to the utmost of my ability and opportunity, but he would not auscultate to me; however, the time may come, though it should not be till the hour of my defunction——"

Here Cadmus suddenly broke off the sentence, and then resumed without finishing it—"At any rate you may console yourself with one certainty—you would never have been permitted to marry Idonea Rokeby."

"And why?" inquired Cyrus, with deep surprise. "What, my dear sir, were my cruel parent's motives for binding me with this galling chain?"

Crosthwaite scarcely suffered him to finish

finish the last word—"Cyrus," he said, "if I were to dilucidate your father's reasons, I must declare his station in life, which would plunge you into the very fault you are cautioned against. Be tutored by me for once, and let this subject rest until I see a proper period to renew it."

With these words he moved towards the door; Cyrus made no attempt to detain him; for he felt that he must have time to reflect upon the matter, and make up his own mind how to act; however, as he did not deem himself bound to secrecy, he took the first opportunity of being alone with Prudence to acquaint her with the cruel and unprecedented commands which formed part of the trust Crosthwaite held for him.

She heard him with equal surprise and indignation, exclaiming—"I'se suir, Cyrus, I wad nae be sae tied; I wad marry when I liket, an' whae I liket tee."

Dacre also made Mrs. Crosthwaite the confidant of all the injuries Sibbald had done him by his base reports to Miss Rokeby; but of their meeting on the banks of the lake, and the projected duel, he said nothing. Prudence felt in every pore the insult thus offered to her beloved Cyrus, and loudly proclaimed it to her husband, who entered with correspondent, or, if possible, superior warmth into her feelings; nor could all his respect for the son of his landlord prevent him from breathing a threat that Sibbald should know who he had offended: he and Dunning, the Crosthwaites said, had been at Brougham Castle, about a week before, to take leave, as they were about to quit that part of the country; but Dacre much doubted whether they had spoken their real intentions, since Sibbald had been in the neighbourhood of Ullswater only three days before.

Poor Cyrus, when he sought his pillow, regretted the beautiful shades of Watermillock,

Watermillock, and the hours he had passed there in the society of Idonea;—yet even then he had never been happy; jealousy and suspicion had gloomed his path, but now the reverted prospect, as memory glanced over it, seemed brilliant and delightful. These, alas! are the invariable feelings of weak human nature:

——————"So it falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whilst we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we rate the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whilst it was ours."

But the unaccountable, unprecedented mandate of his father chased regret, and retrospection, and every other feeling, from the bosom of Dacre, and chained his mind with imposing force to the consideration of the three points it contained; as to the first, he could form no supposition which carried to his mind a conviction

conviction of its being a real one; many conjectures occurred, but they might be, and very probably were, all widely erroneous; on the second he thought, and certainly with some plausibility, that his father had been a member of the church of Rome, since he had made it a matter of such high concern that he should never become a minister of that of England; but as to the last, it seemed an act of wanton, useless, unqualified barbarity, not to be palliated, and unique in its kind; for Cyrus, at least, had never heard of such a restriction being imposed on any other human being; but should he submit to a bond so tyrannical? would not religion, morality, reason, and common sense, unite to justify him in breaking it?

Cyrus flattered himself that they would—"I will open my heart to Mr. Rokeby," said he, mentally; "when he finds that Mr. Crosthwaite acted as he did from unavoidable necessity, not from the

the impulse of his own mind, he will exonerate him, and bless me with the hand of Idonea."

A second view of the subject changed the course of his ideas; could he acknowledge to any one, much more to the father of Idonea, the restrictions by which he was bound? There was a feeling within him which revolted from doing so, while something, perhaps his evil genius, whispered—"Why not plead to Miss Rokeby with the powerful eloquence of love, and persuade her to unite her destiny with mine, unknown to her father?" And could he, with the bitter malediction of a parent suspended over his head, present his vows at the altar? could he make Idonea the participator of his crime? He shuddered at the thought, and seeking fortitude from despair, endeavoured to arm himself with that stern, cold, heartless philosophy which might support him through life—that single and unconnected, solitary and secluded

secluded being his father (a mockery of the name!) had destined him to be; but nature shuddered at the idea, and he once more sought the delusive smile of hope; she could not long maintain her station with no anchor to rest upon.

The assurance of Crosthwaite, that he could never have been permitted to marry Idonea Rokeby rose to his recollection, and he once more sunk to gloomy despair; he knew it would be of no avail to urge the subject further to Cadmus; he had indeed intimated that himself would perhaps renew it at a future opportunity; but whether he might ever do so was uncertain; at all events, the time was indefinite—circumstances which by no means suited the ardent impatience of Dacre.

Crosthwaite was closely shut up in his study, writing, the greatest part of the day; he did not tell Cyrus on what subject, but he found him some employment of the same kind; the next morning,

ing, being Saturday, Cadmus went to Penrith, where he saw Mr. Brisco, who was under the most anxious apprehensions on account of his son Lyulph, his illness having increased so rapidly that he was considered to be in serious danger. Cyrus was deeply concerned to hear this, and felt that captain Brisco was still dearer to his heart than he had supposed him to be, though aware that he regarded him with affectionate esteem.

Three days of her abode at home wore heavily over with Idonea; yet not so dreary was her prospect as that of poor Dacre, for she was ignorant of that fatal secret which had been unfolded to him; and, of course, attributing what had passed only to the petulant temper of Crosthwaite, she sometimes cherished a faint hope that matters would yet be adjusted.

The fourth morning after her return, Mr. Rokeby, anxious to cheer her drooping spirits, when breakfast was over, proposed

proposed a walk; she complied with pleasure, and they traced the shore of the Eden to a considerable distance from home; the season now wore its latest vesture, the stubble-fields had all yielded to the plough, not a floweret painted the meadows, and such of the hedge-rows as still retained a remnant of their foliage looked languid and sickly; the sun shone faintly through a vapoury atmosphere, and the arable grounds and groves resounded with the guns of the sportsmen, beneath whose aim the birds were falling every where a bleeding prey. There was something sadly desolate in the prospect, but it was in unison with Idonea's soul; both forbore to speak of Cyrus, but conversed on many other subjects; they talked of Watermillock and of the Briscoes.

Mr. Rokeby was one of Lyulph's most ardent admirers, and they now deeply lamented his ill health, and the too-apparent certainty that he was destined to

an

an early grave. The path they chose to return by led them to the place where Dunning made a communication never to be erased from the mind of Idonea; many times since her return home had she been on the point of disclosing it to her father, but either her spirits had failed at the moment, or some interruption occurred; now when alone with him on the very spot, she seemed impelled by an impulse not to be resisted, and, with the most extreme emotion, she told him all that Dunning had said; her feelings were keenly sensitive, and while she made the disclosure, she anxiously watched her father's countenance, tremblingly alive to the dread of reading there a confirmation of the tale; its expression was not altogether dismay, but something between vexation and grief, yet untinctured with the least degree of surprise, though surely that would have been his predominant feeling, had the assertions of Dunning been as unfound-

ed

ed as they were extraordinary; he heard her without interruption, and when she closed the narrative, inquired minutely, and in a voice which betrayed great anxiety, concerning the age, figure, and features of Dunning.

Idonea described him, and Mr. Rokeby then exclaimed, with strong and evident emotion—"It is that villain Dickenson, who has been at Crosthwaite's all this while, passing by the name of Dunning."

"Who is Dickenson, my dear sir?" questioned Idonea; "is not all he says false?" she added, in a tone of fearful, trembling inquiry.

Mr. Rokeby replied only to her first question—"You know nothing of him, my love; think of it no more, for his malice cannot hurt us."

"But I never had another parent," she resumed in breathless trepidation.

Mr. Rokeby remained silent a few moments,

ject to her mother, adding—"We may perhaps renew it at a proper season."

When they got home, Ambrose told his master that Mr. Dacre was in the parlour; Idonea felt too much agitated with the conversation which had just passed to meet the eyes of Cyrus.

Mr. Rokeby looked vexed—"Go to your own room, my love," he said, "and compose your spirits before you see your mother. I am determined to dismiss this young man at once; for, as all intercourse must cease between you, I cannot permit his visits here."

Could Idonea have summoned resolution to remonstrate, she had not voice to do it, but obeyed her father's command in silence. Poor Cyrus, cheered by the friendly reception he had met from the lady of the house, addressed Mr. Rokeby, on his entrance, with some semblance of his wonted ingenuous smile; but the manner of the latter chilled his soul: towards him it had ever hitherto

hitherto been united frankness and kindness; now it was the latter blended with reserve. The first greetings exchanged, he seated himself, without making any attempt to lead to conversation; Mrs. Rokeby did not ask for Idonea, and the business of speaking being thus imposed on Dacre, he was compelled to say, with what firmness he might, that he had taken Temple Sowerby in his ride, to have the pleasure of inquiring how Miss Rokeby did since her return, and was happy to learn from Mrs. Rokeby, that she was perfectly well; this Idonea certainly was not, but Mrs. Rokeby was too tenacious of her daughter's delicacy to give Dacre room to suppose she was suffering on his account.

"You are very kind, my dear Cyrus," said Mr. Rokeby; "but as it is evident Mr. Crosthwaite has reasons for declining any particular intimacy with my family, I feel it my positive and incumbent duty to put a decided stop to all inter-

course between you and Idonea, and must therefore, though I confess it is reluctantly, interdict all future visits."

Though Cyrus was not altogether unprepared for this, he yet felt it like an arrow in his bosom; with emotion powerful in the extreme, he replied—"I am but too sensible, my dearest sir, that there is a mystery which influences the conduct of Mr. Crosthwaite; I, alas! am doomed to be its victim; but having, as Heaven can bear me witness, ever loved and reverenced you and Mrs. Rokeby with the truest respect and affection, and now feeling how very much I am indebted to your generous friendship, I cannot support the idea of being wholly estranged from the regards, and banished the society, of a family dearer to me than any other in existence."

Here his swelling heart repelling all utterance, he rose and turned to the window; Mrs. Rokeby, deeply pitying her young friend, raised her imploring eyes

to

to her husband; he keenly felt both their influence, and that of the tenderness which was pleading in his bosom for his daughter and Cyrus, but his firm mind was not to be swayed from its purpose; he approached Dacre, and holding out his hand, said—"Believe me, my dear Cyrus, your esteem is amply returned by both Mrs. Rokeby and myself; you do, and shall ever, possess our sincerest friendship, and cordial good wishes; but we cannot at present receive you here, and you will do us no more than justice in believing that the deprivation is not more painful to you than to us."

What, alas! could the unhappy Dacre reply? he could only bow in mournful and respectful silence. Mr. Rokeby attended him to his horse; and thus excluded for ever from a house where he had passed so many happy hours, he returned to Brougham, in a frame of mind as miserable as that of any man could be

where a sense of guilt was out of the question.

CHAPTER III.

DACRE had made up his mind to go the following day to Watermillock to see Lyulph; but forbid the house of Mr. Rokeby, as he had been, he felt, or at least thought, it was due to himself to break off all intercourse with the connexions of that gentleman; he could not, however, rest satisfied without sending a message of inquiry; the answer he received was, that no change for the better had taken place, every bad symptom being rather increased than diminished. Cyrus felt this intelligence an augmentation of his own griefs, but his soul was in unison with sorrow, and he looked for nothing else.

Three

Three more days now wore heavily over; the weather was gloomy, and Dacre was wretched, and far from well; yet restless and miserable, he snatched every cessation of storm to wander amongst the beautiful, but now desolated shades of Whinfield Park, where he had been accustomed to walk with Idonea, to hear her voice, and to meet her smile; yet these solitary rambles only added to a weight of woe already too oppressive, and he always returned from them more unhappy than he went.

While such was the situation of Cyrus, the mind of Cadmus was visibly occupied with some very important matter; he listened to the sound of every horse which approached the Castle, and started at every knocking at the gate; Prudence was on the rack of curiosity to know what he expected, nor was she long doomed to wonder in vain; dinner was just ended, and Dacre walked out, when a servant on horseback, in a rich and

ments, during which his features were shrouded with the deepest melancholy; he then said, with extreme agitation of voice and manner—"Could you have had a better, Idonea?"

"And is she not my own?" she sighed, in accents of indescribable grief.

Her father folded her to his heart, and responded in tones which his struggling feelings rendered nearly inarticulate—"Not in nature, but truly so in tenderness."

Idonea felt as if the very foundation springs of existence were failing; her heart seemed swelling as if it would burst, and she could neither weep nor speak.

Mr. Rokeby, terrified, recalled her to recollection—"Idonea, my angel," he exclaimed, "exert yourself; if your mother sees you thus, it will break her heart; tell me, my child, solemnly and at once, will the knowledge of this circumstance

cumstance ever change one sentiment of your duty, your gratitude, your reverence, or your affection?"

"Oh, no, no! never, never!" she gasped out; "but, oh! in mercy tell me, my father, why did this man, this Dunning—Dickenson, say *called Mrs. Rokeby?*" With difficulty she uttered these words.

"Be calm, my dearest life," resumed Mr. Rokeby, with renovated composure, with dignity of manner, "your mother is *called* what she is—oh Idonea! could you for a moment suppose otherwise?"

Idonea replied in the negative, with a fervency which carried the conviction of truth; on one point her fears were removed, and she exerted herself to subdue all emotion on the other; she languished to know more of her departed mother, but saw that she might not, at least for the present, hope to receive any information.

Mr. Rokeby strictly and earnestly cautioned her not to mention the sub-

"Wheer is t' gawn tee, drest i' thur claise?" she inquired.

"I cannot, at this present juncture, embue you with the indoctrination," was the reply.

"What is t' gawn about?" she asked bluntly.

"Something selcouth, to be sure," returned Cadmus.

Not repulsed by all this evasion, she now inquired—"What 'tword he was talking about?"

He replied—"As your acquaintance with the patrician order cannot be supposed to have much extensibility, it would be supervacareous in me to dilucidate what nobleman I inquired after."

Prudence, as was generally the case with her when Cadmus persisted in talking this learned dialect for any length of time together, now lost all patience, and was about to express her displeasure, when Dacre entered the room; it appeared

peared that Cadmus had only been actuated by the spirit of contradiction when he refused to satisfy Prudence as to the place whither he intended journeying, for he addressed himself to Cyrus, and requested that he would, without comperendination, get himself ready to accompany him to Whitehaven.

Cyrus's first feeling was naturally surprise; Crosthwaite had seldom been in the practice of making him his companion in journeys of business; but a few moments given to reflection induced him to believe that the one now in contemplation was not of that class; the livery worn by the messenger just arrived was neither that of the Dacres nor the Sibbalds; he knew of no other distinguished family with whom Crosthwaite held any intercourse; and, in short, upon a rapid review of late events, he thought it probable that this sudden movement concerned himself. To inquire of Crosthwaite would, he knew,

be of no avail; he asked, however, whether they would probably be absent for any length of time, but received only an evasive reply, importing that it depended upon contingencies.

The moment Dacre was ready, they set off on their expedition, attended by the servant who had brought Cadmus the letter; Cyrus, though he still thought it possible that this journey might relate to himself, could not avoid seeing that the man did not appear to have any knowledge of him, and paid him only that proper respect which is habitual with well-ordered persons in that station.

They travelled with all possible celerity, but the roads were bad; and Crosthwaite, as has been before observed, no very capital horseman. In the course of their journey, Cadmus gave his young friend to understand that he would at its close be presented to a nobleman of very high rank, adding—"And I beg, my dear Cyrus, that you will attend much

much to your compellation on your first meeting; there is every reason why it ought to be respectful in the highest degree, and I trust his lordship's suscipiency of you will be congener."

Cyrus mentally wondered much why, and to whom, all this respect was due; his active mind could form many conjectures, but ever on his guard against asking questions, which he knew would be unanswered, he contented himself with expressing obedience to Cadmus's injunctions. The night was totally shut before they reached Whitehaven, which they did not do without great difficulty. At the inn whither the servant conducted them, they found their arrival awaited by another in the same livery; he put a letter into the hand of Crosthwaite, who, on perusing it, announced that they must cross the Irish Channel to Drogheda.

Cyrus did not feel quite satisfied with such an arrangement; it seemed very like

like a plan to remove him from the kingdom, and for ever from all chance of uniting himself to Idonea; and with these apprehensions, he deemed it no breach of the hard obedience imposed upon him, to ask whether he might expect to see any person to whom he was related? As Cadmus was seldom explicit on any point, it was not to be expected he would be so on this; he answered, in his usual style, that he must conglutinate to the secrecy enjoined him; but that on their arrival at the marquis's seat, which was not more than seven miles from Drogheda, it was possible some dilucidation might be given; and in the mean time some refocillation would be necessary, while the servants inquired how, and when, they could obtain the most speedy passage to Ireland.

Accordingly they retired to bed, while the men sought out a vessel; they found a collier which would sail for Drogheda the next morning.

Cyrus,

Cyrus, before he embarked, made one more effort to ascertain what fate hung over him; he plainly asked Cadmus what nobleman he might expect to see? In his wonted way, he gave some minutes to reflection before he answered, and then said, with a smile, no very usual appendage to his features—"I believe I am at liberty to dilucidate that point; it is the marquis of Castlemaine."

The title was familiar to Cyrus; he remembered to have heard captain Brisco say that the marquis was lately come to his honours. Lyulph added other particulars; but as Dacre gave them only the passing attention of the moment, he had now forgot them, for which he was sorry; however, he desperately ventured to say to Cadmus — "What connexion have I with the marquis? why is it requisite that I should go over to Ireland?"

"I cannot respond to that question, Cyrus,"

Cyrus," he replied; "his lordship wishes to congreet you; and in my opination, if I am gifted with any prospicience, he will prove one of the best friends my dear Dacre has ever known."

There was something so affectionate in Crosthwaite's manner, that Cyrus, who had never found him otherwise than uniformly kind, save in the late instance concerning the Rokebys, yielded himself to his direction, as he had hitherto been used to do through life, and embarked with him for the shores of Erin, where they landed in safety, though not without encountering some perils, and more delay than they had reckoned upon. At Drogheda, a very sumptuous carriage, decorated with the Castlemaine arms, awaited their arrival; Cadmus no sooner understood this circumstance than he broke out into an expression of ecstasy, importing that his dearest hope would now be fulfilled. Cyrus wondered

dered at these raptures, the more as he plainly saw they had him for their object; but to ask explanation was vain.

They rested one night at Drogheda, and the next morning journeyed to Hartfield, the marquis's magnificent seat. Hartfield was delightfully situated on the banks of the Boyne; the prospect, diversified with hill and dale, was boundless and beautiful; the gardens and pleasure-grounds were very extensive, and cultivated with the best taste that age could boast; but the feelings of Cyrus gave the meed of preference to the sublime mountain scenery amongst which he had been reared.

The travellers were ushered into an elegant hall, adorned with pillars of white marble statues of Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, Titus Antoninus, and Marcus Aurelius, and busts of Livia and Octavia, all brought from Italy by the predecessor of the present marquis; from this hall they were conducted to a parlour not

not less sumptuous, and highly decorated; the hangings were of green damask, the paintings by the best masters of the Flemish school, and the chimney-piece, of the finest Egyptian marble, exhibited the transformation of Picus, from the Metamorphoses of Ovid, sculptured by the best efforts of modern art; a profusion of fine exotics bloomed in the windows, deceiving the mind into a forgetfulness of the season.

Cyrus thought this apartment the most beautiful he had ever seen; but Cadmus, true to his established habits, returned to the hall to view the monuments of antiquity it contained, and was only recalled from them by refreshments being served up; and this ceremony, ever a most important and essential one with Cadmus, being gone through, he was informed that the marquis requested to see him in his study; he obeyed the summons, and Cyrus, left to his own meditations, felt himself subdued

dued by a degree of emotion which no former event of his life had excited; an endless maze of conjecture, and ten thousand alternate hopes and fears, agitated his soul; at one moment his heart beat high with expectations which he dared not trust himself to think would be realized, and in the next it sunk beneath the pressure of apprehensions which reason vainly struggled to subdue.

In about ten minutes Crosthwaite returned to the room; he approached Cyrus with a look of rapture—"My dear Dacre," he said, "I have enough of metoposcopal knowledge to see that your atavaxia is very much disturbed, which is proleptical, as you are now to prepare yourself for a very great surprise; come, you must go with me to the marquis's study."

Cyrus obeyed, but he felt his frame thrill with perturbation; Crosthwaite led the way, and, as he opened the door, exhorted Cyrus in a low voice to be firm;

firm; he tried to profit by the admonition, but all self-possession forsook him when his eye rested on the marquis, who was, in form and feature, the very person described by Prudence as having once visited Brougham Castle, and who Cyrus had always believed to be his father; the haughty expression of his countenance, the years which were added to his age, and his evident ill-health, all conspired to identify him for the same; but a strong and visible emotion softened his features when he beheld Cyrus; and starting from the couch on which he reclined, he extended his arms and exclaimed—"My son!"

Cyrus, who, since the death of his mother, whose idea now retained only the faint impression of a dream on his memory, had never been greeted in the affectionate accents of relationship, met the paternal embrace with a feeling which no effort of imagination can adequately paint; all the strong, vivid, unblunted

blunted energies of his soul were called into action; the duty, reverence, tenderness, and joy of the son warmed his bosom, and spoke in his look; but in the same moment the stern, cruel, not to be accounted-for prohibitions of lord Castlemaine rose in array, and chilling every softer emotion, he involuntarily sunk on one knee, and raised his intelligent eyes, as if to implore the paternal blessing; was it that lord Castlemaine did not understand, or that he resisted this silent eloquence? Be it as it may, he blessed him not, but said in a hurried tone—"Rise, my dear Cyrus, and sit by me."

He obeyed, but saw, or thought he saw with dismay, that the cheek of the marquis became paler, and that his eye wore an expression beyond agitation, something approaching to frenzy; either willing to conquer those emotions, or determined they should not appear, lord Castlemaine subdued them by a visible effort,

effort, and entered into conversation with Crosthwaite on the subject of his journey, and other desultory topics; frequently addressing his son, and attending with evidently powerful interest to not only his replies, but to his every look and motion; changing the subject alternately to abstruse learning, polite literature, arts and sciences, as if to try the powers, and fathom the understanding of Cyrus, who, on his part, could not help observing that the peculiar dialect of Crosthwaite seemed perfectly familiar to the marquis, and in no case to need an interpreter.

In about half an hour, a gentleman of venerable form and pleasing aspect entered; lord Castlemaine rose, and, of course, his companions did so likewise, with a dignity and self-possession which evinced the most perfect dominion over his feelings; he introduced the stranger to Cyrus as the abbé Delmont, his confessor;

fessor; and then presenting the former to the latter, said impressively—"My son, lord Hartfield."

The abbé received the young nobleman with benignity and kindness, and the party dined together in much harmony. Cyrus, or, as he ought now to be called, lord Hartfield, found ample matter for reflection in the events of the morning; his conjecture on the subject of his father's religion, it was now evident, had been right, and in his elevated rank might be found a very probable reason for Crosthwaite's supposition that he would never be permitted to marry Idonea Rokeby; but why he had ever been restricted from marrying at all, and whether that restriction was now meant to be annulled, since lord Castlemaine himself had removed that which interdicted all inquiry on the subject of his extraction, were points on which he was still left to vague conjecture. Young and ardent, he was inclined to hope every thing; but though

though the manner of lord Castlemaine was perfectly such as ought to mark his regard for his son and heir, and to give him consequence with his household, there was still in his general deportment so much of the pride of aristocracy, that the open, ingenuous confidence of Cyrus felt repelled; and so much of what he could not define, but which seemed so like remorse and despair, that he contemplated his parent at once with horror and pity.

In the course of the evening, the abbé Delmont and Crosthwaite left the room together, to view some monument of antiquity which the former had been describing, when the marquis, as if yielding himself to his paternal feelings, approached his son, and folding him affectionately to his heart, expressed the joy with which he beheld him so every way equal to his most ardent hopes, and so highly gifted to adorn the station in life he was now called to fill; he then made

him

him some valuable and elegant presents, and presented him with bills and money to a considerable amount.

Cyrus fervently expressed that gratitude which his excellent heart dictated, and ventured to say—"Why, my dearest father, have I been so long estranged from the blessing of your protection and society?"

Dark and dreadful was the anguish which passed over lord Castlemaine's features as Hartfield spoke; for a moment he looked as if inclined to resent the question of his son; but either his displeasure subsided, or he concealed it, for he calmly replied—"On that point, my dear Hartfield, you have much to learn; and as Crosthwaite in part knows my mind on the subject, and I shall further explain it to him, he will, before his departure, make you a revelation of various particulars."

These, it is needless to say, Cyrus ardently wished to know. Cadmus and

the abbé returned soon after. The marquis, though he had allowed little appearance of agitation to escape him, had evidently suffered much from the events of this day, for he was visibly ill, and retired early for the night.

CHAPTER IV.

WHILE such were the unexpected vicissitudes that marked the lot of Cyrus, Mr. Rokeby fulfilled the promise he had made, or rather implied, to his daughter; and related to her some particulars of his early life which had hitherto been known only to himself and Mrs. Rokeby, and which he would not at present have thought of divulging, had not the busy malice of Dunning rendered the revelation in some degree unavoidable. The family from whom he claimed his descent

descent was very ancient and highly respectable; the death of his father left him the inheritor of an estate in that part of the county of Cumberland which borders on the Irish Sea; in its vicinity was an old mansion inhabited by two ladies, who, it was understood, were related to each other in the degree of aunt and niece; though a flaw was supposed to attach to the birth of the latter, as it was known she would not inherit the entailed property of her protectress.

Miss Featherstonhaugh, then near forty, was a very graceful and elegant woman, possessing a highly-cultivated mind, and skilled in all the accomplishments of that age; a female thus adorned by nature and education, and endowed with what is generally esteemed an equivalent for the bounties of both—a large fortune—could not fail to attract many admirers, and to receive many eligible matrimonial offers; but a lofty, unbending spirit was her distinguishing

characteristic, and she felt or conceived that ties of that nature would fetter that freedom of will and of action which she prized and boasted of as an immutable and invaluable privilege.

Miss Hilton, the junior lady, still in the bloom of life, possessed all those captivating, yet retired graces, those fascinations of form and of face, and that winning gentleness of manners, which render female youth so attractive; to see and to love her was with Rokeby the rapid work of a first interview; and a few succeeding ones told Miss Hilton that their hearts were woven of similar materials, and attuned to the same feelings.

Miss Featherstonhaugh perceived these sentiments, it may be, before they were known to themselves, and was prepared to take an ungenerous advantage of them. Characters like hers, however highly toned and imposing, have seldom much of stability, and too frequently little

little of that principle which withholds its disciples from seeking the gratification of their own wishes at the expence of those of others; though her heart had hitherto boasted itself as invulnerable, she now yielded every faculty to a sudden, and it should seem unsought and unreturned, admiration of Mr. Rokeby, though so many years younger than herself. Deeply read in the human mind, she saw that he loved Miss Hilton with a tenderness which she was well disposed to return; but aware that the latter regarded herself with an affection which would shrink from no sacrifice required of it, she turned those feelings to her own advantage, and without allowing the parties time to express to each other the mutual attachment they were inspired with, still less to exchange vows or engagements, she caused it to be intimated to them, through the medium of a friend, who was, she knew, devoted to her interest and service, that she had

so far departed from her avowed resolve of never marrying, as to admit a sentiment of high admiration in favour of Mr. Rokeby, which she had secretly nourished until it was making rapid prey of her peace, and would eventually do so of her life.

This intelligence struck in bitterness to the soul of Miss Hilton; but all of tenderness for the protectress of her youth, all of high-wrought, romantic enthusiasm, and all of that noble disinterestedness which prefers the happiness of others to its own, conspired to urge the sacrifice; and in a subsequent interview with Rokeby, in which he addressed her in language more marked than hitherto, she reined in her anguished feelings, and firmly repelled his attentions, hinting that she thought them due where they would be well received.

Rokeby combining this hint with those he had already heard from the friend of Miss Featherstonhaugh, could be

be at no loss to ascertain his conquest; the assumed indifference of Miss Hilton he believed to be real; and urged by pique, by vanity, by interest, or by all those combined, he transferred his addresses from the niece to the aunt. How benignly they were received needs not to be told; and a very few weeks saw him the husband of Miss Featherstonhaugh, and in uncontrolled possession of her fortune, so far as depended on herself; for in the event of her dying without issue, a considerable part of it was settled, by the will of an ancestor, on a Mr. Dickenson, her near relation—a man profligate in principle, and licentious in practice. He had, long previous to this period, been Miss Featherstonhaugh's ardent and importunate lover; but whether his attachment was to her person, or to that property which he in part was, and in part was not, heir to, seemed dubious. Be that as it may, his suit was rejected, but his hopes were not

finally extinguished until her marriage; he then lighted the torch of hatred at the expiring embers of love, and vowed a revenge which was nourished, embittered, and confirmed by subsequent events.

The fine mind of Miss Hilton, inured on all occasions to tread the strictest path of duty, exerted itself to subdue the infant attachment she was beginning to cherish, and to behold with composure the domestic felicity of Mr. and Mrs. Rokeby, with whom she continued to reside. Their happiness was transient, for the birth of Idonea was the death-blow of her parent. She did not believe herself to be in danger until nearly the last awful hour; but when too fatally assured of it, before feeling and understanding entirely fled, she pathetically addressed her husband and Miss Hilton, who hung over her inconsolable, and recommended her infant daughter to their protection. She spoke with a difficulty

culty which increased every moment, and with many pauses and interruptions, added—"My beloved Rokeby, and you, my dearest Lucy, I know too well that you were attached to each other before my fatal passion interposed to separate you; but you will yet be happy—no tie of relationship binds you. Lucy, you are not my niece; your mother was my most intimate——"

Thus far only of the last sentence was intelligible; the rest her auditors, chilled by surprise and grief, could not distinguish.

Miss Hilton fainted, and was carried from the apartment; and Rokeby was in a state little better. To abridge whatever is extraneous, the senses of Mrs. Rokeby fled soon after her speech became inarticulate, and in less than two hours she expired.

Miss Hilton recovered, at once to lament the loss of her friend, and of all trace by which she might hope to discover.

ver her family or connexions. Her belief of her relationship to Mrs. Rokeby was totally cut off, since it was evident that lady was perfectly collected when she made the assertion which destroyed such belief; she knew her to have had a sister who died in early prime, the circumstances of whose life or death had never been clearly explained to her, but who she had always supposed to be her mother. Thus situated, a thousand imposing considerations forbade her remaining the inmate of Mr. Rokeby's house; but whither should she go? of whom seek support and consolation? Though reared in the bosom of domestic comfort, and surrounded from infancy by every elegance which the existing period and local situation admitted of, she felt herself, in one dread moment, isolated in the wide world, homeless and portionless. Such a state of circumstances, combined with the loss of a most beloved friend, with that friend's dying declarations,

declarations, and acting upon a heart of extreme sensibility, and a frame naturally delicate, produced a nervous fever, which, in its consequences, confined her an invalid for some months, and totally unfitted her to devise, still less execute, plans for the future.

While such was the situation of Miss Hilton's mind, Mr. Rokeby, though deeply deploring the loss of his wife, could not abstract his from her last words; they ever sounded on his mental ear, and presenting themselves in every point of view, claimed the attention of every faculty; yet, enervated and weakened as they were, he now had a feeling about him which would have concealed, even from himself, that he had indeed once loved Lucy Hilton with a tenderness beyond what he had ever felt for the late partner of his bosom; but it would not do; no effort could effectually make such a concealment, for his sufferings on account of Miss Hilton's

illness spoke an interest stronger than the united powers of friendship and humanity are known to create. His departed wife had said, in an awful moment, and with prophetic earnestness—"You will yet be happy—no tie of relationship binds you;" and every time the thought recurred, his heart vibrated with an emotion which seemed to say, "the prophecy will be fulfilled." He hoped, but his every hope on this subject was yet scarce breathed in whispers to his soul, as if sacrilege was in the bare idea—he hoped that there might be traced amongst the papers of the deceased Mrs. Rokeby some confirmation of what she had asserted; but, to his unspeakable surprise, no papers whatever, which bore the stamp of consequence, on either that subject or any other, were to be found. The only supposition he could hold by was, that Mrs. Rokeby, previous to her confinement, cherishing a presentiment of the event, had herself destroyed them; but

Miss

Miss Hilton, when informed of the circumstance, though she participated in both Mr. Rokeby's astonishment and disappointment, could not admit the presumption, aware that her deceased friend, in her then-existing situation, could not have had time to examine and make an end of such a large mass of written documents as she possessed; some person then, who had access to her effects, must have conveyed away the papers, and suspicion could rest on no one but her woman, who, when questioned on the subject, denied any such transaction, with a pertinacity which weakened, though it did not wholly root out, the belief of her guilt in the minds of her auditors, but left them undecided until further proof could be obtained.

The business of settling Mrs. Rokeby's affairs occasioned frequent meetings between her husband and Dickenson, the next of kin to the infant Idonea, and, but for the circumstance of her birth, heir,

heir, as has already been said, to a considerable part of her mother's landed property.

Mr. Rokeby, but partially acquainted with the defects of this man's character, was far from suspecting the black malignity which lurked in his heart, and very naturally concluding that, as a member of the family, he was acquainted with the secret of Miss Hilton's birth, he took an opportunity of introducing the subject; but too candid and noble-minded to employ that winding, subtle mode of inquiry which might have foiled Dickenson at his own weapons, he, with more of frankness than prudence, asked him if he knew who the lady in question claimed her descent from, and why it had been made a point to insinuate a relationship between her and the late Mrs. Rokeby?

Dickenson, with all his art, did not immediately perceive Rokeby's motives for these inquiries, but, the slave of interest

rest himself, supposed him to be governed by the same considerations, and that he was now harassed with an apprehension that Miss Hilton might have some sort of claim on the property of her departed friend. To do away such an idea, was, he conceived, of moment to himself; he therefore, shortly and hastily, replied—"No, no, sir; Miss Hilton has no natural claim on the property of our family; in default of your daughter, it centres in me, and me alone."

Though his eagerness, and the selfish impulse in which it originated, were both apparent to Rokeby, he was yet so delighted with this unequivocal testimony, on a subject so interesting to his feelings, from one thus nearly connected with the family, that, in the flush of the moment, and in the hope of obtaining further confirmation, he told Dickenson what his late wife had said in her last moments. As he spoke, the animated glow of his cheek, and the brilliant flash

of

of his eye, gave his auditor to comprehend what sentiments had urged his inquiries; and, prompted by the inherent malignity of his disposition, he repented having so incumbently denied the affinity of Mrs. Rokeby and Miss Hilton to each other; and eager to do away, if possible, the impression of his words, he said, with sneering irony of voice and manner—"Why, sir, in speaking just now of Miss Hilton's supposed claim, I apprehend I used the word *natural* instead of *legal*; observe, however, I do not take upon me to say that she *has not the former*, but I do positively affirm that she cannot urge *the latter*."

"Moments there are, which in their rapid flight
Bring the slow mysteries of years to light."

This was one of them. The guile-fraught and sarcastic countenance, the fiend-like tone, and the flagrant prevarication of Dickenson, at once unfolded his character to Rokeby, and showed him the villain

lain in his darkest point of view. A conviction flashed on his mind, that to answer some sinister purpose of his own he had possessed himself of Mrs. Rokeby's papers through the medium of her servant; but this was a subject on which, as he could not bring the charge home to the aggressor, so he felt himself condemned to silence; however, the first blow was now struck, and they did not part without such bitter words on both sides as laid the foundation of a lasting enmity. With Rokeby, indeed, such would never have been an active principle, nor a passive one beyond that contempt and abhorrence which a virtuous mind cannot but feel for flagrant and incorrigible wickedness, though it is ever allowed to hope that the dawn of repentance and reformation may hereafter arise in a heart thus guilty; but with Dickenson it became a rooted, settled, deliberate determination to work the man whom he now hated as his enemy and his adversary all possible injury and mischief.

Rokeby's

Rokeby's first act, on his return home, was to hold a fresh inquisition on the woman, whom he, with so much colour of justice, suspected of having secreted the papers. Nothing transpired to criminate her; but her flight from his house, two days after she was thus questioned, carried at least presumptive proof of her guilt.

Though both Rokeby and Miss Hilton were thus entirely cut off from obtaining any shadow of information on a point so interesting to their feelings, not the remotest doubt darkened the mind of either, that Mrs. Rokeby had spoken truth in asserting that no degree of relationship subsisted between the latter and herself.

Time mellowed their sorrows for the loss they had sustained; the powerful feelings of youthful and early attachment revived; and about twelve months from the period of his wife's death, Rokeby was blessed with the hand of Lucy Hilton, aware that in thus uniting himself, he was giving his infant Idonea the

the tenderest and most attached of mothers. But the demoniac malice of Dickenson soon projected the downfall of their domestic comfort; for on information which he obtained to be given, a suit was commenced against them in the ecclesiastical court, for having intermarried within a prohibited degree of consanguinity; and as it was totally out of their power to bring forward any evidence to disprove the accusation, the only measure they could have recourse to was the one already named as having been adopted—to retire to Temple-Sowerby, a place endowed with privileges which rendered it a sanctuary for refugees who had offended in the way the Rokebys were supposed to have done. Here they had resided ever since, safe from the persecuting malice of Dickenson, whose baseness met its just retribution; for his extravagance had so far deranged his affairs, that he was himself compelled to lead the life of a fugitive.

No

No circumstance had transpired to throw the remotest light on the family history of Mrs. Rokeby; and though time had in a great degree blunted her regrets on that subject, still there were moments when she suffered much mental inquietude, which had its origin in those feelings.

CHAPTER V.

Time were over at Hartfield without any communication being made to Cyrus of the nature lord Castlemaine had led him to expect, though Cadmus still remained the marquis's guest.

His lordship continued very unwell, and saw little company; for though many visitors of high rank presented themselves, few were admitted; to those who were, lord Hartfield was presented in form:

form: but, by his father's desire, he did not, at present, accept any invitations in the neighbourhood, but confined his rides and walks entirely to the domains of Hartfield.

The secluded and melancholy life led by lord Castlemaine, his evident ill-health, abstraction, and total wreck of spirits, gave at first great pain to the sensitive and affectionate heart of his son; but his apprehensions yielded when he found that the chief domestics, and, beyond all, the abbé Delmont, did not think the marquis seriously ill, and in these points only considered him as pursuing the usual routine of his habits of life; and Cadmus said, in his sneering way—"Certainly it is very vituperable in lord Castlemaine to yield himself to this tenebrosity."

Crosthwaite had been about three weeks at Hartfield when he received a letter from his wife, in which, amongst other pieces of intelligence, she related that

that Lyulph Brisco was much better, and was then at Mr. Rokeby's, his medical directors being of opinion that change of air and place would prove beneficial to both his health and spirits.

Prudence added an indignant paragraph, importing that the Rokebys and the Briscos had abjured all intercourse with her, she supposed in consequence of Cadmus's disapproval of Cyrus's attachment to Idonea—a measure which, though at first disposed to blame, she now perceived was one of great propriety; and since the Rokebys had behaved so haughtily, she should enjoy their mortification on finding they had aspired where they had so little pretension; for herself, though living without her dear Cyrus would be next to death, still her heart would rejoice to see him ride in his own coach, and hear him called my lord.

Cadmus read this part of the letter to Cyrus, and bestowing on the Rokebys and

and Briscos the epithet of vituperable idiots, passed on to other topics more congenial to his feelings. But Lyulph Brisco, the inmate of Idonea's dwelling, alone claimed the attention of Cyrus, seized every faculty, occupied every thought, and brought back all he had feared, believed, and imagined a few weeks before on the banks of Ullswater. It was not that Idonea had ever been deposed from the sovereignty she held in his bosom, or that he had ever been unmindful of the reconciliation which had taken place between them; but since his residence in Ireland, in scenes and under circumstances to him so new and unexpected, his mind had necessarily been abstracted from former views and habits; added to which, the tenderness with which lord Castlemaine treated him had nourished an almost unconscious hope that he might, in time, be induced to recede from his former strange and yet unexplained resolution on the subject of his

his son's marriage; but now this lovely air-woven perspective faded before the certainty of captain Brisco's residence under the same roof with Miss Rokeby. All the inherent jealousy of his nature flamed out afresh; and while mental vision ever painted the fine eyes of Lyulph pleading with persuasive eloquence to Idonea, love was absorbed in fear, and hope in doubt.

Crosthwaite was several times on the point of quitting Hartfield, but lord Castlemaine pressed his remaining; and the affectionate Cyrus, most reluctant to part with his early friend and instructor, seconded the invitation with all the rhetoric in his power.

Cadmus, thus assailed, protracted his stay to upwards of a month, when business imperiously demanded his return home. The day before his departure, he entered lord Hartfield's apartment, and after a long exordium, gave the young nobleman a detail, which, when translated

lated into modern and intelligible English, was in substance as follows:—

"The family name of the present marquis of Castlemaine was Ponsonby; he was a junior son of the gentleman so called, who has already been mentioned as the patron of Crosthwaite's youth. He was educated for the church, and at the usual age took orders; soon after which he married Miss Dacre, first cousin to the young baronet with whom Crosthwaite made the tour of Europe. Though the parties were well suited in the points of age, person, birth, and fortune, it might yet be regarded rather as a union of obedience than inclination on both sides, Ponsonby being influenced by his father, and Miss Dacre by her uncle and guardian.

"It is notorious that the court-party of the English clergy, about the latter end of the reign of the second Charles, could scarcely be classed with the reformed, but were in doctrine and disci-

pline so far assimilated with the church of Rome, as to make it no matter of surprise that they should join that communion, when, on the accession of James the Second, the sanction, influence, and example of the monarch led to such a measure. Of this number none was more prominent than Mr. Ponsonby, whose mind, deeply tinctured with romance and superstition, was early inclined to popery, and at the period now under consideration, he openly professed its tenets, adopting them in their full extent.

"The celibacy of the clergy, though never held by the Romanists as an essential or fundamental article, in as much as it was rejected in some countries, and vehemently opposed in others, was a point at that time highly insisted upon.

"Ponsonby listened to the sophistical arguments used by his popish guides to persuade him on this subject, until his understanding became entirely warped,

and

and he made it an absolute case of conscience to separate himself from his amiable wife, and to abjure his infant son. Her pleadings he thought it a crime to listen to; her tears he deemed it virtue to withstand; and the soft voice of nature, through the dear medium of an only child, was, his infatuated bigotry believed, a temptation which he was called upon by Heaven to resist; he restored to his wife the fortune he had received with her, and from that time attached himself to a nobleman who was his relation and patron, and a firm adherent of king James.

"Yielding himself to the most gloomy tenets of the faith he had embraced, he submitted to the most severe penances for the crime which he thought he had committed in having married, and these acting upon a constitution naturally delicate, injured his health so much that it visibly declined.

"It is difficult to say whether such a

perversion of the understanding merited pity or blame, but the former alone was due to his excellent injured wife, who, for the sake of her child, endeavoured to support with firmness and dignity the desertion of her misguided husband. The uncle who had been her guardian was dead, and having no near relatives, for her cousin, sir Robert Dacre, was (as has already been hinted) a man of so morose a disposition, that little intercourse could be maintained with him, she sought an asylum at Lee-Hall near Alston, a small mansion and farm, occupied by a person who had been a tenant of her father's. Here she had been only a few months, when a complaint, chiefly the consequence of broken peace, terminated her sorrows and her life.

"Cadmus Crosthwaite, whose youth had been passed in the service of the Ponsonbys and the Dacres, and who felt for every member of the latter family a degree of respect approaching to veneration,

tion, was her trusted adviser and agent in all her affairs, and to his care, in her last moments, she bequeathed her son, with a request, dictated by wounded feeling, that he might be called by her name, and not that of his father, and that he might be educated in the strict profession of the Protestant faith.

"Mr. Ponsonby's visit to Brougham Castle, a short time subsequent to her death, has already been related. It was just after the abdication of king James, whose adherents, conscious that they had been little disposed to show mercy to the opposite party, believed that they had little to expect in return, and endeavoured, by flight and disguises, to shun the proscription they dreaded.

"Ponsonby, as has already been observed, told Crosthwaite, that as it respected Cyrus, he should hold his mother's orders sacred, nor would he violate one of them, but determined, so far as depended on himself, to counteract the

effects of what he considered his crime—that of having been a husband, and the father of one who was to be reared a Protestant; he delivered to Cadmus that dreadful paper in which he denounced his malediction on his ill-fated son if ever he sought to discover the author of his being, became a minister of the reformed church, or entered into the state of matrimony, which Ponsonby regarded as carrying his crime down to posterity.

"His struggle with the feelings of nature when he saw his innocent child, and the deep superstition of his character, were described in their proper place. From Brougham he went over to Ireland, from whence he afterwards attended the fugitive monarch to France, in which country he resided thirteen years. That genial climate greatly restored his health, but his gloomy habits remained unaltered. He corresponded at intervals with Cadmus, but never expressed any interest in the concerns of his son, further

further than to be assured that his injunctions were obeyed. He had, the foregoing summer, very unexpectedly succeeded to the honours of Castlemaine, in consequence of the successive deaths of the late marquis, his son, and his own elder brother; of course the large estates and personal property of the houses of Castlemaine and Ponsonby all centered in him; his fortune was in consequence immense: circumstances are known to change sentiments, and these material and unexpected vicissitudes effected a very imporsant one in his. That ardent desire of perpetuating their name and their honours, which is the natural, or, if that word cannot be allowed, inherent or immutable feeling of nobility, prompted him to take the decided measure of applying to the papal court for that absolution, dispensation, and indulgence, which, according to his code of opinions, would cancel the guilt of having been

at once a priest and a parent, and justify him to himself in securing to his son those honours and dignities which, by the laws of his country, he was heir to.

"Such was the position of affairs when Cadmus deemed it his incumbent duty to acquaint lord Castlemaine, in a hasty letter, with the attachment Cyrus had formed; and his lordship, in consequence, dreading lest his son should connect himself beneath his rank in life, took the resolution of sending for him to Hartfield, and avowing their relationship in the way which has already been detailed."

Such was the substance of Crosthwaite's communication, which his young friend listened to with very painful emotions; his heart bled for the woes which had torn the bosom of his amiable mother, and contemplated his father with a cherished pity, yet with a shade of censure which he vainly strove to suppress.

The only intelligence which Cadmus added

added was, that the pontifical fiat had not yet arrived, but was daily and anxiously expected by the marquis.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Crosthwaite quitted Ireland, lord Hartfield earnestly solicited and obtained his promise to write him word of every event of importance which should take place in the Rokeby family.

Every hour of delay in the arrival of the messenger from Rome seemed to augment the dejection and irritability of lord Castlemaine, which broke out in a thousand little instances similar to the following:—

One evening, as they sat at supper, a fly, which had been playing round the candle, singed its wing; the marquis contemplated its agonies some time in

silent melancholy, then crushing it with his hand, he said, in a tone of despondency—"Thy miseries are ended; that blow is to thee annihilation, but to man death——" He broke off the sentence and groaned.

This unvarying gloom insensibly sunk the spirits of his son and the abbé Delmont, now his only companions. The abbé, mild and placid both by nature and habit, bent his every effort to sooth that anguish which reason could not eradicate, and which mistaken ideas of religion served to nourish; but Cyrus could only second his efforts by the most respectful and affectionate attention, for he ever had a feeling about him, which, either having its origin in the frigid manners of lord Castlemaine, or in the circumstance of his never having resided with him till now, deterred him from using that freedom with his parent which otherwise he would have done.

At length the dispensation arrived, executed

executed with due observance of every form; it seemed to act like magic on the marquis, to renovate his health, and reanimate his spirits. He removed immediately to his residence in Dublin, presented his son to the viceroy, introduced him to the first circles in the kingdom, and took measures to obtain for him a seat in the Irish senate the first vacancy that should happen.

In all this Cyrus punctually obeyed his commands, as matters which his station in life required him to observe; but he saw that the next point with lord Castlemaine would be to connect him in marriage suitably to his rank, as many young ladies of fashion were recommended to his choice, in a way between jest and earnest; but with the wonted feelings of romantic youth, his heart adhered to the object of its first regards, and he made a resolution which he believed he could ever hold sacred, firmly to re-

sist all attempts to induce him to form another union.

The first letter received from Crosthwaite after his return to Brougham was addressed to lord Castlemaine; of course Cyrus could not expect any news of the Rokebys; but it came accompaed by an epistle to himself from Arthur Brisco, which he had transmitted to Cadmus, with a request that he would forward it to Ireland. It was in answer to one which lord Hartfield had written to his young friend, and contained little beyond the most cordial congratulations on his recent change of fortune. The Rokebys were never mentioned in it, nor the slightest glance given at any circumstance in which they were concerned.

The winter months passed away, and at an early period of the spring lord Castlemaine, accompainied by his son and the abbé Delmont, returned to Hartfield,

field, finding the air of that place more congenial to his health than that of Dublin. They had not been there above a week, when a letter from Crosthwaite was delivered to Cyrus; he opened it with trembling eagerness, yet with an undefinable sensation of dread; but what terms shall record his feelings when he read the information that captain Brisco, restored to perfect health, had gone over to Ireland! but that he had not travelled alone, for that Miss Stanley—and, oh! torture to the soul of Cyrus, Miss Rokeby also, were his companions! The paper fell from his nerveless grasp, a mist seemed to obscure his sight, and it was some minutes before he could so far compose his mind, or arrange his ideas, as to reflect on what he had read, and then it seemed such a departure from every precedent, such a violation of all propriety, so incongruous in every shape, for two single females, without any chaperon of their own sex, to travel with a young

young military man, that it excited in the refined mind of Cyrus a sensation nearly approaching to horror; they must surely forfeit all pretensions to respectability, unless one of them appeared in the character of his wife, of which Crosthwaite had not given the remotest hint. But the more lord Hartfield reflected upon it, the more he felt convinced in his own mind that it must be so; yet it could not be Isabella Stanley; her near relationship to Lyulph, though it could not sanction her being his travelling companion, was such as made them regard each other in almost the light of brother and sister. She was not less than twenty-eight, and though, in every respect, very amiable and agreeable, she was by no means the woman likely to captivate a man who had seen so much of the world as Lyulph Brisco: but Idonea Rokeby was related to him only in a very remote degree; she possessed youth, beauty, and

accom-

accomplishments; was transcendently gifted with the rarest qualities of the mind and the heart, and would inherit what, in those days, might be termed a large fortune. Idonea then, Cyrus thought, must either be already the wife of Brisco, or was to become so immediately on their arrival in Ireland, and the idea excited in him the most dreadful alternities of rage, of anguish, and of remorse, for having ever yielded his affections to the empire of such a woman; then pride came in aid of fortitude, and he flattered himself he had conquered a juvenile, ill-placed attachment; but imagination was ever wandering back to the silvan shades of Whinfield Park, and to days of departed peace and delight, until the anguish that preyed on his heart made visible ravages on his frame; a melancholy gloom saddened his fine features, and the rose fled from his late blooming cheek. The paternal solicitude of lord Castlemaine was alarmed, and perhaps suspecting

suspecting that his son's heart was the seat of his malady, he projected and proposed an excursion which should for the present amuse his chagrin, and might be eventually productive of consequences which should remove it.

Amongst the Irish Catholic nobility with whom the marquis was on terms of friendly intimacy, were the earl and countess of Inishannon. Their acquaintance commenced in France, in which country, and at Rome, they resided several years; but for the three last they had lived chiefly at Kilarvon, a fine seat of the earl's, about thirty miles from Kilkenny. One son and one daughter were their sole surviving issue.

Cyrus had been introduced to this family the preceding winter at Dublin, and deemed them deserving of high estimation; as a husband, a father, a friend, and a landlord, the earl shone in the first class of worth and excellence. His lady possessed rich remains of grace and beauty,

beauty, and in her the dignity of high rank and middle age was softened by the most attractive female sweetness and gentleness.

Their son, lord Broomsgrove, now about twenty-four, was, lord Hartfield thought, the most amiable young man he had yet seen in Ireland; but his sister, lady Teresa Nugent, four years his junior, was one of those characters which, on a first acquaintance, at once claim admiration and enforce respect. In person she was tall, commanding, and majestic; her face was beautiful, and her countenance expressive; but either the feelings of lord Hartfield associated every object with those long domiciliated in his heart, or else a really-existing resemblance struck him, in the two interviews he had with lady Teresa, between her features and those of Hannah Harrop, captain Brisco's rustic favourite, whilst the tones of her voice were so strikingly like those of Mrs. Rokeby, that he could scarcely

scarcely persuade himself but it was she who spoke.

Those traits of resemblance did not, however, extend to the manner of lady Teresa; that was entirely her own, and wore a peculiar and captivating charm; it had more of the freedom of modern times, than of the stately ceremony then in fashion; but there was in it a grace and a cordiality as unaffected, as unstudied, and as much the inherent attribute of lady Teresa, as was the flash of her brilliant eye.

Lord Inishannon was rich in both landed and personal property; the former would, of course, descend to his son; whilst lady Teresa, it was generally believed, would, beyond her portion of the latter, inherit the whole property of a maiden sister of the earl's, whose idol she was; so much so, that the self-will said to be the characteristic and only foible of this young lady, was generally ascribed to the partial indulgence shown her

her by this aunt. Such was the family at Kilarvon, and there was scarcely another in Ireland to which lord Castlemaine would so willingly have allied his son; the rank, person, fortune, and, beyond all, the religion of lady Teresa, were exactly such as he wished in the wife of Cyrus; he had, as already observed, been educated in the reformed religion, by the express injunction of his mother, which Ponsonby, then having only a very remote and improbable chance of ever holding that station in society which he was now called to fill, had solemnly promised not to violate; beyond this, he was very sensible of the advantages which a Protestant nobleman possesses over a Catholic one; of course he did not urge his son to become a convert to popery; but it was his earnest wish that he should marry a daughter of the church of Rome, as in that case his female descendants would, in all probability, be educated in that communion.

Lord

Lord Hartfield could not but see the hopes and intentions of his father when he proposed a visit to Kilarvon; yet he offered no objection to the plan; for he never opposed the marquis's wishes on any point; accordingly a day in the ensuing week was fixed for their departure, and the abbé Delmont, who was well known to lord and lady Inishannon, was to be of the party.

The evening before they were to set out, lord Castlemaine received a letter, which he read to himself in the presence of his son; it seemed of great length; and Cyrus, as he stole a glance at his countenance, saw it marked with an expression of visible surprise, blended with another feeling; but whether that might be regret, vexation, disappointment, or some other of the same class, he could not exactly define.

When the marquis had finished the perusal, he sat some minutes abstracted in thought, and then said to his son, in that

hat sort of tone which at once made nown his will, and barred all inquiry nto its motives—" We do not go to Kilarvon to-morrow."

Lord Hartfield did not venture to make any other reply than such as merely signified acquiescence and submission; but he asked whether the Inishannon family were all well, and received an affirmative answer.

The marquis then relapsed into a fit of musing; but in about a quarter of an hour he rang the bell, and when a servant attended, bade his son good-night, and retired to his own apartment, where he sent to request the company of the abbé Delmont, who was reading in the library.

Cyrus vainly tried to conjecture why a visit which lord Castlemaine had been evidently so much interested about, was thus abruptly suspended; so far as respected himself, he felt totally unconcerned; for though he allowed lady Teresa

Teresa to be a very lovely and captivating woman, he had not at present any thoughts of attaching himself to her.

The next day the marquis was gloomy, abstracted in thought, and somewhat peevish; three weeks wore over, and no mention was made of the Inishannon family; about this period the abbé Delmont received a letter from his sister, who had been long married and settled in England, earnestly pressing him to make her a visit, as her husband was very ill, and at such a juncture his society would be a real consolation.

Lord Castlemaine, though he felt great reluctance to parting with him, even for a short time, could not at this crisis express any; the abbé departed, and the marquis's habitual melancholy seemed to gather strength in his absence, whilst lord Hartfield suppressed the grief which ever rankled in his own heart, and exerted himself to sooth and amuse his parent.

CHAP-

CHAPTER VII.

DELMONT had been gone near a fortnight, when the marquis complained of a pain and giddiness in his head, attended by a lethargic inclination and difficulty of breathing; on the second day of his being thus affected, his son earnestly pressed him to have advice, but could only obtain a promise, that if the symptoms continued the following day, he would allow a physician to be sent for from Dublin. He was not worse in the evening, and retired early.

The chamber occupied by Cyrus was only separated from that of his father by the one where the abbé Delmont slept when at Hartfield; about three in the morning, he was awakened by footsteps quickly passing and repassing along the gallery

gallery—a low murmur of voices, and such a combination of sounds as excited a vague but general feeling of alarm and consternation; he started from his bed, and hastened to dress himself, in the certain belief that lord Castlemaine was very ill; he was half-attired when the marquis's valet rapped at the door; the taper which he carried gleamed on his countenance, and displayed its wild dismay, which struck to the heart of Cyrus—"Gracious Heaven!" he ejaculated, "what is the matter, Verdonne? is my father worse?"

"He is, my lord," he replied; and after the pause of a moment, added—"I apprehend his lordship is in great danger."

Cyrus flew to the gallery; Verdonne followed, and clasping his arm, strove to detain him—"Do not go, my lord," he said, with much emotion; "I fear all is over—the marquis is dead."

There are words, there are tones, there

there are looks, which make an impression never—never to be erased; this was such a moment to Cyrus; it seemed to strike on that chord which connects the ethereal and terrestrial powers of man—"I will go, Verdonne," he exclaimed in wild anguish, and breaking from his hold, knelt the next moment by the bed of his parent.

Lord Castlemaine was indeed no more; he exhibited evident symptoms of having expired in a fit of apoplexy; every nerve of Cyrus was nearly palsied with anguish, but a strong principle of duty, and the divine influence of religion, supported him; Verdonne had already dispatched an express to Dublin for medical aid, and though reason told lord Hartfield, that the best efforts of skill would be unavailing, no motion of either the lungs or heart being perceptible, still an involuntary hope hung over him; this the arrival of the doctor effectually

 dispelled:

dispelled: the spark of life was for ever extinguished.

Melancholy in the most extreme degree was the situation of Cyrus, now marquis of Castlemaine, thus left an orphan in a land of strangers, without one friend near to console, advise, or assist him; true, he was surrounded by every elegance and every comfort that wealth could purchase, and was amply vested with funds which would insure the continuance of those blessings; but no look of tenderness soothed, no voice of affinity greeted him, no sigh reverberated to that which burst from his bosom, no tear mingled with his to the memory of lord Castlemaine; most earnestly did he wish for the presence of his early and revered friend Mr. Dalston,—of Crosthwaite, on whom, with all his peculiarities, he could firmly have relied in every exigence; and of the abbé Delmont, who, though differing in faith, he highly esteemed;

esteemed: but wishes were unavailing, circumstances demanded exertion, and reason condemned fruitless grief.

Mr. Bourne, who had been chief agent to both the deceased nobleman and his brother, the late Mr. Ponsonby, was a man of principle and understanding, and by his advice the young marquis sent immediately for Mr. Fitzgerald, the gentleman who for twenty years past had transacted all the law business of the Castlemaine family; he instantly set out post for Hartfield, and on his arrival informed Cyrus that he was in possession of his father's will, which he felt himself authorised to declare must be opened before any material step was taken; the day was now shutting in, and lord Castlemaine, whose spirits were quite worn down, earnestly petitioned that this painful ceremony might be deferred until the following one.

Mr. Fitzgerald, though aware of the

necessity of immediate measures, could not, under existing circumstances, oppose a request which he well perceived was dictated by the most delicate filial tenderness and grief; and Cyrus having obtained what he considered as a reprieve from added suffering, retired to his chamber to hold communion with his own heart; to humble it in this hour of affliction in the sight of Heaven; and to obtain, if that were possible, some repose to renovate his exhausted frame, and bear up his mind under the mournful duties which yet remained to be fulfilled.

It is an old and a common observation, that sorrows seldom come single; and herein, as in most events of life, may be traced the all-wise dispensations of a kind and watchful Providence; the grief which is single, rooted, and fixed to one object, consumes its victim; but two sources of anguish relieve each other, and

and what we blindly deem the rod of affliction is in reality the sceptre of mercy.

Cyrus thought himself as wretched as he could be; but one more trial yet awaited him; he rose unrefreshed from a sleepless pillow; his servant brought breakfast to his dressing-room, and with it a parcel of letters which had arrived late the preceding night; two were in the handwriting of Crosthwaite, one of them superscribed to the marquis of Castlemaine, the other to lord Hartfield. Cyrus wept afresh as he put aside that which was addressed to his departed parent, for he made it a sacred and inviolable point of duty that the private papers of the deceased marquis should be inspected by no one but the abbé Delmont, who, he hoped, would return to Hartfield with all possible speed; Mr. Bourne having written to him, and also to Crosthwaite, in less than an hour after

it was certified lord Castlemaine was dead.

When Cyrus had regained some degree of composure, he opened his own letter; it is possible to form some faint conception of what must be the state of his mind, who, having received a pistol-ball in his heart, should have that moment of agony prolonged; such was the feeling of Castlemaine when he read the intelligence, written in haste, that his once—oh! still fondly-loved Idonea was indeed become the wife of captain, now major Brisco, he having been lately promoted to a majority; and that Mr. and Mrs. Rokeby were gone over to Ireland to visit the newly-married pair. A cold, icy horror, a sensation like death and despair, came over him, and he was alive only to one wish, which was, that he could descend to the grave with his father.

From this state of mental misery he was

was roused by a message from Mr. Fitzgerald, requesting permission to attend him; he came accompanied by Mr. Bourne, and O'Donelly, the house-steward, as witnesses to the reading of lord Castlemaine's will; by it Cyrus found himself heir to a very considerable property; the Ponsonby estates, together with those annexed to the title, amounted to the sum of forty-two thousand *per annum*, and were capable of prodigious improvement: the marquis had died rich in personal property, and this would suffer little diminution by the payment of his debts, which the short time he had enjoyed his honours, and his retired habits of life, conspired to render very trifling.

The chief legacies decreed were three hundred a-year to Crosthwaite for life, with remainder to Prudence in case of her surviving; the same sum to the abbé Delmont, "to aid," as lord Castlemaine had delicately worded it, "his pious cha-

rities;" five hundred pounds each to Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Bourne; and suitable remembrances to O'Donelly, Verdonne, and the other domestics. A large sum was also bequeathed to the abbé Delmont, "for purposes of charity at his discretion;" but this, Cyrus well understood, was to found masses according to the forms of that church of which his father had been so firm an adherent.

Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Bourne, both men in whom lord Castlemaine had deservedly placed great confidence, were nominated executors; and the guardianship of the young marquis, for the short term of his minority, was vested in the earl of Inishannon and sir Robert Dacre; the age which Cyrus had attained rendered such an office rather imaginary than real, and it was placed in the hands of men who were not at all likely to exercise any power in consequence of their trust. Lord Inishannon was a Catholic, and therefore, in the opinion of some persons,

persons, his eligibility to the guardianship might have been made a question of law; but lord Castlemaine, before he appointed him, had the sanction of high legal authority.

Sir Robert was the nearest relative of the young nobleman on the maternal side, and the marquis very justly complimented the memory of his lady by committing her son to the charge of her cousin; but as he had never hitherto interested himself in their concerns, it seemed most likely that he would still observe the same neutrality; however, it was proper that the nomination of the earl and the baronet should be immediately signified to them, and this was done by Mr. Fitzgerald.

Beyond the points already specified, lord Castlemaine left in his will the most particular directions concerning his interment, the sole superintendance of which was committed to the abbé Delmont; of course the sad ceremony could

not take place until his arrival, and suitable arrangements were made accordingly. This final separation on earth from a parent, who, since he resided with him, had been most indulgent, combining with the loss of her he had so long loved, deeply affected Cyrus in both his spirits and health, and for several days after that on which the will was read, he was confined to his chamber by indisposition.

When Mr. Fitzgerald's letter reached Kilarvon, lord Inishannon was absent at Cork, on business which would detain him some time longer; the countess read the letter, and having dispatched it by express to the earl, wrote one of the kindest condolement to lord Castlemaine, concluding with an earnest and pressing invitation for him to come to Kilarvon immediately; but languid and incapable of exertion, he could not resolve on such a step, though Mr. Fitzgerald urged it with all his rhetoric, as soon as his health exhibited

exhibited symptoms of amendment. The lapse of a few more days brought a letter from his noble guardian, which enforced the request of lady Inishannon in terms which admitted not of denial—"You must come to us, my dear Castlemaine," wrote the earl; "it is highly improper, on every account, that you should remain at Hartfield at present; as the first exercise of my power over you, I *command* you to begin your journey the day after you receive this; my son shall meet you at Kilkenny; I shall join you at Kilarvon in a few days, and believe me, my dear young friend, our best efforts shall be exerted to sooth and console you."

To resist an invitation so kind and cordial, was a measure not to be thought of; it would savour more of obstinacy and affectation than of true filial tenderness and respect to the memory of a deceased parent; he was therefore compelled to set out for Kilarvon the next day, against the pleadings of his own heart, which

sighed for solitude and retirement; beyond which the abbé Delmont was hourly expected at Hartfield, and he felt how consolatory it would be to blend his tears with those of one so truly attached to lord Castlemaine.

The young marquis was accompanied in the carriage only by his valet, and attended by two servants on horseback; he travelled by easy stages, with the blinds up; and though the country was arrayed in the charms of summer, they did not impart their influence to him, nor create that enlargement of ideas which, as it weans the mind from sorrow, fails not to weaken its force.

When they reached the inn at Kilkenny, the first object lord Castlemaine saw was a servant in the Inishannon livery; of course he was prepared to meet lord Broomsgrove, who, on his being ushered into an apartment, stood there ready to receive him: that kind and cordial manner which distinguished

every

every member of the Inishannon family, that glance of blended friendliness and sympathy, and that affectionate pressure, would all have been most soothing to the heart of Cyrus, had they not been dreadfully, fatally counterbalanced by those of lord Broomsgrove's companion, for that companion was Lyulph Brisco! his touch was appalling to the hand of Cyrus, when, on lord Broomsgrove's releasing it, he took it in his, and his look was as the stroke of a dagger to his heart, though it spoke all that esteem and respect could throw into the features.

"No introduction is necessary here, my dear marquis," said lord Broomsgrove, in that tone of animation inspired by a worthy mind rejoicing in the unexpected meeting of two persons, who, he believed, were attached to each other. "I know you are already old friends."

"I," said Brisco, with strong and evident emotion, "must express for lord Castlemaine a sentiment beyond friendship

ship—the sincerest and liveliest gratitude; for, oh! how powerfully does this moment recall that in which his courage and energy saved my life!"

How did Cyrus look? how did he feel? will language aid the description? No, it must be left to imagination; he looked as if all earthly hope had for ever departed from him, and he felt as if the earth were opening at his feet, yet he strove to appear composed; he laboured to subdue his agitation, to remember what he owed to himself, but every effort was vain; the paleness of death came over his countenance, and turning away from his companions, he approached a window, and in a voice scarcely articulate, begged to be left a few minutes to himself; his friends entreated him to be composed, and promising to rejoin him in a short time, went out.

Lord Broomsgrove pitied that anguish which he supposed had its origin only

only in his father's death; and major Brisco observed that the young marquis had very strong feelings, which had never been blunted by a commerce with the world, and that the possessors of such always grieved deeply for the loss of their friends.

Cyrus, left to himself, severely condemned and felt ashamed of his own weakness, conscious that his agitation was not to be ascribed to the recent death of his parent, but to this unexpected rencounter with the man who was now blessed in the possession of her who he had once hoped to call his own; he checked his sighs, he repressed his tears, struggled, combatted, and reasoned with himself. Could he blame Brisco? he had never made him the confident of his passion for Idonea, though he could not believe him to be altogether ignorant of it, since it was not to be supposed he was unacquainted with the shyness which had taken place between his own family and

and the Crosthwaites on that account; but seeing that Mr. Rokeby had positively interdicted all intercourse between him and Idonea, and his own elevation of rank had created what might be considered as a still more formidable barrier to their union, surely any other gentleman was at liberty to pay his addresses to Miss Rokeby, and Miss Rokeby was equally at liberty to receive them—"But, oh!" thought Cyrus, "had I ever possessed any interest in her heart, could she so soon, so very soon, have given it and herself to another?"

Then the native jealousy of his disposition flamed out afresh; he recalled his former ideas of Lyulph's attachment to Idonea; pride brought its forces to the aid of fortitude, and by the time lord Broomsgrove and major Brisco returned to the apartment, lord Castlemaine was enabled to wear the appearance, though, alas! he was far from feeling the reality, of that firmness and self-

self-possession which his own dignity required: hard and trying was the effort, yet he made it, of congratulating Brisco, and asking, in the courtly style of the times, after the health of his lady; to the first he returned due thanks, delivered with his wonted graceful ease; to the last he replied that she was quite well; and the smile of happiness, of *conscious, saucy happiness*, with which he said so, Cyrus could not bear. In the rest of his inquiries he could not individualize, the show of composure and unconcern was already too painful; but comprehending the Inishannons, the Briscos, and the Rokebys, under the general head of all friends, he led the discourse to indifferent topics.

It was about twelve at noon when lord Castlemaine reached Kilkenny; lord Broomsgrove had ordered previous arrangements for the party to take an early dinner there, and to go to Kilarvon in the evening; but they had not risen from

from table when an express arrived, bringing letters to the marquis from the abbé Delmont and Mr. Fitzgerald; the former reached Hartfield on the evening his lordship departed from thence; his visit to Kilarvon had the abbé's highest sanction, and he promised to join him there as soon as the funeral should be over; it was to take place on the twenty-fourth, which was exactly the day on which these letters reached the hand of Cyrus; all idea of journeying further that night was of course given up, and it presented lord Castlemaine with an unexceptionable plea for passing the remainder of the evening alone.

CHAP-

CHAPTER VIII.

LORD Castlemaine rose in the morning, oppressed with a dejection which he made no effort to conceal from his friends when they joined him at breakfast. The trio left Kilkenny a little after ten, in lord Broomsgrove's carriage, and journeyed to Kilarvon, a very silent and spiritless party; a hundred times did Cyrus wish himself at Hartfield, at Brougham Castle, or anywhere else; Brisco, it seemed evident, was the guest of lord Broomsgrove, and of course he inferred that Idonea was on a visit to the females of the Inishannon family, and to daily and hourly witness their felicity was a species of torture he was ill-prepared to support.

When they reached the noble mansion of

of Kilarvon, one of the loveliest spots in Ireland, though the season and the day conspired to shed a lustre on its varied beauties, they were lost on Castlemaine; he trembled in every nerve, but felt a reprieve on entering the drawing-room, to which they were conducted, for it was vacant.

Lord Broomsgrove welcomed him to Kilarvon with cordial kindness; major Brisco inquired for the ladies, and was told they were dressing; refreshments were brought, but he scarcely staid to partake of them before he vanished; Cyrus could with difficulty suppress a groan of anguish as he mentally pictured the welcome which awaited him; but he was now under the roof of lord Inishannon, and every principle of good-breeding demanded that he should abstract himself from the contemplation of bosom-sorrows, and attend to, and converse with, lord Broomsgrove, who was executing every effort that friendship and

and politeness could suggest to amuse and give him pleasure; they viewed the paintings which adorned the room, and the prospect from the windows; the former led to many anecdotes of the ancestors of the Nugent family, and the latter to a description of the neighbouring seats, and the history of their possessors.

The dinner-bell sounded, and the young nobleman led his guest to the dining-hall—oh, what a group was there assembled! his heart beat as if it would burst its confines as lord Broomsgrove conducted him to the top of the room, where the countess stood to receive him; on her right hand was Mrs. Rokeby, on her left lady Teresa, and at a little distance Idonea, the long-beloved, but lost mistress of his heart; her left arm was reclined on the back of a couch, and her right hand clasped in that of Lyulph, who was talking to her with vivid animation.

"Ah!"

"Ah!" thought Cyrus, "ill does her appearance corroborate his assertion that she is in perfect health;" the smiles of hope and happiness which used to play round her mouth were there no longer; a deep expression of melancholy shadowed her fine features, and the lily had supplanted the rose on her lovely cheek; but when her glance met that of lord Castlemaine, it was transiently visited by its former bloom.

Cyrus could have gazed on her for ever, but the voice of lady Inishannon recalled him to himself; she addressed him in that endearing, maternal tone which speaks so powerfully to the heart, and is so exclusively the attribute of female gentleness; he exerted himself successfully to reply with correspondent respect; and then, though with evident emotion, paid his compliments to Mrs. Rokeby; she answered with her wonted characteristic sweetness, and the marquis turned to lady Teresa; major Brisco

at

at the same moment quitted Idonea, and advanced to her ladyship, who pitying the visible agitation of lord Castlemaine, though ignorant of its chief cause, placed her hand in his, and said, in that frank way which was in her so attractive—"My dear marquis, we are all perfectly assured that we feel the most powerful interest in the joys and the sorrows of our friends; let us then give each other credit for all further compliments of congratulation or condolence, and, dismissing ceremony, take our seats at table."

With these words she pressed the hand of Cyrus, who had never before felt so welcome a reprieve; that formal presentation of Idonea, as the bride of Brisco, which he dreaded beyond all that had yet occurred, was thus effectually barred, and he only felt himself called upon to make her a polite bow, which was returned by a courtesy in the same style.

"Where

"Where are Mr. Rokeby and Miss Stanley?" inquired lord Broomsgrove.

"I saw them from my window, about half an hour ago, walking in the shrubbery," replied Mrs. Rokeby.

"Do, my dear major, go and look for them," said lady Inishannon, addressing Brisco.

He obeyed, but returned in a minute with the objects of his search, having met them in the hall. Vain would be every attempt to give a perfect description of the meeting between Mr. Rokeby and lord Castlemaine; on the part of the former, there was all the respect due to the marquis, both on account of his high rank, and as the guest of lord and lady Inishannon, blended with all the esteem which was the right of long intimacy; but still there was a degree of reserve in his manner, and a shade of something approaching to mortification was visible. As to Cyrus, he was so agitated,

that

that he could not define his own feelings; but when he turned to Miss Stanley, she looked so glad to see him, through all the timidity which his elevation in life and recent cause of grief created, that his heart felt a gleam of consolation as if he was not totally cut off from all interchange of friendship with his kindred beings; and extending his hand, he pressed hers with cordial kindness.

They sat down to table. Though no one could be better acquainted than lord Castlemaine with the respect which was at that period paid to hereditary rank, he yet thought it a needless, and indeed strange adherence to etiquette, that lady Teresa should sit above Idonea, particularly as Mrs. Rokeby was still at lady Inishannon's right hand; himself was placed next to his friend, Miss Stanley, and Lyulph took his seat at the bottom of the table, beside lord Broomsgrove.

New subjects of wonder every moment presented themselves; Brisco, when carving a dish which stood near him, said to Mrs. Rokeby—"Lady Lucy, shall I have the pleasure of sending you a slice of this?"

Cyrus was lost in amazement; when, where, and how had Mrs. Rokeby become dignified with a title? He dreaded to hear the appellation which now belonged to Idonea; but if any one addressed her by name, except lady Inishannon and her father, it escaped his ear, and they both called her Idonea; several other little circumstances which occurred during dinner puzzled and surprised him.

When the cloth was removed, a female servant brought in a lovely boy, apparently about a year old, and placed him in the lap of lady Teresa, who caressed him with tender affection; the smiling cherub looked round the circle, stretched

stretched its little hands towards Lyulph, and in the endearing tone of infantine innocence, exclaimed, "Papa!"

Brisco rose, took the child from the arms of lady Teresa, and fondly kissing him, approached Cyrus, and said—"Will your lordship allow me to present my son to you?"

Castlemaine was almost petrified with surprise; he mechanically took the child on his knee, and with equal truth and politeness praised its uncommon beauty; but he was so lost and bewildered in astonishment, that he felt he did not acquit himself as he ought to have done; his little charge, however, seemed not to think so; and when lady Teresa held out her arms to receive him back, he refused to leave his quarters.

Major Brisco smiled, and returned to his seat with a placid expression of happiness on his countenance; it was the same sweet expression he had worn at

"Ah!" thought Cyrus, "ill does her appearance corroborate his assertion that she is in perfect health;" the smiles of hope and happiness which used to play round her mouth were there no longer; a deep expression of melancholy shadowed her fine features, and the lily had supplanted the rose on her lovely cheek; but when her glance met that of lord Castlemaine, it was transiently visited by its former bloom.

Cyrus could have gazed on her for ever, but the voice of lady Inishannon recalled him to himself; she addressed him in that endearing, maternal tone which speaks so powerfully to the heart, and is so exclusively the attribute of female gentleness; he exerted himself successfully to reply with correspondent respect; and then, though with evident emotion, paid his compliments to Mrs. Rokeby; she answered with her wonted characteristic sweetness, and the marquis turned to lady Teresa; major Brisco

at

at the same moment quitted Idonea, and advanced to her ladyship, who pitying the visible agitation of lord Castlemaine, though ignorant of its chief cause, placed her hand in his, and said, in that frank way which was in her so attractive—"My dear marquis, we are all perfectly assured that we feel the most powerful interest in the joys and the sorrows of our friends; let us then give each other credit for all further compliments of congratulation or condolence, and, dismissing ceremony, take our seats at table."

With these words she pressed the hand of Cyrus, who had never before felt so welcome a reprieve; that formal presentation of Idonea, as the bride of Brisco, which he dreaded beyond all that had yet occurred, was thus effectually barred, and he only felt himself called upon to make her a polite bow, which was returned by a courtesy in the same style.

"Where

"Where are Mr. Rokeby and Miss Stanley?" inquired lord Broomsgrove.

"I saw them from my window, about half an hour ago, walking in the shrubbery," replied Mrs. Rokeby.

"Do, my dear major, go and look for them," said lady Inishannon, addressing Brisco.

He obeyed, but returned in a minute with the objects of his search, having met them in the hall. Vain would be every attempt to give a perfect description of the meeting between Mr. Rokeby and lord Castlemaine; on the part of the former, there was all the respect due to the marquis, both on account of his high rank, and as the guest of lord and lady Inishannon, blended with all the esteem which was the right of long intimacy; but still there was a degree of reserve in his manner, and a shade of something approaching to mortification was visible. As to Cyrus, he was so agitated,

that

that he could not define his own feelings; but when he turned to Miss Stanley, she looked so glad to see him, through all the timidity which his elevation in life and recent cause of grief created, that his heart felt a gleam of consolation as if he was not totally cut off from all interchange of friendship with his kindred beings; and extending his hand, he pressed hers with cordial kindness.

They sat down to table. Though no one could be better acquainted than lord Castlemaine with the respect which was at that period paid to hereditary rank, he yet thought it a needless, and indeed strange adherence to etiquette, that lady Teresa should sit above Idonea, particularly as Mrs. Rokeby was still at lady Inishannon's right hand; himself was placed next to his friend, Miss Stanley, and Lyulph took his seat at the bottom of the table, beside lord Broomsgrove.

New subjects of wonder every moment presented themselves; Brisco, when carving a dish which stood near him, said to Mrs. Rokeby—"Lady Lucy, shall I have the pleasure of sending you a slice of this?"

Cyrus was lost in amazement; when, where, and how had Mrs. Rokeby become dignified with a title? He dreaded to hear the appellation which now belonged to Idonea; but if any one addressed her by name, except lady Inishannon and her father, it escaped his ear, and they both called her Idonea; several other little circumstances which occurred during dinner puzzled and surprised him.

When the cloth was removed, a female servant brought in a lovely boy, apparently about a year old, and placed him in the lap of lady Teresa, who caressed him with tender affection; the smiling cherub looked round the circle, stretched

stretched its little hands towards Lyulph, and in the endearing tone of infantine innocence, exclaimed, "Papa!"

Brisco rose, took the child from the arms of lady Teresa, and fondly kissing him, approached Cyrus, and said—"Will your lordship allow me to present my son to you?"

Castlemaine was almost petrified with surprise; he mechanically took the child on his knee, and with equal truth and politeness praised its uncommon beauty; but he was so lost and bewildered in astonishment, that he felt he did not acquit himself as he ought to have done; his little charge, however, seemed not to think so; and when lady Teresa held out her arms to receive him back, he refused to leave his quarters.

Major Brisco smiled, and returned to his seat with a placid expression of happiness on his countenance; it was the same sweet expression he had worn at

Watermillock, when avowing his earnest wish to visit a person in Ireland, who Cyrus could not now doubt was this infant son; the more he reflected on circumstances, the more he felt at a loss what conclusion to draw; all that had passed and was passing this day seemed mystical and visionary; his eye met that of Idonea, who was regarding him with a countenance of the deepest melancholy, but at his glance she averted her face; he looked round on the party; every one seemed engaged; lady Inishannon and Mrs. Rokeby, or, as he found she was now termed, lady Lucy, were conversing in a low voice; lady Teresa was speaking to Idonea; lord Broomsgrove and Lyulph were talking about politics, and Mr. Rokeby sat abstracted in thought.

Cyrus grasped the hand of Miss Stanley, and whispered, with much emotion—"My dear Bell, in pity give me some information

information—I am quite in the dark—is major Brisco the husband of lady Teresa?"

"Is it possible your lordship does not know it?" she replied, in deep amazement; "they have been married these two years."

Cyrus felt as if the world turned round with accelerated motion—oh, how many passions rushed to his heart! Joy and love, and something like hope, were there, and remorse for all the suspicions and all the jealousies which had injured Brisco; he bent his face over the child, pressed him to his beating heart, and directed to his father a glance, which, had it been translated, spoke at once the sincerest friendship and the deepest contrition; he was about to ask Miss Stanley some further questions, but seeing that Mr. Rokeby then observed them, he desisted.

"Lyulph seems quite at home with

your lordship," said lady Teresa, in a sweet voice.

"It is a home where he is most welcome," replied lord Castlemaine; and the tone of ardent friendship in which he spoke seemed highly gratifying to both the delighted parents.

Her ladyship soon after rang for the nurse to resume her little charge, and proposed a walk in the gardens; the countess and Miss Rokeby declined going out, and Mr. Rokeby also excused himself on the plea of having letters to write: a new subject of wonder now presented itself; lord Broomsgrove, in offering his escort to Mrs. Rokeby, addressed her by the name of sister.

Lady Teresa had taken the arm of her husband; and the marquis, happy in such an opportunity to obtain information, gladly drew Miss Stanley to his side, who, when they had got to a little distance from their party, gave him a long,

long, and to him most interesting narrative, of which the following is an abstract:—

It has already been related that lord Inishannon and his family resided abroad for several years; about the time they returned to Ireland, the regiment in which Lyulph Brisco served was in barracks in the vicinity of Kilarvon; together with his brother officers, he was a frequent guest at the earl's hospitable board. Nature appeared to have formed lady Teresa and Brisco for each other; but those distinctions which are of the world, rank, fortune, and a different faith, conspired to frown on that tender attachment which they soon mutually cherished. It was not to be hoped that the earl and countess would ever permit their daughter so to ally herself; but lady Teresa had early learned to ask counsel only of her own will, and of her indulgent aunt, who was disposed to favour the suit of Lyulph; for she had herself, in early

youth, loved a Protestant gentleman; and as her friends forbade their union, no persuasions had ever been powerful enough to induce her to marry.

Such was the position of affairs with the lovers when a war took place with France, and the regiment in which Brisco served was ordered to be in readiness for foreign service; with the invariable feeling of youthful and romantic attachment, each believed that this separation would prove eternal, whilst, on the part of Lyulph, this sad presentiment was increased by the rational certainty that the hand of lady Teresa could not remain long unsolicited, nor could he doubt that when an alliance of high suitability should present itself, paternal authority and maternal persuasion would conspire to sway her choice; with the ardent eloquence of love he urged lady Teresa to bless him with her hand before he should quit Ireland; her ladyship was startled at the proposal, but the importunities of her lover,

lover, and the pleadings of her own heart, prevailed; and sanctioned by her aunt, they were married, first by lady Catharine's confessor, and afterwards by the chaplain of Brisco's regiment.

The embarkation of the troops was delayed some time—a circumstance for which Lyulph, with all his military ardour, was not sorry. When the hour of departure arrived, the separation between him and his Teresa was truly tender and affecting; secure that no earthly power could now sever the tie which united them, he was very solicitous to avow their marriage to lord and lady Inishannon before he quitted Ireland; but lady Teresa, who felt more spiritless and dejected than at any former period of her life, could not command fortitude to support the disclosure; and in her then situation, her aunt, lady Catharine, did not deem it proper to press the point, aware that she would have to struggle with very severe parental displeasure, as the earl

and countess would feel themselves deeply, and indeed justly offended, though she flattered herself that affection would eventually subdue resentment.

Lady Catharine solemnly promised Brisco, that herself would supply every tenderness of a mother to her niece, and this promise she faithfully discharged; under the plea of visiting some friends in a distant part of Ireland, she and lady Teresa were absent from Kilarvon six months; when the period of her ladyship's confinement approached, they set up their rest in a village near Donegal, where she became the delighted mother of the little boy who was presented to lord Castlemaine, as before related. About the same time, lady Catharine received intelligence that Brisco had been severely wounded in a battle with the French; but she managed to conceal it from lady Teresa until his own letters assured her he was out of danger;

ger; and that, together with some of his brother officers, also invalids, he was gone to England for the recovery of his health.

All that occurred during his abode at Watermillock has already been detailed, but it may be observed that it was the extreme resemblance Hannah Harrop bore to his wife, which struck him so forcibly when he entered her dwelling; the circumstance of her being then nursing an infant son augmented his emotion, and in his letters to lady Teresa he gaily told her he had found her prototype amongst the shades of Ullswater; in confirmation of which he sent her a drawing of Hannah and her cottage, copied from the rough sketch which was seen by Cyrus when searching for the pistols in Brisco's bureau. Lady Teresa was amused, but the anguish she had suffered on her husband's account during his protracted indisposition was such as cannot be described;

shielded from the shafts of curiosity by lady Catharine, who owned him for the child of an intimate friend.

Extreme was the reluctance with which Lyulph consented to this prolonged estrangement from objects so dear, but the tears and importunities of his Teresa, who feared only for him, he could not resist; thus situated he could not declare his marriage to his own parents, whilst those of lady Teresa were ignorant of it; and before they quitted Harrop's, he deemed it prudent to exact a promise from Hannah, that she would not mention to any one but her husband his having been visited at her house by a friend.

At Whitehaven the married lovers were compelled to part; lady Teresa embarked for Ireland, without permitting any trace of either timidity or fatigue to appear in her charming countenance; and Brisco, with a heart torn by anxiety on her account, and a frame trembling

trembling with indisposition, returned to Watermillock on horseback, as a more expeditious mode of travelling than the country carriage in which they had journeyed to Whitehaven. The relapse of illness which he suffered at this time has already been detailed, and no circumstance of it needs repetition.

Long before Miss Stanley had reached this point of her narrative, lord Castlemaine felt perfectly convinced that he had done Brisco the highest injustice by his suspicions, both as it respected Miss Rokeby, Hannah Harrop, and his imputed attachment to the Irish Catholics, who, it might now be presumed, he was partial to, as a body, for the sake of one dear individual; he felt contrite and humiliated in his own opinion; his ingenuous nature inwardly deplored his fault, and he firmly vowed never again to yield himself the slave of suspicion, but in every exigence to suspend his judgment

judgment until it received the sanction of certainty.

Miss Stanley was proceeding to describe to lord Castlemaine the feelings of lady Teresa when, on her first interview with his lordship at Dublin, she beheld the preserver of her husband's life, when they were interrupted by their party, who waited till they came up; lord Broomsgrove pleasantly rallied them on their long *tête-à-tête;* Castlemaine parried the attack, and saying, with smiling frankness, that they had not yet finished their secret business, again gave his arm to Isabella, who resumed her narrative in the spirit of what appears at the commencement of the next chapter.

CHAP-

CHAPTER IX.

EITHER Miss Stanley was not acquainted with, or did not feel herself at liberty to disclose, the presenting occasion which lady Teresa embraced for confessing to her parents the long-concealed secret of her marriage; suffice it then to say, the disclosure was made, and the earl and countess, though testifying a due disapprobation of the fault, generously pardoned the culprits; they exerted the lovely attribute of mercy in its best and brightest way; the moral character of Lyulph Brisco was unimpeachable, and his conduct, in every relative situation of life, such as would support the most rigid scrutiny; and they at once commissioned their Teresa to invite the husband of her choice to Kilarvon, and to request that

that he might come accompanied by some of his own connexions.

Lady Teresa knowing from Lyulph's letters that the health of Miss Rokeby was thought to be in a very delicate state, proposed that she should invite her to come over with him, as the voyage might be of service; at the name of Rokeby lady Inishannon betrayed strong emotion, and questioned her daughter with earnestness and precision concerning the family to which she belonged; lady Teresa could give very little information, all she knew being that the Rokebys were related to her husband, who, together with his cousin, Miss Stanley, was then on a visit at their house; that they were people of fortune, and that the daughter in question was their only child: the private memoir of the family, which was related to the reader in this volume, Brisco had never communicated to his wife, and indeed he knew it but imperfectly himself.

The

The countess instructed her daughter to postpone writing for half an hour; she then requested lord Inishannon to accompany her to the library, where they remained in consultation more than the time she had named, leaving lady Teresa lost in astonishment; for what previous connexion her mother had with the Rokebys she could not imagine, seeing she had never heard any such persons mentioned in the family; most ardently did she wish that her aunt had been at home, that she might ask information of her; but lady Catharine was at Dublin, from whence she was not returned at the period of Cyrus's introduction at Kilarvon.

At length lady Teresa received a summons to the library; when she entered, her father was saying—"Indeed, my life, I think you had better wait till Brisco comes; he, most likely, can give you some information, and should your worst fears be verified, it will be very unpleasant

unpleasant to have this girl an inmate of your house; indeed, my love, I am afraid it will prove too severe a trial of your fortitude."

"Be under no apprehensions for me, my dear lord," replied the countess; "at all events, I trust my firmness and self-possession will not forsake me; it may be," she added, with a deep sigh, "that I have too easily credited an unfounded tale; it appears to me very singular that if this be the same family, an opportunity should present itself for bringing any member of it here; if you have no other objection than what originates in fears for me, I most earnestly wish that Miss Stanley and Miss Rokeby should be invited to accompany Brisco to Kilarvon."

Lord Inishannon conceded the point, and lady Teresa was commissioned to write the invitation, being most strictly enjoined by the countess not to give Lyulph the slightest hint that she appeared to have any previous knowledge of

of the Rokebys. Her ladyship scrupulously obeyed these orders, but was under the influence of such perfect amazement and curiosity, that it is a matter of doubt whether she waited with most impatience for the arrival of her beloved husband, or of Miss Rokeby.

The ardent joy of Brisco on receiving his Teresa's letter—his avowal of his marriage to his parents—Idonea's reluctance to leaving home—the tender parental fears of Mr. and Mrs. Rokeby for the declining health of their beloved child, which urged them to persuade, and, indeed, enjoin the measure—the journey of the travellers to Ireland—and, beyond all, the ecstasy with which Lyulph Brisco held his Teresa and his boy to one of the best of human hearts, are points which would lose by description, and must therefore be left for imagination to comment upon.

Lady Teresa, amidst all the joy of meeting

meeting her husband, was watchfully observant of her mother's visible emotion when he presented Miss Rokeby to her notice; she was evidently affected, but had pledged herself to lord Inishannon that her self-possession should not forsake her, and she kept her word. She received Miss Rokeby and Miss Stanley with great politeness, and was quite herself during the whole evening; but her daughter saw that whenever she deemed herself unobserved, her eyes were intently and solicitously fixed on Idonea.

The next morning, when the gentlemen had rode out, and the ladies were sitting in the countess's dressing-room Miss Stanley happening to say she was an admirer of plants, lady Inishannon desired her daughter to show her the green-house, which contained many beautiful exotics, adding, with a pensive smile—"You and I, Miss Rokeby, will visit it afterwards."

Idonea

Idonea could not but understand this as a hint to remain with her ladyship, and she felt compliance no sacrifice.

When they were alone, the countess, after the pause of a moment, took her hand, and said, with much emotion—"My sweet girl, I am going to make you what must seem a very singular request, but to me it is one of very near and tender interest—it is that you will disclose to me candidly, faithfully, and without reserve, all you know of your family history."

Idonea started and trembled; the darkness in which Mrs. Rokeby's origin was involved rushed to her mind. The countess perceived her agitation, and it augmented her own—"I thought," she resumed, in a tremulous voice, "I thought I heard Miss Stanley call you Idonea this morning; answer me truly, was your father married to Idonea Featherstonhaugh?"

Miss Rokeby found breath to gasp out—

out—"He was," but she was ready to sink on the floor.

Lady Inishannon was evidently in a state little better; her look was wild, and her voice was hollow, as she resumed—"But she is dead—you are her child. But who is your father's present wife? was she called Lucy Hilton?"

Idonea responded—"Yes;" and the countess said, in a tone which mocks description—"Answer me, then, with holy truth, are they married?—have they been always so since they resided together?"

Idonea remembered all that had been said by Dunning, or rather Dickenson, and that remembrance quashed the resentment she would otherwise have felt at such a question, but her spirit rose indignant as she replied—"Most assuredly they have; but were I not certain that your ladyship has been misinformed, and I can guess from what channel, I should——"

She

She was prevented from proceeding by lady Inishannon, who clasped her hands, sunk on her knees, and covered her face, as if in prayer; in about two minutes she rose, and approaching Idonea, said, with a solemnity, an energy, which cannot be portrayed in language —"Then your mother-in-law is my daughter, the only child of the late earl of Jayross."

Time needs not be wasted in describing the surprise of Idonea; it will be better employed in giving an elucidation of the strange fact contained in the countess's words.

Lady Inishannon was the daughter of a Mr. Fletcher, a gentleman of a very ancient Roman Catholic family in that part of the county of Cumberland which borders on Scotland. In early life she was seen and loved by the young earl of Jayross, who asked her hand from parental authority; but that most formid-

able of all barriers, combined religious and political animosity, presented itself.

Mr. Fletcher and his father had been the unswerving adherents of the house of Stuart, whilst the immediate ancestors of lord Jayross were always considered as favouring the cause of the Puritan party. Mr. Fletcher's consent was decidedly refused; and as no relaxation from such refusal was to be hoped for, the earl had recourse to the bold measure of carrying off his mistress to his seat in Perthshire, where, safe under the protection of his faithful clan, they were united. Such an enterprise was, in that day, much less hazardous, romantic, and uncommon, than it would be thought in our times, as the reciprocal depredations of the moss-troopers and other borderers, could then scarcely be said to have ceased, and the state of civil society was, in many respects, totally different from what it is at present.

As

As it respected the rank of the parties, a union with lord Jayross was superior to what Miss Fletcher was entitled to expect; in point of fortune, the balance was on the other side, for the Jayross family (as was at that period the very general case with the Scottish nobility) was more distinguished by its antiquity than its wealth; and on this occasion Mr. Fletcher took care that it should not be endowed with any portion of his possessions, though at the same time that formed the least part of his consideration. His son-in-law was a heretic, and had he been sovereign of the Indies, neither his titles nor his riches could have counterbalanced what he deemed his erroneous faith. Of little consequence, however, was all this to lord Jayross; his day of life was destined to be early closed. From overheating himself on a hunting-party, he caught a severe fever, which terminated his life in the twenty-

fourth year of his age, and the sixth month of his marriage.

His sorrowing countess was pregnant; and the earl, apprehensive, from the beginning of his illness, that its termination might be fatal, felt all the anxiety of a parent for the future destiny of his child. In the event of its proving a boy, he would, of course, be heir to the earldom, and would need no other protectors than the faithful retainers of the house of Jayross; but a female, he feared, would have slender claim on their attention or regard, as their service and fealty would then be due to his cousin, the presumptive heir to the title and estate. His marriage, so hastily and inconsiderately concluded with a portionless bride, had allowed him neither power nor leisure to make that provision for his lady and her female issue which their rank demanded; and now, when too late, he felt and deplored the sad certainty, that

in

in the event of his death, they would be left wholly dependant on Mr. Fletcher, who, he was aware, would use the authority he thus obtained to educate his granddaughter in the Romish faith, and to immolate her on the altar of superstition by devoting her to a monastic life. Swayed by these fears, he implored and obtained the solemn promise of lady Jayross, that should she become the parent of a girl, she would never yield her to the tutorage of those who would rear her in the Catholic religion. The event proved that lord Jayross's apprehensive cautions had been prophetic.

After his decease, the seniors of the Jayross family made it a point with the countess that she should remain in the castle until after the birth of her child, every earl of Jayross having been born in it.

This was a compliment to the memory of her husband which her ladyship would on no account refuse paying,

even had the state of her health permitted her to undertake a journey, which was far from being the case.

In this sad interval, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher came to Jayross, and behaved with the kindest parental attention; the melancholy blank wore over, and lady Jayross gave birth to a daughter. Disappointment sat on the faces of the old domestics, and every countenance wore a gloom: the heir took possession of his new honours and estates, and the countess-dowager, when able to travel, returned with her parents and her infant to her father's seat in Cumberland.

Time mellowed her sorrows, and upwards of seven years passed away unmarked by any circumstance of importance; events then occurred which roused all the energies of her nature, and decided her to take two steps of the highest consequence. The earl of Inishannon declared himself her lover, and his proposals were seconded by the warmest interest

interest of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher; and at the same time the former avowed his intention of sending his granddaugher to Bruges in Flanders, to be educated in a convent, where, at a proper age, she should take the veil.

Lady Jayross strongly and determinately objected, urging the dying request of her departed lord, and her own solemn promise in consequence.

Mr. Fletcher remained inflexible in his resolve; the countess pleaded, remonstrated, and would have made her consent to marry lord Inishannon the stipulation for being allowed to rear her Lucy in the faith of her deceased father; but he was not to be swayed from his purpose—the church, he said, would absolve her from her vow, and his resolution was fixed.

Thus circumstanced, one only alternative remained, which was to convey the child to Miss Featherstonhaugh, who had long been her intimate and affec-

tionate friend, imploring her, by every sacred name, to conceal her origin, and bring her up as a relative of her own. This request she accompanied with all the jewels and other property she possessed in right of lord Jayross.

Miss Featherstonhaugh willingly accepted the charge, and lady Lucy Moncrief became Lucy Hilton.

It cannot be supposed that Mr. Fletcher remained long ignorant of the asylum his daughter had chosen for her child; he was much displeased, but in the then-existing state of circumstances he felt that he must allow her to remain there, as to withdraw her from the protection sanctioned and selected by maternal authority would be a most unwarrantable exercise of power, widely different from sending her from his own house to a convent abroad, in which case it might have been supposed that he took such a measure with the full and free consent of his daughter.

Not

Not to be prolix, lady Jayross became countess of Inishannon, and accompanied her lord to Ireland, from whence, after some years, they went to France, where, as has already been said, they resided a considerable time, in the course of which Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher both died, bequeathing a very large property to their daughter, who, thus amply vested with the means of providing for and portioning her child by her first marriage, resolved, with the approbation of her lord, to send for her Lucy to live with them.

During lady Inishannon's stay in Ireland, she corresponded regularly with Miss Featherstonhaugh; but after her going abroad, their epistolary intercourse was by no means frequent, communication with the Continent being then much less easy than in the present day.

About the time Miss Featherstonhaugh married Mr. Rokeby, she ceased

altogether to write to her friend, conscious, no doubt, how ill she was using her daughter in alienating from her an excellent and attached heart, and artfully seducing it to herself. Such was the state of affairs when the Fletchers died.

Lady Inishannon had not received a letter for nearly two years, and it then occurred to her, that either her friend or her child, or possibly both, might be dead; and under this impression she wrote to Dickenson, who she knew was Miss Featherstonhaugh's near relation, begging him, if in his power, to give her some intelligence of the two ladies.

Dickenson had always cherished a suspicion, almost amounting to a certainty, that Miss Hilton was, in reality, the countess's daughter, and he was now confirmed in that belief. It was the very period when Mr. Rokeby and his bride were, by his villanous machinations, compelled to quit their estate, and take refuge at Temple-Sowerby. Dickenson saw

at one glance, that if lady Inishannon obtained a knowledge of the truth, honours and wealth would await Rokeby, whom he hated with bitter rancour; and resolved, at all events, to prevent this, he, in reply to the countess's letter, professed himself most reluctant to lay open the domestic secrets of his family, and expose the failings of those with whom nature had linked him in bonds of affinity: but seeing that her ladyship relied on him for information, honour would not permit him to conceal the facts, that Miss Featherstonhaugh had been married to a Mr. Rokeby, a person of little consideration in respect of either character or property; that she died a few months after her marriage; and that her niece and Rokeby then went off together—whither he could not take upon him to say.

It is needless to attempt a description of lady Inishannon's feelings on reading this letter; the truth of its contents

she then did not doubt, coming as it did from the nearest relation of her deceased friend. The grief and shame the countess felt swayed her and her lord to sell Mr. Fletcher's estates, to decline all thoughts of making Cumberland any part of their residence, and to remain abroad much longer than they had intended; but still there were seasons when her heart turned to her lost Lucy, when the shade of lord Jayross seemed to reproach her for having abandoned his child without further search or inquiry; and when in that mood of feeling, she sometimes wavered in her belief of the truth of Dickenson's intelligence, but in the next moment she checked these thoughts, as the baseless delusions of maternal fondness.

Such was the state of her mind when lady Teresa avowed her marriage with Lyulph Brisco, and mentioned that he was then resident at the house of a Mr. Rokeby. What follows has already been

been anticipated, and this brings the narrative up to the time when lady Inishannon related these particulars to Miss Rokeby, who repaid them with the detail she had received from her father subsequent to Dunning's malicious insinuations.

Idonea had next the pleasing task to write the whole account to her mother, and, in the names of lord and lady Inishannon, to request her company, and that of her father, at Kilarvon—a summons which, it needs not be told, they obeyed with rapture.

CHAPTER X.

Such was the revelation which Miss Stanley made to lord Castlemaine. His lordship expressed the most lively interest in every part of the narrative, in the

the felicity of major and lady Teresa Brisco, and particularly in that part which concerned lady Lucy Rokeby; but, with a very laudable reserve, he took care not to commit himself by giving the remotest hint of the mistake he had been led into concerning Idonea and Lyulph by his friend Crosthwaite's blundering letter. Cadmus, he readily supposed, had been misinformed concerning the lady to whom Brisco was married, and had written to him under the impression of the moment, without taking time to obtain more accurate information, or indeed supposing that such was necessary.

When the party returned to the drawing-room, Miss Rokeby was standing near a window. Castlemaine approached, and while the rest of the company were variously engaged, he took her hand, and said, in a low and tender accent—"My ever-beloved Idonea!"

"Ah, my lord!" she responded, with visible agitation.

"Call

"Call me Cyrus, my Idonea!" he resumed; "my heart is now in deep affliction, but believe my most solemn assurance, that neither time, chance, or circumstances, can ever change its sentiments, or render it for one moment forgetful of you and of its vows."

Fear of exciting observation would not allow him to add more; he fondly pressed her hand, and released it, while the soft beam of Idonea's eye spoke all that love dictated and love understood.

The first week of Cyrus's stay at Kilarvon brought the noble owner of the mansion home. The earl greeted his ward with marked kindness, and spoke of the deceased marquis in terms most soothing to the filial heart of his son.

Two more days added the abbé Delmont to the party; he brought letters from sir Robert Dacre to Cyrus, which reached Hartfield after he quitted it. Either all family animosity was buried

ried in the tomb of lord Castlemaine, or the baronet felt flattered by the rank of his young relation and ward. Be that as it may, he showed himself very ready to embrace the olive branch; he wrote in the first style of affectionate regard, and earnestly solicited the marquis to pass a part of his minority at Dacre House—an invitation which Cyrus felt was equally pressed upon him by respect for the memory of his mother, and attention to his own interest, sir Robert having no existing connexions more nearly allied to him than himself.

When opportunity permitted lord Castlemaine to converse in private with the abbé Delmont, he was surprised to find that every important point of Miss Stanley's communications was already known to his reverend friend; but the abbé soon explained the mystery by telling him that his late father proposed to lord Inishannon a union between him and lady

lady Teresa, and this was the occasion which her ladyship embraced to avow her marriage with Lyulph Brisco.

It will be remembered that lord Castlemaine received a letter, which, it appeared, placed a bar to the projected visit to Kilarvon. This, the abbé now told Cyrus, was from lord Inishannon, and contained a frank detail of all the discoveries which had taken place in his family—that his daughter had disappointed their views by having chosen a husband for herself—that his lady had found her supposed lost child in the wife of a Mr. Rokeby—and that the whole party were then at Kilarvon, where his lordship and lord Hartfield were expected with impatience, as a most agreeable and welcome addition to it, though, to the deep regret of lady Inishannon and himself, all hope of a union between the families was now at an end.

Lord Inishannon, when he wrote this, was, of course, entirely ignorant that either

ther the father or the son had any previous knowledge of the Rokebys; but lord Castlemaine saw, at the first glance, that these were the very Rokebys with whom, according to the information he had received from Crosthwaite, Cyrus had been so ardently desirous of forming an alliance; and no further explanation needs be given of the reasons which determined him to suspend the visit to Kilarvon, and not to acquaint his son with lady Teresa's marriage until he had reflected well how he should act.

Soon after lord Inishannon's return to Kilarvon, Mr. Rokeby declared his intention of leaving Ireland, in terms so decided, that it was plain he would not easily be won by any solicitations to remain. It was now about seventeen years since he quitted his own estate; and as the reasons which induced him to do so no longer existed, he having taken every necessary measure to prove that no tie of consanguinity interposed

to

to bar the legality of his last marriage, it was his earnest wish, and that of lady Lucy also, to settle there.

These proceedings were not, however, quite so agreeable to either Miss Rokeby or lord Castlemaine; it may be conjectured that they found opportunities for frequent and long conversations, and that the star of love, which had once beamed over the shades of Whinfield Park, now shone in the hemisphere of Kilarvon.

Mr. Rokeby perceived all this, and felt himself impelled, by an exquisite sense of propriety, to separate the lovers; for there cannot, in the whole range of possibilities, be one more oppressive and repugnant to a person of delicate feelings than the imputation of having promoted a matrimonial treaty, in which he was either personally or relatively concerned, where the rank or fortune of the opposite party leaves the smallest opening for malice to insinuate

that

that he was swayed by motives of avarice or ambition. He had ever tenderly esteemed Cyrus, and, as it has already been seen, would willingly have bestowed on him the hand of Idonea, when it might fairly be presumed that she was, in every respect, greatly his superior.

This offer Crosthwaite, then the delegated guide of Cyrus, had decidedly rejected, and it now appeared that he was perfectly justifiable in having so acted; but it must be allowed, that under every view which could *then* be taken of circumstances, Mr. Rokeby was equally so in having displayed the dignified resentment he had done. There the matter rested, and he felt, or imagined, that every consideration of delicacy and propriety required him to prevent, rather than encourage, any intercourse between his daughter and the young peer, which might lead to a revival of their former affection. True, he could lay his hand on his heart, and

appeal

appeal to Heaven, that lord Castlemaine, for himself alone, and independent of all external considerations, was the man he would prefer to all others for the husband of his Idonea; but the world, the harsh, ill-judging, malignant world, would think and would say otherwise.

Lord Castlemaine, it may be, did not perceive all this; but the quick penetration of lady Teresa Brisco did. She saw all the fastidious delicacy of Mr. Rokeby, all the timid reserve of Idonea, and all that sadly-pensive feeling, which, as it were, bowed down the heart of Cyrus to the tomb of his father, and left him without spirits to pursue plans for his own future felicity.

Her ladyship told her observations to her husband—truly happy themselves, they most earnestly wished to promote the happiness of their friends. To be brief, Lyulph whispered a few words in the ear of the abbé Delmont, who was too good

and

and benevolent, and too much attached to the son of his late, respected, noble patron not to enter into their views with correspondent ardour. He soon found the path to the confidence of Cyrus on this subject, and gently hinted that if he permitted Mr. Rokeby to depart from Kilarvon without soliciting the hand of his daughter, it would be understood that lord Castlemaine did not cherish the attachments of Cyrus Dacre.

Such an apprehension the young marquis was, of course, most solicitous to do away, and the abbé kindly undertook to be his ambassador to lord Inishannon, through whose medium a proposal to Mr. Rokeby would come with the best grace.

Such a union could not fail to meet the cordial approval of the earl and countess, who both tenderly esteemed Idonea, as well for her own merits as on account of lady Lucy.

To such advocates Mr. Rokeby could yield

yield with dignity; and as it is not to be supposed that his daughter pleaded any very formidable obstacle, her fair hand was sacredly promised where her affections had so long been treasured; but as every claim of propriety demanded that the ceremony of their marriage should be deferred for a twelvemonth, Mr. Rokeby adhered to his present plan of returning to Holmbeck, his own seat.

Castlemaine, most reluctant to be separated from Idonea, proposed to be of their party across the Channel, and then to proceed to Dacre House; but lord Inishannon would not hear of his leaving Kilarvon for some time longer, and Cyrus, unwilling to be found a disobedient ward, submitted to remain, though certainly with neither a very good grace, nor a very reconciled heart.

Major Brisco, his lady, and Miss Stanley, accompanied them to England; the regiment to which the former belonged being then at York. They embarked at Waterford,

Waterford, whither they were attended by lords Castlemaine and Broomsgrove.

Needs the parting of the lovers be described? ah, no! that bosom merits not to be classed with our species which cannot recall that sadly-painful moment when it sighed to itself—"Too probably I shall behold that cherished form, and hear that beloved voice, no more." It is not that the tie may always be that of love; consanguinity, friendship, and gratitude, have, and ought to have, powerful claims on the human heart; and there are seasons when it can regret the absence of a relative, a friend, or a benefactor, little less keenly than that of a lover.

The heart of Castlemaine was attuned to such claims, and the letters of Idonea, of Lyulph, and of Arthur Brisco, and of his old respected guardian, Cadmus Crosthwaite, were his best sources of comfort during the remainder of the time he resided in Ireland. He communicated to Cadmus

Cadmus every recent occurrence, and the smiling prospective of happiness which was opening to his view, but he did not fail to reproach him, with good-humoured raillery, for having led him into an error, at once so dangerous and distressing, concerning Miss Rokeby's supposed marriage with major Brisco.

The abbé Delmont bade adieu to his attached friends at Kilarvon before the close of the summer, being invited to reside with a gentleman of one of the most ancient Irish families, who had settled himself, with his family, at Rome. The abbé gave lord Castlemaine his blessing, and, in the true spirit of his religion, added, that the day would arrive when the church would receive to her bosom all those now differing in faith.

Whatever the young marquis might think of these sentiments, he was truly and sincerely sorry to part with his reverend friend, and readily engaged him-

self to correspond with him as frequently as opportunity should present itself.

In the early part of autumn lord Castlemaine took leave of lord and lady Insbannon, impressed with every possible sentiment of gratitude and respect for the many instances of friendship and kindness they had shown him whilst resident beneath their roof. On their first acquaintance in Dublin, his sweet disposition, and transcendent acquirements of mind and talent, had obtained the regards of the earl and countess, and of lord Broomsgrove; a more intimate acquaintance with the virtues of his heart had secured their cordial esteem, and at parting they smilingly promised to pay a long visit to Hartfield, when the marchioness of Castlemaine should be there to grace it.

The marquis went first to Drogheda, where he was met by Mr. Fitzgerald, with whom he had to transact some particular business; his lordship remained

at

at Drogheda two days, and then took shipping for Cumberland, where he landed without the occurrence of any event worth transcribing. Rapturous were the sensations with which his eye wandered over the sublime scenery of his native county, and ardent the speed with which he proceeded to Holmbeck, where a welcome, endeared by love, friendship, and hospitality, awaited him; with joy he now saw his beloved friends elevated to a sphere according with their just claims; Mr. Rokeby presented an excellent and dignified example to a numerous class of tenantry and dependants, and lady Lucy moved in a circle suited to her birth; but Miss Rokeby—ah! Cyrus still only saw that sweet Idonea, who, amongst the shades of Whinfield Park, had ever been all that is lovely and captivating in woman.

CHAPTER XI.

AFTER passing at Holmbeck a few of the happiest days he had ever known, lord Castlemaine quitted that place for the seat of sir Robert Dacre, soothing the regrets of parting with the promise and intention of frequently visiting his beloved Idonea during his abode in Cumberland. Dacre House was situated in the beautiful vale of Keswick, one of the loveliest spots in the north of England; the distance from Holmbeck was little more than sixteen miles, but the marquis departed in the morning, many considerations conspiring to render his progress very slow. Carriages being in those days entirely unknown in Cumberland, and good roads nearly so, his lordship travelled on horseback, attended by

by two servants, and a guide to direct them over the fells and moorlands.

The country, beyond its native majestic features, now wore the fairest charm of cultivation, for the harvest was general and abundant; the wind blew from the south, and the day was sultry, but lord Castlemaine passed over the first ten miles without feeling his journey tedious; his lordship and the attendants then stopped at a small town, where they rested about an hour; during this interval the weather altered considerably for the worse, the sky was blackened, and the breeze died away. When the marquis came out to resume his saddle, he observed a heavy cloud moving towards Skiddaw, and heard that noise in the air which in those mountainous regions is the certain and peculiar harbinger of a tempest; well acquainted with these prognostics, lord Castlemaine pointed them out to the guide, who, it may be conjectured, had discerned them be-

ners, but would not notice them in words, from a fear of deterring the marquis from pursuing his journey; he acknowledged the justness of his lordship's remarks, but said he thought the storm still at a great distance. Cyrus was of a different opinion; but determined to go on, he mounted his horse, and proceeded at a brisker pace than he had used in the morning: they had not measured more than half a mile when they heard the sound of distant thunder; the feathered inhabitants of the air, in wild alarm, sought their wonted places of shelter; the heron and the kite joined in harsh concord, and the timid squirrel retreated to the thickest branches; the thunder rolled nearer, and a vivid flash of lightning was succeeded by a peal more loud.

Lord Castlemaine, as he still kept his eye on the cloud which hung over Skiddaw, saw that the mountain had divided it; one part dispersed, and flew off in scattered, irregular forms, but the other

half,

half, stopped by the huge barrier thus presented, became a rallying point for the vapours with which the air was surcharged, and which being thus compressed, augmented by their density the awful gloom that now reigned around; the marquis beheld all this, and anticipated the deluge of rain which he knew would follow; they were now on an eminence, and the scene which he contemplated was such as all efforts of description must fail in doing justice to; the right and nearer view was terminated by the mighty cataract of Lodore, and the left and more distant one, by the sublime mountain of Skiddaw, crowned with tremendous darkness: before him lay the lake of Derwentwater, with its islands, black with the sombre shade that hung over it, but at intervals illuminated by the lightning, which now flashed with bolder rage, and displayed, in all their vivid horrors, the terrible precipices of

the southern extremity*; and beyond every other horror of the hour, was the heart-appalling sound of the thunder, reverberated from the surrounding cliffs, in deep, dreadful, repeated echoes. The whole scene presented a reality rivalling the enchantments of Eastern romance; and lord Castlemaine was too much an admirer of Nature, even in her awful majesty of storm, not to have lingered a moment on his way, had not humanity pleaded for his attendants, and urged him to redouble his speed.

A short time longer had only elapsed, when the rain began to descend in a perfect flood; the thunder, as if enraged,

* The late Mr. Avison, a gentleman well known to the musical world as a composer of respectable merit, exclaimed, on seeing Keswick Lake—"Here is beauty indeed—beauty lying in the lap of horror." An observation at once so picturesque and poetical has, perhaps, seldom been comprised in so few words.

roared

roared louder, and the whole atmosphere was, at quickly-returning intervals, enveloped in a sheet of liquid flame.

The guide now suggested to lord Castlemaine the expediency of taking shelter in a cottage which stood on a little eminence to the right of the road; but his lordship declined following this advice, aware that if he stopped now, he would, in all probability, be detained several days, as it was rational to suppose that torrents would pour down from the hills, the lake overflow its banks, and the waters rise everywhere so as to render the roads impassable; and as they had only between two and three miles to travel, he resolved to go on to Dacre House with what speed he might; this object they did accomplish, but they arrived there in such a situation as cannot be described—they were literally all but drowned.

Sir Robert had been prepared to expect his ward that day; but since the

tempest raged with such violence, he had nearly yielded all hope of his coming, and now only allowing himself time to say how rejoiced he was to see the marquis, and barring all reply, he hurried him away to change his dress.

The baronet was a man of a venerable figure, the subject of many infirmities, which augmented his appearance of age; but Cyrus, as has already been hinted, had then little leisure to make observations on either his guardian or the antique mansion, " with woodland honours graced."

When the marquis returned to the parlour, a repast awaited him, which, after his recent fatigue, was very acceptable; the storm precluded all conversation, the rain poured a deluge, and even the awful voice of the thunder was lost in the roaring of the cataracts, driving before them immense masses of rock which had been loosened from the cliffs; the night drew on, wrapped in terrible darkness,

ness, rendered more terrific by the red and fiery flashes; the thunder and lightning ceased, however, soon after eight o'clock, but the rain continued till midnight, before which time Cyrus had yielded to the influence of sleep.

He was awakened with the earliest beam of the morning by cries of distress, moans of commiseration, and the busy clamour of kind though rustic philanthropy, eager to assist the sufferers. The marquis rose, and going to the window, beheld a scene far transcending all the horrors of the preceding night; the fences to the south were entirely destroyed, and many of the fields were completely inundated; their luxuriant harvest stores, and in some places the animals that were pastured in them, swept away by the overwhelming floods: in other parts the peaceful cottages had been first covered by masses of mountain, and afterwards carried down the impetuous and irresistible torrents; the

wretched and terrified inhabitants who had fled from the threatening danger, were everywhere seen clinging to the branches of trees, and on the tops of haystacks, expecting in each succeeding moment that the waters would take that direction, root up the former, and sweep the latter away.

The feeling heart of lord Castlemaine prompted him to fly with ardour to the relief of the sufferers; he summoned his servant, and the moment he was dressed, hastened out, and personally assisted every effort that was made to succour them; but to do so was a work of infinite difficulty, for every dell was now a lake, and hills had risen in the valleys. After passing an hour in active humanity, his lordship was returning to the house, when he perceived a group of people entering at the hall-door, and carrying the body of a man on a litter; this he readily conjectured was some unfortunate person who had met with an accident

cident in the storm; on inquiry he was told that it was a middle-aged gentleman of respectable appearance, who had been found on the side of a bank, about a quarter of a mile distant, with one of his legs broken, and to all appearance dead; this having been represented to sir Robert, he had given orders that he should be brought to Dacre House.

The baronet was standing in the hall when Cyrus came in. The body had been examined, and it was clearly ascertained that life was extinct.

Lord Castlemaine approached, and the first glance at the features of the deceased told him they were those of the person he had known at Brougham Castle, under the name of Dunning, but who, he had since learned, was Dickenson, the persecuting enemy of Mr. Rokeby, and the relative and former lover of his first wife; the marquis was shocked, but he could not regret the death of a man who, even as an acquaintance, he had disliked, and

and who, on a further knowledge of his character, he could not but hold in abhorrence; but Miss Rokeby was his nearest relation, and if he died possessed of any property, the residue, after payment of debts, she could of course claim as heiress at law; the marquis therefore felt it incumbent on him to acquaint his guardian with what he knew concerning Dickenson, nor did he deem it requisite to conceal his culpable conduct towards the Rokebys; he found sir Robert well acquainted with his name and character, though hitherto he had been personally a stranger to him.

The first step proper to be taken was to write to Mr. Rokeby, but this was at present impracticable, the state of the roads being such that no communication with Holmbeck was to be hoped for in less than four or five days—a circumstance which gave Cyrus the more concern, as he was well aware that his beloved friends would feel the most anxious inquietude,

inquietude, till assured that he had escaped the dangers of the tempest, and reached Dacre House in safety; however, as this could not be remedied, every other proper measure was had recourse to, and the remains of Dickenson were consigned to the tomb the third day from that on which he met his death.

The only intelligence relating to him which could at present be obtained was, that he left an inn at Keswick about two o'clock on the afternoon of the storm. All the loose papers about his person were totally effaced by the wet, but lord Castlemaine took the precaution to possess himself of his pocket-book; the contents he did not inspect, but laid it by, with the intention of giving it into the hands of Mr. Rokeby the first opportunity.

Sir Robert Dacre soon understood on what terms his ward was with the Rokebys; and though it may be he thought the marquis entitled to aspire

to

to an alliance with the very first heiress in the kingdom, in the points of both rank and fortune, he could not, in either reason or justice, object to the one he had chosen for himself. The baronet had many peculiarities of temper, with singular habits of life and modes of thinking; but as lord Castlemaine had the good-nature and politeness to accommodate himself to them all, he was soon sir Robert's acknowledged favourite and heir.

As soon as the weather permitted, a courier was dispatched to Holmbeck with an account of what had happened, which relieved the Rokebys from their apprehensions on the marquis's account; they were deeply shocked by the awful termination of Dickenson's guilty life; but Mr. Rokeby was much more so, when, a short time after, he went in person to Dacre House, to thank the baronet and lord Castlemaine for the attention they had paid to his feelings and his interest,

terest, in the late melancholy affair of his deceased unworthy relation.

Cyrus delivered to him the pocket-book, and on inspecting its contents he found unquestionable evidence that Dickenson was again planning schemes to invalidate his marriage with lady Lucy Moncrief, under the plea that he had married her by the name of Lucy Hilton.

Mr. Rokeby felt the deepest gratitude to the Power who had thus preserved him from again becoming the victim of that malignity which had for years embittered his existence, and that of his lady; but tenderly anxious for her peace, he sedulously concealed from both her and Idonea this new instance of premeditated wickedness.

Dickenson died nearly divested of all personal property, and in very embarrassed circumstances; the creditors were clamorous; but his estate, even at its present value, was sufficient to satisfy their

their demands; and as it was capable of very great improvement, Mr. Rokeby, with commendable prudence, took proper measures, on behalf of his daughter, to prevent its being sold, at the same time advancing such a sum as would answer all just and legal claims.

In the investigation of his affairs, a deep instance of artful villany was unfolded; some documents were found in his handwriting, and several papers in those of the deceased Mrs. Rokeby; from the former it appeared beyond doubt that he was indebted to that lady a considerable sum, which he had borrowed of her prior to her marriage with Mr. Rokeby; and from hence it might be inferred, that the reason which had prompted him to bribe her maid to put him in possession of all the papers she could find belonging to her departed mistress, was to prevent that debt from coming to the knowledge of Mr. Rokeby. The letters of lady Inishannon to her friend

friend would, of course, come to his hands with the rest, and there could not therefore exist a doubt that he knew well lady Luey was not the niece of Mrs. Rokeby, even while he was persecuting her under colour that she was so.

CHAPTER XII.

Lord Castlemaine took an early opportunity of visiting his worthy and respected friends the Crosthwaites; he rode to Brougham Castle, attended only by one servant, and took them by surprise, without giving them any previous notice of his intention; he found Prudence at her wheel, and Cadmus endeavouring to decipher the inscription on a Roman urn which had been dug up in a field near Brougham; the start and scream of delight with which the former flew to meet

meet him, and the mingled flash of joy and triumph which illumined the features of the latter, were most gratifying to the feelings of Cyrus; he felt them in his heart, nor did he disdain to cherish such attachments as any derogation from his elevated rank: all the just and immutable privileges, claims, and dignities of nobility he understood and supported, at the same time that he scrupulously discharged all the duties attached to his high station; but his reflecting mind, early habituated to think justly, and to appreciate worldly advantages according to their real value—that mind knew well that titles and wealth, divested of their better uses, and only considered as they minister to the *pride* of their possessors, are but the gilded toys of life. Little, alas! will the airy vanities of distinction and fortune avail in that day, when of those to whom much has been given, much shall be required. Inordinate love of the world and its allurements is expressly

pressly forbidden in the words of sacred, holy truth; the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, by which we may understand sensuality, ostentation, and ambition, we are told, are "not of the Father," not the pursuits in which the Author of all good and of all perfection delights to see the children of his bounty and of his love employed; but gratitude, humility, and gentleness of temper, are virtues which will abide for ever, when a coronet and its glittering gems are buried in the dust.

Lord Castlemaine knew all this, and thought of all he owed the Crosthwaites; when he returned the maternal embrace of the venerable Prudence, and said, with a smile of sweetness—"Now, my dear mother, I am come to be Cyrus at home for a few days."

Cadmus, while he expressed the high sense he entertained of the honour done them by his dear marquis, lamented that they

they had not received some indoctrination of it, as they could then have been prepared to give his lordship a more consentaneous suscipiency.

Prudence, who formed a vague idea of the import of her husband's words, though she did not understand their exact meaning, subjoined, in her blunt way, while she still pressed the hand of Cyrus within her own—"I cannot say thur words, Cadmus, but my dear lword knaws full weel how welcome he is."

This, indeed, his lordship had little reason to doubt, from the style of his entertainment; for during his stay at the Castle, the finest venison, moor-game, and fowls, ham of the most delicate flavour, together with those excellent tarts, wines, and other local niceties, in the composition of which Mrs. Crosthwaite was unrivalled, graced her hospitable board.

With sensations of pure and unalloyed delight, lord Castlemaine visited every

every beloved haunt of his childhood and his youth, and lived over again in idea many happy hours, especially those valued ones which he had passed with Idonea. Since his arrival in Cumberland, he had learned with great pleasure, that the friendly intimacy between the Rokebys and the Crosthwaites was renewed, Mr. Rokeby having, soon after he was settled at Holmbeck, come to Brougham purposely to assure Cadmus of his respect and esteem; with the Briscos, likewise, Prudence assured his lordship all pique was at an end; they were then at York with major and lady Teresa Brisco, but Miss Stanley remained at home, and the marquis rode over to Watermillock to pay her a visit; she was truly glad to see him, and as she had an aunt, a sister of Mr. Brisco's with her, she could with propriety press his stay that day and the next.

All that occurred when he and Idonea and Lyulph were there the preceding

ding autumn was talked over, and they now traced together those beautiful borders of the lake which had then been the scene of their rambles; the Harrops, of course, were not forgotten; they felt flattered and delighted by the kind condescension of lord Castlemaine; but the sight of Hannah, and Miss Stanley's comments upon her extreme resemblance to lady Teresa Brisco, renewed that pang of remorse he had felt so keenly at Kilarvon, and he reiterated the vow he had then made, of never again suffering himself to be deceived by appearances, whatever semblance of truth they might wear.

Cyrus visited many more of his old friends during his stay at Brougham, but the chief part of his time was dedicated to the Crosthwaites, and to his long-respected friend Mr. Dalston, who was lately become a widower, and needed the attentions of friendship: when the time of his departure drew near, Prudence

was

was distressed beyond consolation, and Cadmus was little better: the marquis had formed a plan which he now submitted to their consideration; he felt very reluctant that Crosthwaite should continue any longer the tenant of Mr. Sibbald; Ponsonby Hall, his paternal seat, was an extensive and commodious mansion, delightfully situated on the banks of the river Eden, a few miles below Carlisle: it was his intention, when his own scheme of life should be settled, for himself and lady Castlemaine to make it a part of their annual residence, and he now proposed that the Crosthwaites should have apartments in the house; it would be an amusement to Cadmus to superintend the agricultural business of the grounds in the vicinity which were assigned to pasturage and similar purposes; besides which, there was an excellent library, where he might indulge his studious and abstracted habits; and as to Prudence, she would be

quite in her element as directress of the dairy; added to which, they would have the satisfaction of seeing him (who they had so long regarded as their child) every day for some months in each year.

This project was so perfectly accordant to the wishes of the Cresthwaites, that it took from its present parting half its bitterness; but Cadmus afterwards visited lord Castlemaine at Daere House, where his lordship passed (with occasional excursions to Holmbeck) the chief part of the winter. Early in the spring he again crossed the Irish sea, and proceeded to Dublin. The term of his minority was nearly expired, and if goodness, youth, beauty, talent, rank, and fortune, can constitute their possessor a candidate for earthly happiness, the marquis of Castlemaine then was so.

Lord and lady Inishannon were then in the metropolis of Ireland, and Cyrus, at their pressing invitation, took up his abode with them, while a complete system

tem of repair and decoration was going forward in both his seat at Hartfield and his town residence.

The day on which the marquis became of age was distinguished by the greatest festivity and rejoicings amongst his numerous tenantry on both his English and Irish estates. His lordship received the affectionate congratulations of lord and lady Inishannon, lord Broomsgrove, and several other friends; and the earl smilingly added—"My dear marquis, sir Robert Dacre and I this day deliver up our trust, highly exulting in the honour which our noble ward reflects upon us; but there is one point on which, had circumstances been otherwise than they are, we should have felt it our duty to recommend a different line of conduct from what has been pursued—it is, that if peace * had been estab-

* It was then about the zenith of that war in which the duke of Malborough gathered his laurels.

lished on the Continent of Europe, your lordship should have passed some years in visiting its courts; that is now out of the question, and," added the earl, with a glance of arch meaning, "I imagine your lordship does not much regret being at present confined to the British isles."

Cyrus, who could not in his heart say that he did, replied to his noble, respected guardian only by a smile, and a glow on his manly cheek.

The Irish parliament being then sitting, the marquis took his seat in the house of peers a few days afterwards, and before the close of the session distinguished himself by a maiden speech which excited considerable interest.

When the season advanced, and public business no longer requiring the attention of people of rank, they were left at liberty to pursue their summer plans, lady Inishannon smilingly asked lord Castlemaine

Castlemaine if he would join her party to Kilarvon for a few weeks?

Cyrus, in the same style, professed himself deeply indebted to the unceasing friendship of the countess, but said, that as motives of the most powerful order called him at present to England, the honour of her ladyship's company, and that of the earl and lord Broomsgrove, to that country, would confer an obligation ever to be acknowledged.

This, indeed, was a previously-settled point, and lady Inishannon, in starting another proposal, was only in jest.

They embarked at Dublin for Liverpool, and had rather a boisterous and unpleasant passage; but as all parties had repeatedly been at sea, they perhaps experienced less from its effects than would otherwise have been the case. After a few days' rest at Liverpool, they proceeded to Holmbeck, lord and lady Inishannon paying the young marquis the compliment of travelling in his new and ele-

gant carriage. They found the whole of the Brisco family assembled with the Rokebys to receive them. Lady Inishannon embraced both her daughters with maternal transport; but Cyrus's dearest welcome was the sweet smile of Idonea.

After a fortnight passed in refined domestic harmony and friendship, lord Castlemaine and the lovely heiress of Rokeby were united; and if congeniality of sentiment and long-tried attachment can form the basis of lasting happiness, surely they were entitled to hope for that blessing.

The noble pair remained at Holmbeck only to receive the congratulations of their friends, and then set off for Ireland, the fair marchioness smiling on her lord through tears of tender regret at parting with her parents. They were accompanied by Miss Stanley and lord Broomsgrove.

It was now the middle of summer, and

and the beautiful shades of Hartfield presented a scene new and delightful to Idonea, who was equally charmed with the place, with the frank urbanity and kindness of the higher class of her neighbours, and with the honest zeal and affection of the peasantry, who were, with powerful reason, warmly attached to lord Castlemaine.

Mr. Rokeby, soon after the marriage of his daughter, purchased a baronetcy; he insisted on giving up to his son-in-law the whole of the landed property which he held in right of his first wife; the revenues of his own estate, and that portion of Mr. Fletcher's wealth which lord and lady Inishannon had resigned to lady Lucy, being amply sufficient for every purpose of their quiet and unostentatious establishment.

Before the close of autumn, the Crosthwaites removed to their new abode. Lord Castlemaine generously doubled the sum bequeathed to them by his father,

ther, which made their income six hundred pounds a-year, exclusive of their own property, which rigid industry and the notable economy of Prudence had augmented to no inconsiderable sum. They were delighted with Ponsonby Hall, and the praises of their beloved lord and lady Castlemaine quite superseded the giant who once lived on the banks of the Eamont in the conversation of Prudence, and nearly banished Darius, Hystaspes, and Junius Brutus, from that of her spouse.

Major, or, as he was afterwards, colonel Brisco, and his lady, by the successive deaths of an uncle of the former, and of lady Catharine Nugent, the aunt of the latter, came into possession of a very affluent fortune.

Lyulph continued in the army to the end of the war; he then quitted it with honour, and settled himself with his family in a pleasant mansion in the vicinity of sir Charles and lady Rokeby;

Rokeby; but deeming a totally-inactive life inconsistent with duty in every shape, he obtained a seat in the house of commons, and shone a distinguished member of that assembly.

His brother Arthur, who had ever been the intimate friend of lord Castlemaine, became his lordship's domestic chaplain, and always resided with him.

The marquis bestowed the valuable living of Ponsonby on Mr. Dalston, and Miss Stanley soon afterwards gave him her hand—a union highly agreeable to lord and lady Castlemaine, as it secured to them, when at their Cumberland mansion, the constant society of friends so long known and esteemed.

Lord Broomsgrove married a young lady of a noble Catholic family, and with them the Rokebys, the Briscos, and the Castlemaines, lord and lady Inishannon, passed nearly the whole of their time.

The elder Mr. Sibbald died a short while after Crosthwaite ceased to be his tenant.

tenant, and his son soon dissipating his estate, was compelled to seek refuge on the Continent.

Sir Robert Dacre also paid the debt of nature when lord Castlemaine had been married about two years, and by will constituted his lordship sole heir to his large property, with the exception of a few trivial legacies.

This record may now close. Cadmus and his ward thus respectively attained that point which constituted their earthly felicity. Crosthwaite, blest with ease and affluence, was enabled to pursue those abstruse studies in which he delighted, and lord Castlemaine was revered through life in the relative characters of senator, landlord, husband, and father, and yet more for that in which they are all comprised—a conscientious and undeviating discharge of every pious, moral, and magnanimous duty of Christianity.

FINIS.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.